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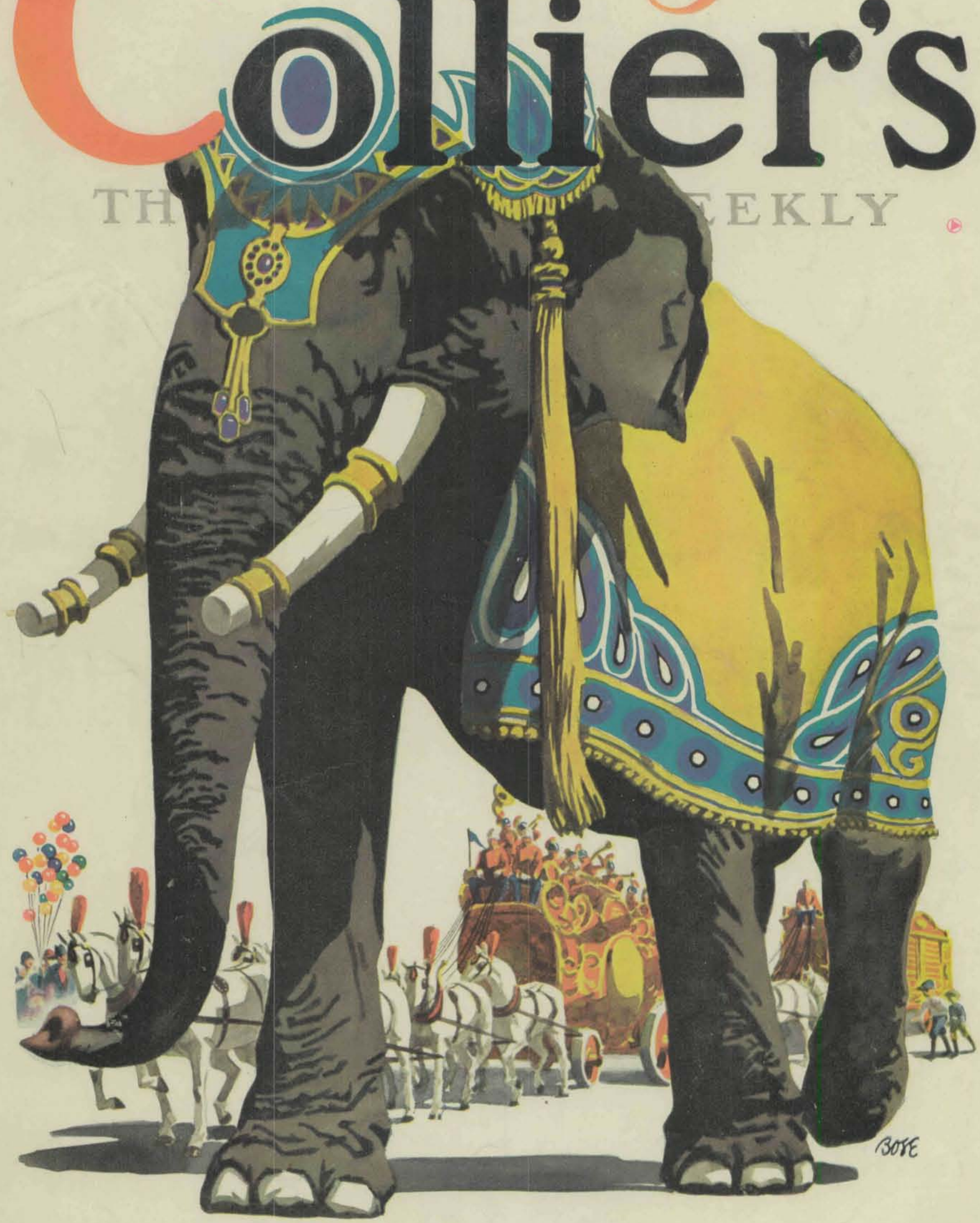
May 23, 1931

Collier's

THE WEEKLY



Courtney Ryley Cooper - W. R. Burnett - Vincent Richards
Elmer Davis - Charles Brackett - Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

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Scalp troubles? Loose DANDRUFF?

Read letters below—

they tell much better than we could the amazing results accomplished by Listerine in treating scalp disorders.

MEN and women are constantly writing us of the beneficial effects of using full strength Listerine on the scalp and hair, either as a part of the usual shampoo or independent of it. In many cases they report that Listerine brought relief from scalp troubles after other methods of treatment had failed.

The letters below, selected from many hundreds, show a number of uses to which Listerine has successfully been put. The value of this safe antiseptic lies primarily in its ability to destroy germs almost instantly, and therefore combat infection. At the same time it is soothing and healing to tissue. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

Relieved Itching Scalp

My husband and I can't find praise enough for Listerine. It sure is wonderful. For months he was troubled with dandruff and his scalp itched him terribly. He'd come home from work so grouchy, that you could hardly speak to him and he'd always say "How can I help it? My scalp itches so badly, that it nearly drives me crazy, and I have so much dandruff that I'm ashamed to be seen anywhere."

One of our friends advised him to try Listerine. At first he laughed, but I finally persuaded him to try it. He did and with such wonderful results the first time that he went right to the druggist's and purchased a large bottle. He has been using it regularly once a week and I can truthfully say that he hasn't a bit of dandruff, or noticed any itching of the scalp since he's been using it.

Yours truly,
MRS. VIRGIL HELBIG
Newport, Kentucky

Ended Baby's "Milk Crust"

When my infant daughter reached the age of four months, a fine film of "milk crust" commonly known as "cradle cap" formed on her scalp. I attempted to soften this film with olive oil, hoping thereby, to release it from the scalp but soon discovered that this treatment was ineffective as the "cap" had thoroughly imbedded itself in the scalp. Combing with a fine tooth comb helped somewhat but was not recommended as it tended to irritate the sensitive scalp and one had to be extremely careful of the soft opening at the top of the head. The scalp not only was unsightly but refused to respond to treatment.

Finally my husband suggested Listerine, two parts of Listerine to one part of warm water, and rinsing the baby's head with this solution.

Skeptical, I gave it a trial for a week, soaking baby's head thoroughly once daily with the diluted Listerine. At the end of the week I noticed that the "crust" had almost disappeared and that the remaining flakes were quite loose and could be combed out with gentle movements. I continued using the diluted Listerine for the two successive weeks and at the end of that time baby's scalp was clean. I noticed no irritation or discomfiture on her part, therefore was certain that Listerine was as harmless to infants' sensitive scalps as to adults' more hardened ones.

Sincerely yours,
MRS. MILDRED S. MACLEOD
Jamaica, L. I., N. Y.

Relieves Itching of Diabetic Patient

Early in our education as student nurses we are taught, among other important duties, the Nurse should not prescribe, and also, she should be seen and not heard.

But, as regards Listerine, and its valuable properties, I feel it is necessary that I be heard. If I may so express myself, I find Listerine to be the last word in securing a cooling, refreshing and permanent relief or cure from the annoyance of, not alone dandruff, but skin conditions, especially those of the scalp so often prevalent in diabetes.

A small piece of cotton dipped in Listerine and applied to the scalp, after parting the hair, not only relieves the itching, but refreshes the patient confined to bed (which automatically reacts on the general physical health and soothes them to sleep many times) and it entirely removes the large itching spots that occur on the scalp in the diabetic patient.

These spots often appear on the forehead, on the sides of the face and around back of the neck, bordering the hair and are visible, about the size of a quarter. They not only itch but are embarrassing; as skin desquamates and falls on the eyebrows finally rests on the chest and shoulders. These irritated spots, thanks to Listerine which I always apply to the infected area, are controlled, at the same time soothed, and ultimately obliterated.

Cordially yours,
MARY WILSON PATTON, R. N.
San Antonio, Texas

Got Rid of Dandruff

I would like to state just two of my reasons for recommending Listerine to our patients who have scalp diseases or irritations. One is that it is a permanent remover, and the other is that it is so pleasant to use, as it does not leave that unpleasant odor as do so many of the others, but leaves the hair with a soft, luxurious texture, and with a sweet fragrance. And as the scalp is, in most cases, very sensitive, we must use something that not only removes the dandruff, but that will also cool and soothe the irritations. After recommending Listerine, I find that innumerable people return to thank me for my suggestion. Personally I believe that Listerine is the only treatment for dandruff.

Sincerely yours,
ETHELWYNE D. AKER
Registered Certified Nurse
San Diego, California

Too Much Oil in Hair

I use Listerine exclusively to correct oily and dull hair. My method is simple. Every morning I set a water-wave in my hair with a mixture of Listerine and water, using a quarter cupful of each. I dip a small, clean hairbrush in this solution, and brush the hair with it until thoroughly wet. Then I set the wave and let it dry.

By washing the brush in soapy water after using, this process serves to clean the hair and remove the oil; thus doing away with the necessity of frequent shampoos, which only aggravate the oily condition.

As the hair comes back into condition, clear water may be substituted for the Listerine solution on alternate days, or oftener.

The improvement in my hair is remarkable; it is now soft, fluffy and a bright brown, with those much-desired "highlights"; instead of the forlorn, hair-colored mass of an earlier time. And I am always free of scalp troubles and dandruff.

Cordially,
CLAIRE B. BURCHETT
Derby, Colorado

LISTERINE *cleans, cools, soothes the scalp*

KILLS 200,000,000 GERMS IN 15 SECONDS

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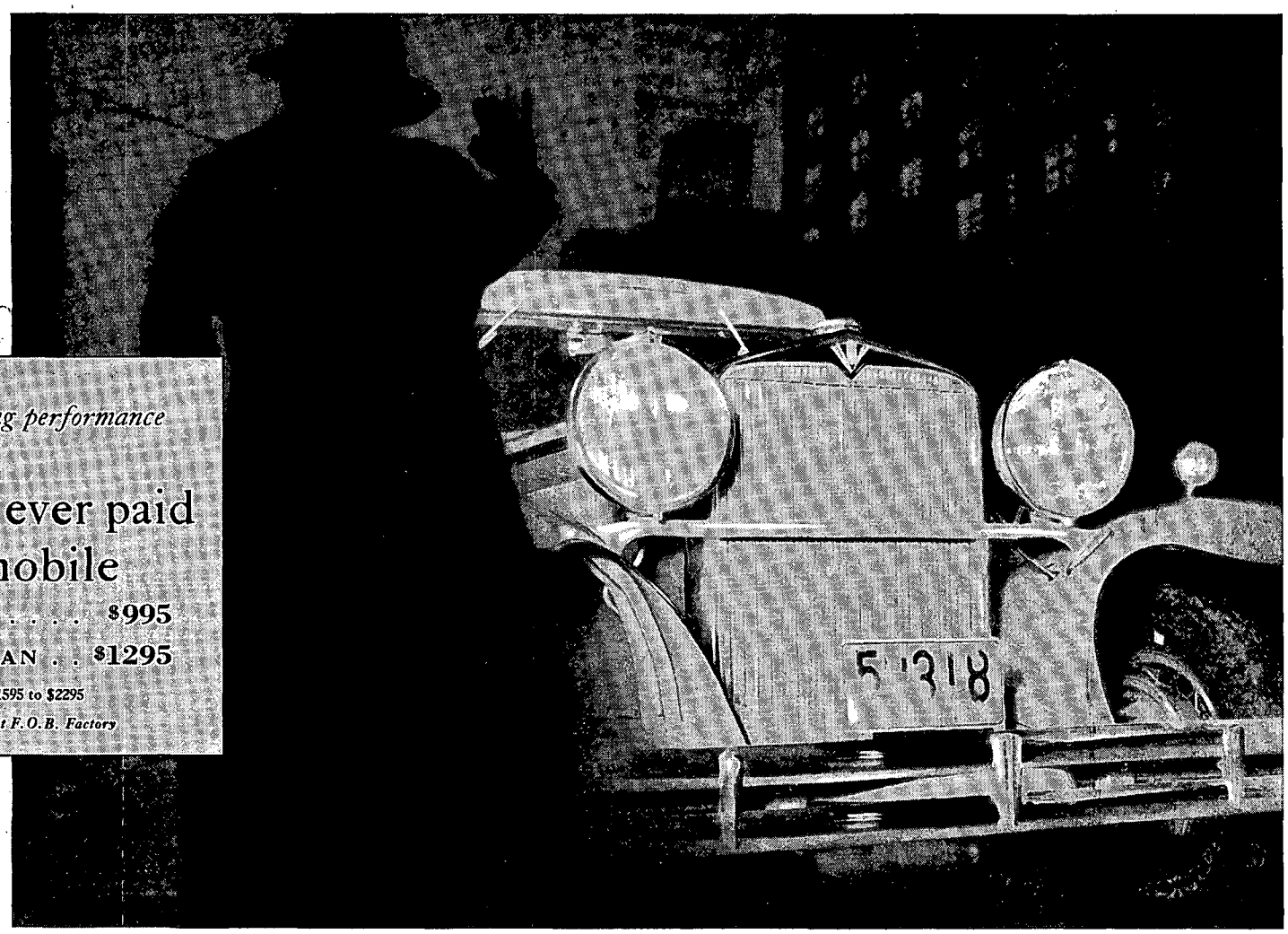
The White Ghost Story

7000-mile grind . . . at 60 miles an hour average . . . shows in black and white the sound reasons for buying a Free-Wheeling Hupmobile



Enjoy such amazing performance at the

Lowest Prices ever paid *for a* Hupmobile

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Three other Eights from $1595 to $2295

Prices are for standard equipment F. O. B. Factory

Choose your car on facts and figures!

Most ghost stories are thrilling. This one is. Most are fiction. This one reads like fiction, but it's the most solid, hardpan, convincing array of facts you could hope to find for guidance in choosing a car.

It took all claims and counterclaims through 7000 miles of merciless driving. Gave Hupmobile and Free-Wheeling the third degree. With a revolution counter under the hood to clock the saving in "engine mileage." With a clutch counter to prove how much less foot work you do.

And here is what every Hupmobile will give you today . . . for the lowest price in Hupmobile history. Here are the proofs . . . facts . . . figures. If you were the hard-headed purchasing agent of a big corporation you'd make your buying decisions on facts like these. Why not—as an individual?

* * *

. . . Time and again through 7000 miles the White Ghost demonstrated the savings Hupmobile Free-Wheeling brings you. Savings in motor wear and tear shown by the revolution counter which clocks the "engine miles." When you Free-Wheel, you ride "on momentum" . . . engine at idling speed. 20% to 44% fewer engine revolutions. Wear and tear and gas and oil bills are importantly reduced.

. . . 7000 miles of further proof of Hupmobile's saving in clutch work. Imagine 258 miles of *curves* and *hills*—with the clutch used only 43 times! That's what happened in the run from St. Louis to Kansas City—just one incident on the trip. Tests show that you use the clutch 67% less with Hupmobile Free-Wheeling. You never touch the clutch except to start or reverse.

. . . In the leading cities on the tour, New Orleans, St. Louis, Kansas City among them, safety commissioners, police chiefs; in some cases even "their honors" the Mayors, rode in and drove the White Ghost . . . and pronounced it *safer!*

. . . In 7000 miles every type of road and weather was met . . . and conquered. Gumbo and gravel. Macadam, concrete, brick, and wood block. Mountain grades. Famously dangerous curves. The White Ghost plowed through miry, slippery roads at 60 miles an hour when other cars were crawling. Took curves at 60 and out of them at 70 . . . when other cars slowed down to 30.

. . . Repeatedly, during 7000 miles—when icy, slippery roads appeared—the brakes were jammed on, and the White Ghost came to a stop straight as a railroad train on the tracks.

* * *

Just a few high lights of 7000 miles. But you can prove these facts to yourself in 7 miles. *Ask your dealer for a demonstration. Get the thrill of riding on the wings of momentum . . . in the White Ghost's twin now awaiting you in your dealer's showroom.*

free-wheeling HUPMOBILE SIXES AND EIGHTS

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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

RACKETEERS and grafting politicians in the United States are receiving a great deal of free publicity nowadays and probably consider adulation as no more than due fellows of such magnificent achievement. We therefore feel pleased to take them down a peg or two and do so by presenting William G. Shepherd's "The Cuban Lottery Racket" which will show them not only a world they have not conquered but one in which their usual methods would be crude and unproductive.

The lottery racket has its roots, as you know, in the ancient urge to get a great deal for very little. It works out that way, too, but the boys who get a great deal conduct their operations strictly according to law and never find it necessary to carry blackjacks or guns nor even to lift their voices in anger. Their racket is described with convincing detail by Mr. Shepherd and there will be audible gnashing of teeth when American chiselers hear about it.

—

AS a marked contrast to this sure-thing gambling you will enjoy Jake Falstaff's story "Absolutely Square," about Link Swain, the gambler who cheated only once in his life. This is Mr. Falstaff's first story in Collier's. He contributes a daily column to the Cleveland Press.

THE theory voiced by Stephen Morehouse Avery's heroine, in "Any Two You Name," is that any young man and any young woman thrown together under propitious circumstances will fall in love. She is a newspaper sob-sister and prone, therefore, to get her scientific facts twisted. Having resolved to be cold and detached we branded her at once as an unsound thinker. But when we finished the story we were so wrought up that we just didn't *know*. Love is very confusing.

—

THERE'S more romance of a highly satisfactory sort in E. Phillips Oppenheim's story "Mademoiselle Anna Disappears." It is the last of the exploits of Mr. Peter Hames, the amateur painter and detective. It comes very close also to being the last of Miss Sybil Christian. We were never quite certain about that girl's sanity, but Mr. Oppenheim clears it all up at last.

—

JEDGE HARRIS DICKSON thinks New Orleans, the modern city, hasn't had all the credit it deserves. We dropped the reins, gave him his head, and he wrote a piece you will enjoy reading: "Fighting City." It is an inspiring record of triumph over foreign despots, fire, famine, flood, rat fleas and various deadly plagues.

—

FRANK BUCK, the animal catcher, tells a good bird story in "Discord in Paradise;" Walter Davenport takes you to visit Henri Mouquin, the aged restaurateur, who talks about good things to eat; Gilbert Frankau, W. R. Burnett, Charles Brackett, Grantland Rice, The Gentleman at the Keyhole and Freling Foster surpass themselves. You have a good time while we slave this way.

THIS WEEK

May 23, 1931

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THE FINISHER: A golf story with much more than golf in it.

Page 10—Grantland Rice

ALLIGATOR BOY: How Henry Coppinger whiles away his time.

Page 11—The Short Short Story

RED BALLOONS: By Elmer Davis

Page 12—Dr. Julius Klein

FRANCE STEPS OUT: The Assistant Secretary of Commerce speaking.

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PROTECTION, Part IV: Harworth gets in deeper.

Page 16—Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

"NOW I'LL TELL ONE, SCHEHERAZADE": A short story.

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LIKE A MAN! A story of youthful ambition.

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ALL IN THE FAMILY: Circus tribes, their manners and customs.

Page 22—Charles Brackett

SOCIAL SECRETARY, Part II: On with the dance.

Page 24—William MacHarg

THE FOURTH DEGREE: Detective O'Malley comes through again.

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PACKING A GOOD TIME: Clothes make the vacation.

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NEVER TOO YOUNG: Tennis for beginners. Aren't we all?

Page 32—In One Ear

Interesting anecdotes from here and there.

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HOW WOULD YOU PLAY IT?

Page 49—Freling Foster

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD! Further sprightly facts.

Page 56—The Gentleman at the Keyhole

AL READY: Some thoughts about Democrats.

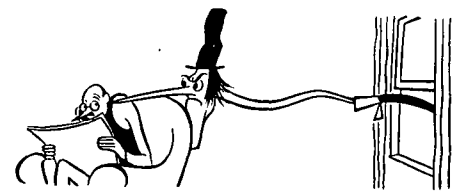
Page 66—Editorial

Any Week

NOTHING of importance happens that our hair-trigger readers don't dash to their desks and tell us all about it. For example, no sooner does the government confess that it can't guarantee to protect Americans in Nicaragua than we are told that there's nothing extraordinary about that inasmuch as we seem unable to protect our citizens at home, on the streets of New York, Chicago, St. Louis and Detroit.

—

AND others want to know why we can't make a deal with one of these European countries that gets tired of its royalty. The idea seems to be that we swap our ready-made republic for an established monarchy for a year's trial.



"SEE here," writes Mr. John E. McMurtrie of San Francisco, "in all this blah about the sanctity of the home, what has become of the old-fashioned home where a man could take off his coat of an evening and settle down to the sports page without fearing that the police, the professional propagandists and the iron-jawed morals makers will burst in and arrest him for minding his own business?"

Of course we don't know, but a part of the answer might be taken from Mrs. Jennie M. Uhler's letter. From Wheeling, West Virginia, she writes that she has contracted the shade-pulling habit "because the government is always hiring more and more professional peepers."

"Of course," says she, "it is terribly flattering to think that a single obscure citizen can corrupt this government's morals by merely taking a bottle out of the ice-box, but a body can get pretty tired of flattery too."

—

WE CAN'T recall a more interesting letter than this one from Mr. Arthur Walsh, a foreman on the great Sherloski Farm, in the center of Siberia, 2,000 miles from Moscow. Too bad we can't publish all of it, because it is grand reading. Mr. Walsh, facing unemployment last year, left his wife and daughter in East Peoria, Illinois, and went to Russia.

"One thing I'd like to see," he writes, "and that is those amateur American Reds brought over here and put to work. . . . It would do them lots of good. We need workers, but the policy here is no work, no eat. This is not a dry country but no liquor is allowed on these farms and we have no bootleggers, believe it or not. Everyone here is very nice to me. I am a lone American among 3,000 Ruskies. I am not a Red. I wasn't raised that way—just an American who came to Russia looking for work and who found it, plenty of it. And I read Collier's every week and pass it on."

—

WITH mingled emotions we conclude with the news from Shanghai, China, that Mr. Tsu h'ai Tsun, a government tax collector whose accounts were in dismal shape, was discovered at his desk with his poor head on an open copy of Collier's. He had blown himself to his ancestors, the gun lying at his side. All smart cracks about this will be disregarded.

Vol. 87, No. 21. Entered as second-class matter at Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, under Act of March 3, 1879, and at Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by P. F. Collier & Son Company, Springfield, Ohio.

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Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.; 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London. Published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A. Thomas H. Beck, President; George J. Kennedy, Vice President; William P. Larkin, Vice President; Albert E. Winger, Treasurer. *Manuscripts submitted should be accompanied by return postage. The Publisher is not responsible for return of unsolicited manuscripts.*

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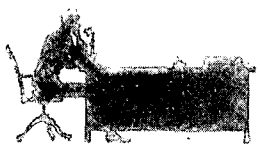

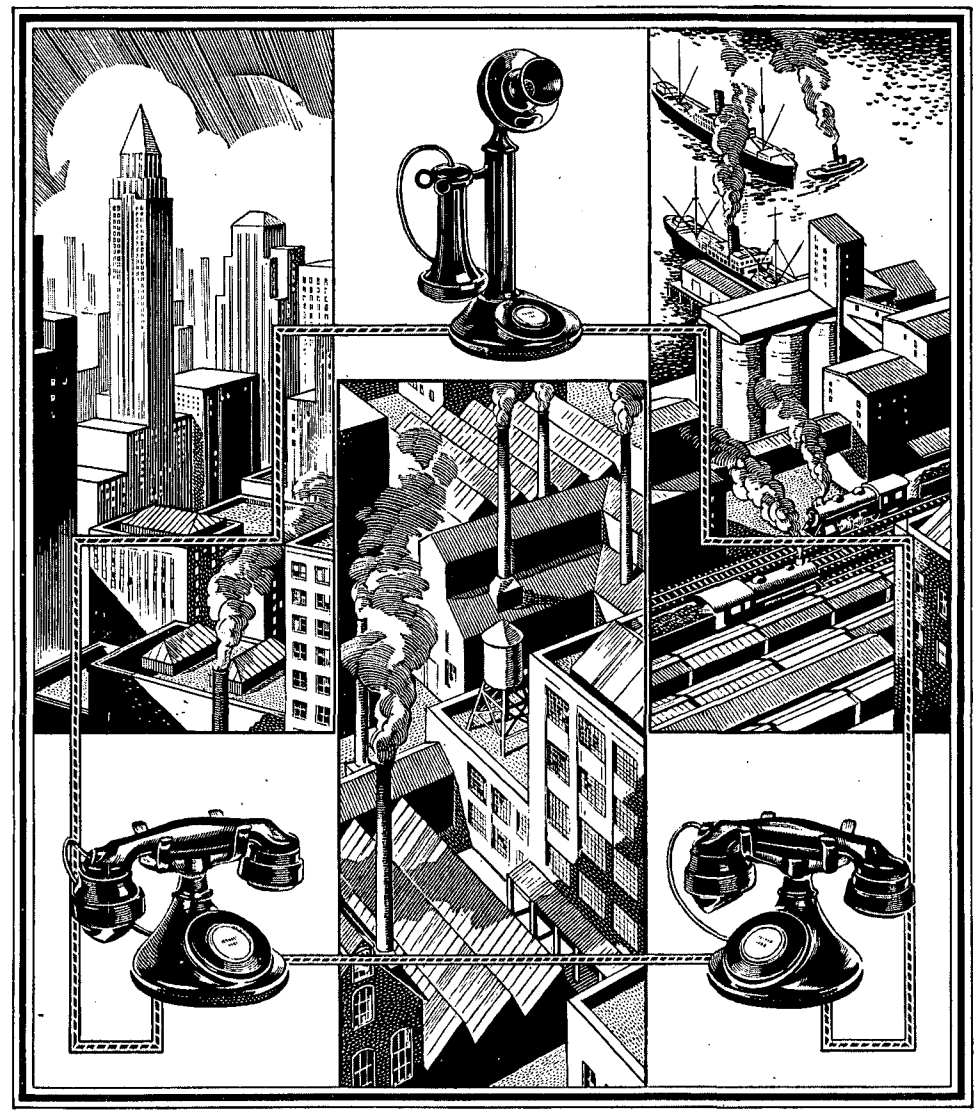

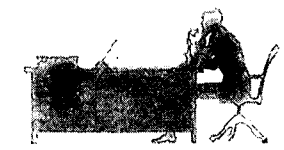

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The production manager of a factory equipment company keeps in constant touch with its construction crews which are at work in industrial plants throughout the country. A large automobile corporation makes hundreds of calls each month, divided as follows: sales department, 34%; production department, 46%; service department, 13%; other purposes, 7%.

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The credit manager of a lumber firm finds intercity service a direct solution to his credit problem. Telephone calls invariably get attention on overdue accounts. The traffic manager of a chain store organization uses the telephone extensively in tracing freight shipments.

In sales and purchasing . . . in administrative matters . . . in getting information or giving it . . . in adjusting misunderstandings . . . in maintaining important contacts . . . the telephone is an invaluable aid to every department of a business.

Rates are low: Baltimore to New York, 90c. Atlanta to Memphis, $1.65. Detroit to Chicago, $1.15. Evening and night rates are still lower. To reach another city . . . *reach for your telephone.*

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Install RCA Radiotrons, the radio tubes used by more than 200 leading broadcasting stations.

Beware of Worn-out Tubes!

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A RADIO set is no better than its tubes. Even the most expensive radio cannot yield its true, rich tone with inferior tubes. That is why leading radio manufacturers have for years advised you to use RCA Radiotrons. And 200 big broadcasting stations use RCA Radiotrons to transmit millions of dollars worth of programs each year. To get full tone beauty in the new radio you buy, see that every tube is a genuine RCA Radiotron. Look inside the cabinet and make sure. To put new life in your radio, replace worn-out tubes at least once a year . . . insist on RCA Radiotrons . . . the radio tubes in the red and black carton . . . the radio tubes *guaranteed* by RCA!

RCA Radiotron Co., Inc., Harrison, New Jersey
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Tune in on the new RCA Radiotron Broadcast on N.B.C. coast-to-coast network every Wednesday and Saturday night at 8:15 p.m., Eastern Daylight Saving time.

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The heart of your radio

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The Finisher

By Talbert Josselyn

Illustrated by Harry L. Timmins

If you don't need the lesson this superb golf story teaches, count yourself lucky indeed!

HE STOOD on the eighteenth tee, and, with but one more hole to play, the Open Golf championship was in his hands.

He had been the sensation of the tournament, the unknown kid wonder, the one who had clubbed his way to the heights by the most reckless, daring attack the championship had ever known. He had spread-eagled the field; had left experienced, tournament-tested veterans floundering far behind.

Now he stood on the eighteenth and final tee, with but one more hole to go. That hole, the toughest finisher in America. But from the way that he stood there, one would have thought that it was the simplest of holes, a mere drive and a pitch.

From this final hole the course derived its name—Roaring Shore. The tee was perched on a jutting cliff at whose base the sea made eternal, white-fanged strife. Curving in a great crescent, bearing always to the left, the cliff-rim marched away to the north, green fairway backed by close-shouldered pines on the inland side, while blue waters, white-plumed, thundered on the sands below. More than five hundred yards the fairway curved and stretched, a narrow strip of grass between forest and sea, a wind of varying degree ever playing across it, with the green hanging close above the cliff and guarded from immediate approach by deep traps of white, dazzling, flour-fine sand.

The final hole of Roaring Shore. The Finisher.

"Come and make par—make five—if you can," said The Finisher. "Come ahead."

And young Jack Clemmens came. Three times did the sensation of the tournament make long, hooking drives to the correct—and perilous—position above the cliffs, shooting the ball across an arm of the sea, sending it inland straight at the forest wall, where, in mid-flight, it swerved aside at the last moment and began its great arc up the course, striking at length on the hard, close-cropped turf to go bounding on and on, cutting nearer and nearer toward the cliff rim to come finally to a halt.

When he teed off on that final day of the championship the gallery was massed row on row about him

From here—and once he stood with his heels on the cliff rim itself, so late had been the halting—he sped brassie shots winging low above the fairway like the white gulls winging above the sea, to stop just short of the guardian traps, from where he pitched in a rising wind to the sand and cliff-edged green. And on the third round of play—on the round that breaks tournament players if they are to break—he rammed down his approach putt for a four instead of his previous par fives.

"Come on," The Finisher had said.

"I've come," said young Jack Clemmens.

And now he stood on The Finisher's tee for the last time, and the Open championship was his for the taking. Thus he stood, strong in the power of youth, tall, lithe, gray-eyed, wearing the small cap and the tight-fitting gray flannel trousers of that now long-ago time, and the gallery, the few score who knew the game of golf and followed it in that far-away era, elbowed for vantage position and made murmuring comment.

"He's a cinch."

"Two or three more socks and he's got it."

"They tell me he's never played a seaside course before, and look how he's shown this one up."

"He's the comer of them all."

"Hell, he's already come."

"Young, too. Only twenty or twenty-one."

"Yeah, and married. The other day. That's his wife—the brown-eyed girl, just beyond us here."

"Quiet! He's getting ready to drive.

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Just watch him take this hole apart."

The coming champion took his stance; made the briefest of waggles. That was his style—no fuss; step up and hit 'em. And as he made this briefest of waggles the thought went through him, went through this young Jack Clemmens, the comer, the one already arrived, that perhaps, now that he had the championship in his hands, it might be wise to ease down, to take no chances on this long and treacherous final hole. To play safe.

Even as the thought came to him he discarded it. Had he gotten where he was by playing safe? He was where he was because he hadn't. It wasn't in his nature to play safe. Step up and hit 'em!

A tough finishing hole? He'd gotten a birdie four on it. How about finishing off with an eagle three? That would be something for them to talk about. Nobody had ever made an eagle on The Finisher of Roaring Shore. Well, here goes!

STRONG in the pride of youth, he drove.

The ball left the tee like a white bullet. It shot above the arm of the sea. It hurtled toward the forest wall, sheered away from the wall when almost within touching reach, went fleeting up the course. It struck turf; leaped on and on. Farther than any of the previous drives, it whirled ahead toward the narrowest part of the fairway, cutting ever nearer to the cliffs. Nearer . . . nearer . . . a hand's span away . . . and then, white and sharp, it cleared cliff rim and dived into the waters below.

Jack Clemmens, the coming champion, had driven into the sea.

A water hazard—the mightiest of water hazards. Play it if you can, with the tide at flood and surging against the cliffs. Otherwise, drop a ball where the drive went in, and be playing three.

For a moment the coming champion stood frozen on the tee. Then swallowed. Swallowed again. Waited for the player paired with him to drive, then went ahead. Went grimly, swiftly ahead, walking fast, fast.

He came to where, far up the course, the ball had made its leap. Nothing but surging waters to mark where it had gone. He dropped a new ball over his shoulder.

Jaw set, he studied the distant green. Distant, yet it could be reached. A full brassie, straight for the hole, a chord cutting the arc of cliff line out above the breakers. . . . It could be done.

HE SWUNG. As though on an unseen wire the ball flew for the pin. It was there . . . it was—and the winds that guard The Finisher came swooping from the landward side, caught the ball, put their shoulder to it, smashed it down and sent it careening away . . . down . . . down . . . to vanish into white-frothed waters.

Again into the sea.

Now playing five. The coming champion, his face a mask, dropped a ball in the narrow angle of fairway between cliff rim and sand trap. The grass was thin. And something like a sigh went over the gallery as the shot flew full across the green into the deep trap on the far side.

Then The Finisher took young Jack Clemmens and shook him; shook him as a dog shakes a sack. Back from that trap clean over into another. . . . Out into the deep grass that hung like a shaggy brow above the sand. Out from the grass and too far. . . . Short. . . . Finally down.

A ten.

Twice had he done it in five. Once had he done it in four. Now he had done it in ten.

The Finisher of Roaring Shore.

As in a nightmare young Jack Clemmens, the kid wonder of the tournament, walked to where the scores were posted. Without a word he handed in his score. It was added, it was checked, it was put up on the board.

A momentary pause, a craning of the gallery's necks as eyes studied the board, a chorus of exclamations.

He led! The kid led! In spite of the ten, in spite of The Finisher, the kid, Jack Clemmens, led by a lone stroke.

The voices welled up.

"How many are still playing? How many are left?"

"Ten . . . twelve."

Followed the wait. The agony of the wait, Jack Clemmens, face still a mask, standing with hand gripping the hand of his young wife. . . . The first pair finished. Their scores? . . . He still led. The second pair. . . . He still led. The third—

The blow fell.

One stroke better.

He gripped the hand of his wife so hard that she all but cried out. He had failed. He was not the champion.

Second place. Well, second place, then. No, not second place. One of the next pair had bettered the best. They continued to come in and in. And Jack Clemmens' position went down and down.

Then it was all over, and they were congratulating the new champion, the camera men were photographing him, the gallery was thrusting faces into the picture. A few who were not thus occupied spoke to the boy who had been the sure cinch until he had blown up on the last hole.

"Tough luck, kid."

"Better luck next time."

"With a year's more experience you'll take 'em all into camp."

"Others have blown up on this last hole. Don't let that worry you."

"Thanks," said young Jack Clemmens. "Thanks. . . . Sure, I won't let it worry me."

He looked at his girl wife and smiled and she, slender and pale and seeming all brown eyes, smiled at him. Youth, trying to smile it off, and taking it hard, hard.

"Well," said Jack, "I guess we'd better go."

"Yes," said the girl. "Let's go. And, dearie," said the girl, "it's all right."

"Yes," said the boy, "it's all right."

So they went back home, a long trip for those days. An inland town, where Jack Clemmens was the professional of the small club, if one who acted as caddie master and everything else around the place could be called the professional.

He was greeted by the club members with, "Well, look who almost brought home the bacon. Better luck next time." And some, more obtuse than the others, said, "We read about your taking ten on the last hole. I guess that it must be a tough one, all right."

"Yes, it was tough, all right," said Jack and grinned at them. Then he plunged into running the club, into teaching. His style was effortless, sound. He forgot tournaments. He tried to forget them. A new year came. Summer. A regional championship. It was not far from the home course and he went, a curious prickling along his spine.

HE SWEPT through the regional championship as he had swept through the Open. On the last round, with but three holes to go, it was clear that the regional title was his, even if from then on he shot one stroke, two strokes over par. With the picture of Roaring Shore and The Finisher before him, he eased down, played safe. And his game, which was based on attack, smashed like a glass bulb. He finished down and down the list.

Papers, commenting, said:

"Young Jack Clemmens had the championship all sewed up until the sixteenth hole of the final round. Here he went to pieces and tossed away stroke after stroke. It may be remembered that Clemmens was the one who had such a fine chance for the Open last year only to throw it away on the final hole. The young man doesn't seem to be a finisher."

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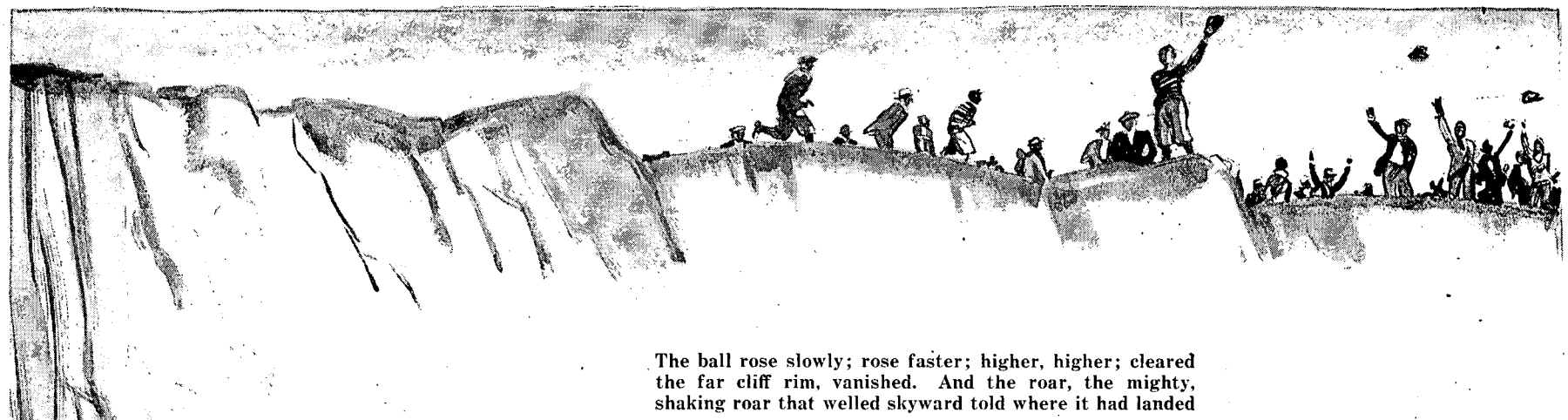

The ball rose slowly; rose faster; higher, higher; cleared the far cliff rim, vanished. And the roar, the mighty, shaking roar that welled skyward told where it had landed

Back he came again to the pale girl.

"It's all right, dearie," she said.

"Sure," he agreed. "It's all right." And the remembrance of the last three holes of the regional championship was now side by side with the remembrance of The Finisher of Roaring Shore.

He scraped and saved money—the two of them scraped and saved—and he entered the Open. He must vindicate himself, they had agreed. Whether he played well or not, he must enter it. No quitting under fire.

He played. For one half of it he was brilliancy itself—a flash—and then went out. Newspaper comment was brief.

"Jack Clemmens lasted only halfway this time."

He played in other tournaments. He failed. Each time under pressure he would buckle. To keep from buckling, he resorted to a prop.

"Drinking," the word went around. "Drinking hard."

After the last championship of the year he did not return home for a number of days. He returned then at the urgent request of a doctor's telegram, to find the pale girl now pale beyond all caring. To those who would upbraid him she shook her head and asked that they be left alone. Soon, soon a journeyer of the dark tide, she ran her fingers through his hair and told him that she understood, that she did not blame him, that it was all right.

"That last afternoon at Roaring Shore," she said. "I know."

He broke, and told her all the thousand things that he had wanted to tell since that tragic hour.

"Of course, of course," she said. "And now you'll not do *this* any more. The greatest golfer in the world. You are. You'll be. You'll see. *He'll* see. Bring him in—I want you both, my two men."

HE BROUGHT in their infant son—their several-months-old son who had his mother's eyes—and she smiled long, long upon them; held them close as the dark tide came.

He did not play in a championship the next year, nor the next, nor the next. He mended clubs and taught golf and took care of his son. He was a teacher among teachers—he had the knack of being able to show and to explain—and over and over, after his golf pupils had learned the rudiments of the swing, he told them, "Play each stroke. And when it's past, it's past. Never look back. Never look back." Teaching them, teaching himself.

When the memory of The Finisher of Roaring Shore was dim down the corridors of the past, when his game was a thing of effortless beauty that lasted round on round without a falter, he went back into championship play. Into the National Open.

People still talk of that championship. Of how Jack Clemmens played as nearly perfect golf as it is given mortal man to play, hole on hole, round on round, and how, as he stood on the eighteenth green after making his final putt, while the gallery, carried away by such golf, cheered and cheered him as the winner, the next man—the last one of the field—fighting his way in, missed his approach pitch, and then, in a final desperate burst—he had made recoveries all day—smashed his next one to the pin, where it hit the flag, stopped, and fell in. And by this one stroke the championship was his.

For a long moment Jack Clemmens stood there, frozen. Then he said:

"Well, I came in second. Pretty good for a man who has been out for a number of years." Heartily, he shook hands with the winner.

He was back again for the Open next year, and he missed it by two strokes. He was back again the next year, and the next; he was back again each year. Always he was in the money; always within a stroke or so of the winner, yet the championship was never his. It was as though Fate, having given him his opportunity at the very first, had closed the gates upon him from that time on. As though The Finisher of Roaring Shore had taken something from him—a slight fraction of a something—and would not give it back.

So the years marched and Jack Clemmens marched with them. He passed from his twenties into his thirties—still young Jack Clemmens. The thirties went their swinging way—swift are the years!—and now he was forty and was no longer young Jack Clemmens. Old Jack—old Jack Clemmens. The perennial contender for the Open championship, the stylist of America, the golfer whose name for accuracy was a household word, the winner of all the other championships—the fringing championships—and never the winner of the one on which his heart and life were set.

In these marching years the game of golf had grown and spread. When Jack Clemmens—young Jack, the boy Jack—first swung a club, the average citizen, the man in the street, turned curious and derisive eyes upon any who carried a golf bag and sent mocking voice after him—"Shinny on your own side! Haw, look at the golfer!" And added something about the damned leisure class and meadow pool. Now it had become the national game.

Yearly, as this golfing flood rose higher, as the youth of the land more and more turned to it, competition in the championships became keener. In the National Open most of all. Newspapers, trying to pick the winner, would mention this or that player as the likely favorite—always putting Jack Clemmens among the first—and would then add, "But any number of unknowns are liable to come crashing through." Crash at times they would and Jack Clemmens, just outside the victor's circle, would set himself to come back the next year; to come back, a year older, into the fight that ever leaned toward youth.

THE years grew, and Jack Clemmens' baby boy, who looked so much like his mother, grew with them. To him his father was the greatest golfer in the world, and he said so. At which his father would grin broadly and say that perhaps there were a few people who would dispute this—also the records; and then he would stop smiling and look far away, and say softly: "Well, she thought that, too. The only thing she was ever wrong in." And he would go back to asking young Jack the question that he delighted to ask over and over: "What are you going to be when you grow up?" "A sailor!" young Jack would answer. And old Jack would laugh and chuckle.

At first he hadn't laughed. The first time he had gotten this answer he had drawn his breath in sharply, and sat looking at the tousle-headed boy with hurt in his eyes. Roaring Shore and The Finisher were then but a short way behind; in his dreams he saw his drive, his brassie go down and down into white waters. The sea. And his boy would like the sea! But in later years he nodded approvingly. No hunting for will-o'-the-wisps for a sailor. No championship always beyond the horizon. A sailor. Fine!

"But it won't always be beyond the horizon"—the boy was older now, almost through school, and the father could talk with him—"it won't be beyond the horizon this year, Dad. You'll clean 'em all up. And can't I see you do it? I'll be getting away to sea, soon."

BUT on this point the elder Jack was firm. The boy could watch him in any of the minor tournaments, but in the Open, no. The years had been packed with too many memories of victory almost achieved, and lost. No, old Jack would share his defeat, if defeat it was to be, with no one. He would not have his boy—the boy who had the eyes of his mother—stand in the gallery, telling himself that his father was the greatest golfer in the world, and see that father beaten. To read of it. . . . at least the blow was softened. But not to see it.

Insistently, with the persistence of youth, the younger Jack would return to the attack. And finally the father gave way. He had just had his greatest year. He had been the big money winner of the winter tournaments that had sprung up with such golden glitter along the West Coast and in the South. He had come so close to the Open that another wink of an eyelash and he would have won. Something, whispering, told him that the next year was his. Something, not whispering, but speaking louder, told him that he had only one more year left. Only one more year of championship competition. If ever he was to win, he must win now.

"All right, son," he said to young Jack. "You'll go to the next Open and you'll see me win."

And smash upon this came the news that the next Open was to be played at Roaring Shore.

Old Jack sat with the newspaper in his hands, and for a moment the page went blank. Roaring Shore. The Finisher. Instead of printed words, he saw a curving fairway hemmed between forest and cliff, and saw a youth, a long-ago youth, battling along that crescent of hope and despair toward

(Continued on page 46)

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Alligator Boy

By Grantland Rice

Henry Coppinger is an undisputed champion. And if you feel like lifting his title all you have to do is wrestle and subdue—under water—a twelve-foot alligator with steam-shovel jaws and pile-driver tail

Henry Coppinger demonstrating his method of removing alligators from their native pools in the Everglades

COLLEGE athletes have gone into this wrestling business in a big way. Sonnenberg of Dartmouth, McMillen of Illinois, George of Michigan, Bruder of Northwestern, Savoldi of Notre Dame and others are tugging away at terrible Turks, barbarous Bulgarians and annihilating Armenians.

But Henry Coppinger of Miami, Florida, and the near-by Everglades, has been making a living for years by wrestling and subduing alligators weighing from two hundred to three hundred pounds, alligators that carry killing power at both ends—in their mighty jaws and in their crushing tails.

Coppinger not only wrestles and captures these alligators barehanded on dry land or even in shallow swamps, he also follows them into deep water where they are at home and where they have every advantage. It's thrilling to see this slender Florida native stand poised upon the end of a canoe, spot some amphibian monster in the muddy depths below, dive overboard and disappear. Then there comes a sudden swirl of water and Coppinger emerges with one hand gripped upon the alligator's closed jaws. The other hand is hooked, around the alligator's body, under one of the short legs, as the big saurian is finally rolled over upon his back and brought to the canoe.

How does he do it, and why?

Although Coppinger is only thirty-six years old, his story goes back a quarter-century. He is a native of the tropical lowlands of Florida. As a small boy Henry discovered that tourists were deeply interested in alligators and that this interest could be turned into spending money. So he started out by selling young 'gators to the tourists. Today his discovery has grown extensively.

Deception and Fight

Henry was under ten when he began to study the life and the habits of the alligator. A certain reserved, native honesty brought him the friendship of the Seminole Indians, who added greatly to his knowledge of the wild life of the tropical swamps.

Coppinger saw the possibilities of an alligator farm. He began to give wrestling exhibitions which astonished the big winter crowds looking for thrills.

The alligator is a deceptive creature. With those immense jaws, full of dangerous teeth, and that stretch of elastic tail he appears most formidable. But he seems to be lazy and slow-moving, and if you come upon him he will attempt to retreat. When cornered, however, he becomes a deadly antagonist showing remarkable speed, dexterity and aggressiveness.

His huge jaws and his savage teeth form the first line of attack, and the long, scaly tail packs the wallop of six mules. A ten-foot alligator with his jaws tied up and his feet roped can still throw five or six men attempting to hold his tail as if they were so many pygmies. And, it might be noted, there is no such thing as a tame or a pet alligator. No matter how long one is kept in captivity, it carries the inherent savagery of millions of years in its heart.

Coppinger calculates to a minute degree every ability his opponent may have, the distance it can lunge, its leg speed and its capacity for deception. When Coppinger first enters the pen the alligator usually will hide in the pool, but with two small, beady eyes upon the surface of the water, watching closely. Coppinger, armed with a vaulting pole, then moves up closer. About two feet away he sticks the pole in the mud, leans upon it, and starts to turn his body slowly away, looking carefully over one shoulder. Then, like some aquatic eruption, the alligator lunges from the water to the exact spot where Coppinger stood a half-second before. This is one method of sizing up an opponent's leap and also his disposition.

Soothing the Savage

The struggle of man and reptile under water or in the swampy mire is terrific. Coppinger uses a combination wrist lock and scissors hold. The alligator goes in for a barrel roll, a twist and a spin, getting amazing power from his muscular tail. Just one successful grip from his massive jaws and it would be all over with the human assaulter. Coppinger has had two narrow escapes, when he was badly nipped, but each time he just managed to escape.

Only recently he cornered a large alligator resting in the black mud where the water was only a foot or so deep. When his escape was cut off the alligator turned like a flash and came at Coppinger, hissing like a huge serpent. But the alert Coppinger finally feinted him out of position, snapped one hand upon the huge jaws, closing them tightly, and then took an arm lock and body scissors. The war was on, the two throwing water and black muck five feet high as they wrestled all over the swamp. But Coppinger, outweighed a hundred and fifty pounds, has never lost a match yet. He couldn't afford to lose even one, for there would never be a return match.

The Alligator Boy has one trick which astonishes both spectators and scientists. After conquering a big alligator he puts it to sleep with a few strokes along its broad, white stomach. Others have tried it with no success. This is one secret that Coppinger won't reveal.

The quickness, the agility and the alertness of Coppinger are something remarkable to watch. He is like a flash in action, with a cool, calculating eye that judges distance perfectly. And he has amazing strength in his rather slender arms and body. He admits that his one slip may come at any moment and that he can't keep up this game forever. The wonder is that he has lasted so long.

It would be interesting to see what the two greatest wrestlers in the world could do with one of these twelve-foot 'gators a dozen feet under water, but it is something you will never see. For in that bout all the toe holds and the airplane spins would be delivered by the alligator. And, after a few bubbles, the deep pool of the Everglades would be quiet again.

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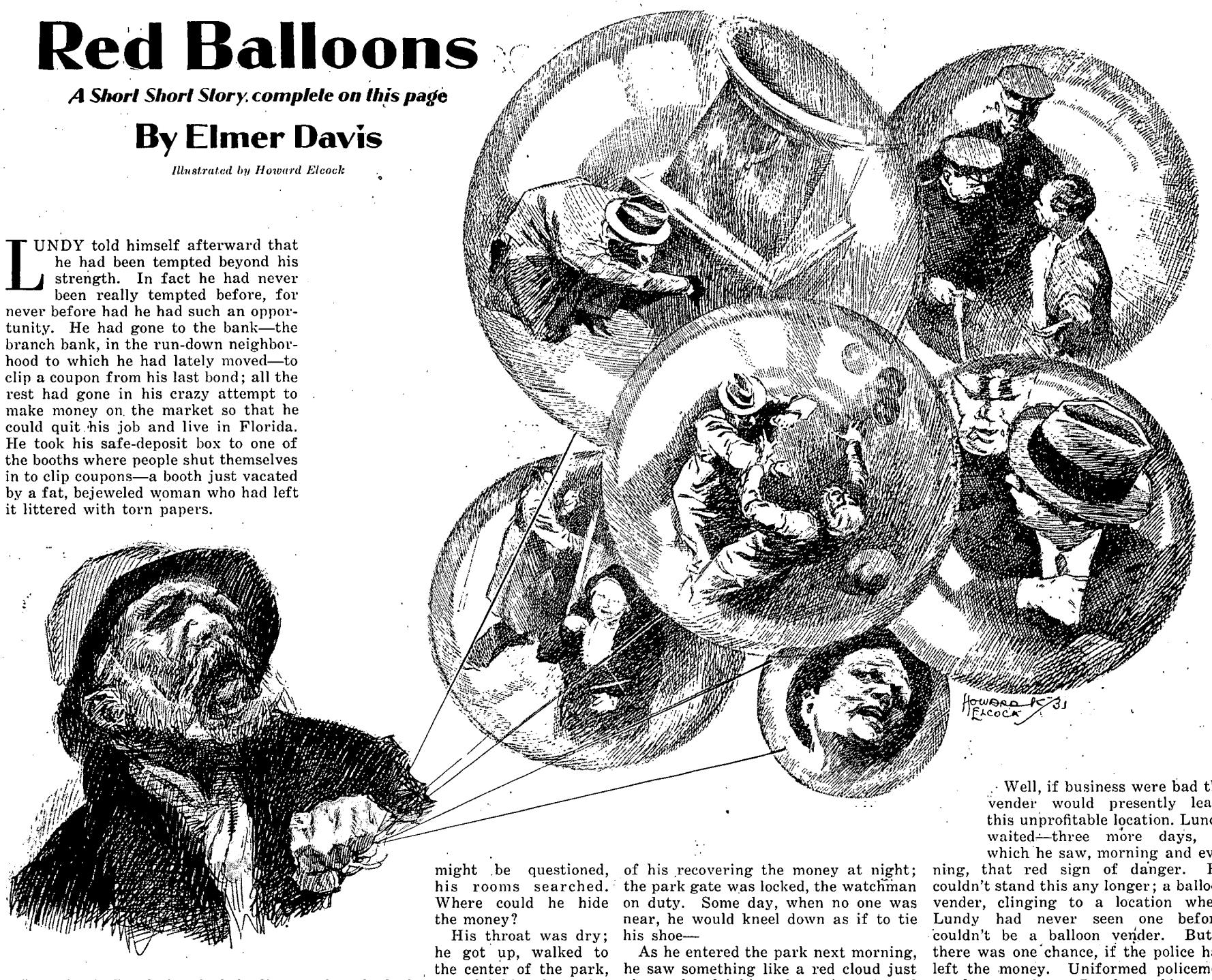
Red Balloons

A Short Short Story, complete on this page

By Elmer Davis

Illustrated by Howard Elcock



LUNDY told himself afterward that he had been tempted beyond his strength. In fact he had never been really tempted before, for never before had he had such an opportunity. He had gone to the bank—the branch bank, in the run-down neighborhood to which he had lately moved—to clip a coupon from his last bond; all the rest had gone in his crazy attempt to make money on the market so that he could quit his job and live in Florida. He took his safe-deposit box to one of the booths where people shut themselves in to clip coupons—a booth just vacated by a fat, bejeweled woman who had left it littered with torn papers.

Impatiently Lundy brushed the litter away—and came on an overlooked envelope stuffed with money. A bank failure had lately frightened the timorous; the fat woman looked like the sort who would turn her balance into cash and lock it up. Lundy half opened the door to call to her—and saw her walking out of the bank. Hastily he shut the door, counted the money. Nearly thirty thousand dollars; enough to keep a man comfortably, in some little Florida town, for the rest of his life.

Quickly, Lundy slipped the envelope into his inside pocket.

Then he was out of the bank, crossing the street into a little park fenced with high iron palings. It was, he knew, a private park, the possession of the old families that had once lived on the square; at night its gates were locked, a private watchman patroled it. But by day it was open to all. He sat down on a bench, shivering in the winter wind; the envelope in his pocket felt like a slab of hot metal.

What a fool he'd been! He'd thought when he took it that it wouldn't be missed for a month—not till the woman came again to clip coupons. But if she kept her money in the safe-deposit box she might come back and find it missing tomorrow—this afternoon. The bank employees would remember Lundy—he had lately rented his box; might remember that he had followed her into the booth. If he gave up his job now and left for Florida, that would be confession. But tonight, tomorrow, he might be questioned, his rooms searched. Where could he hide the money?

His throat was dry; he got up, walked to the center of the park, where he had seen a drinking fountain. Irresolute, trembling, he stared absently at the iron faucet in the concrete bowl, at the tall concrete base. Then his eyes narrowed; the base was broken on one side—a hole big enough to thrust your fist through. Inside, a dark hollow where no one would think of looking for anything; where a man who had hidden something could come back and recover it at leisure.

Beside the drinking fountain, Lundy knelt down; anyone who had passed would have seen only a man with an unbuttoned overcoat hanging loose about him, tying his shoe. But when he went on, the envelope of money no longer lay like a slab of hot metal in his pocket.

THAT evening two detectives from police headquarters came to question him, rather apologetically; and he met them smiling.

"Why, yes," he said. "There was a fat woman in the booth just before me; she left it littered with torn papers and I brushed them off into the waste basket. Find out where the waste basket went, and you'll probably find the money. . . . No, I've no objection at all if you want to look around here, just to satisfy yourselves—"

Afterward he wondered if he hadn't overdone it. They went away, apparently convinced, but he couldn't feel safe. Better leave the money where it was, for a while. There wasn't a chance in a million that anyone would look into the broken drinking fountain. No hope of his recovering the money at night; the park gate was locked, the watchman on duty. Some day, when no one was near, he would kneel down as if to tie his shoe—

As he entered the park next morning, he saw something like a red cloud just above the drinking fountain. A red warning of danger. . . . He cursed his jumpy nerves; it was only a cluster of toy balloons, tugging at their strings in an old man's hand. Lundy had never seen a balloon vender here in the three weeks he lived near by; trade couldn't be brisk, the old man would soon move on. . . . But when Lundy came back at evening, he was still there.

Lundy glanced at him in passing; he was old but he looked strong. Might he be a younger man, disguised—not a balloon vender at all? . . . Lundy went home shivering. No one could have seen him put the money away—but suppose that by some mischance it had been found. The police would know the thief must come back for it; they would leave a man on guard. . . . *But had they left the money there as bait?*

The next morning the vender was still there. That day Lundy went to the bank, risked a jocose question. No, said the manager, they hadn't found the money; but they would. . . . It seemed to Lundy that the manager eyed him—with confident, sneering certainty.

That evening he spoke, in passing, to the balloon vender.

"You work late, eh? Business must be good."

"Not so good. But I stick around till the watchman comes."

Not a moment, then, when the fountain was unguarded. . . . That was the first night that Lundy could not sleep. In the morning, the red cloud still hovered above his treasure. . . .

Well, if business were bad the vender would presently leave this unprofitable location. Lundy waited—three more days, in which he saw, morning and evening, that red sign of danger. He couldn't stand this any longer; a balloon vender, clinging to a location where Lundy had never seen one before, couldn't be a balloon vender. But—there was one chance, if the police had left the money. Uniformed policemen rarely came here; Lundy could watch his chance, knock out the balloon man, take the money and make his get-away before anybody came.

AND so he watched his chance, found the vender alone, sauntered up, pretended to buy a balloon—then struck, straight and hard, to the point of the jaw. Down went the old man—down and out; down went Lundy on his knees, his arm reaching—

Up went a score of red balloons, their strings released as the old man fell; a score of sudden red danger signals, visible all over the park. As Lundy rose, stuffing the money in his pocket, he saw a policeman coming up; he turned to face another, tried to walk past, coolly—

"Here!" said the cop. "What's old Joe hollerin' about?"

"I don't know. I've done nothing." But the balloon man was talking, now; the policeman turned on Lundy, severe.

"Knock down an old man, would you, that's just out of the hospital?"

"Just out of the hospital?" Lundy gasped.

"Sure. Been laid up a month. Ain't you noticed that for a month past he ain't been here, at his stand by the fountain? First time he's been away for twenty years. . . . Here, you—take your hand out of that pocket! . . . Oh, it ain't a gun? Just papers? Well, come along to the station and show 'em to the lieutenant."

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France Steps Out

That's good news for us. French relations with the Balkans can affect the income of a Wisconsin plow manufacturer, and a machinist in Rochester may depend for his livelihood upon the increased efficiency of Paris business men. Here Dr. Klein traces for you the tangled strands of that vast web of trade relations which bind us no less closely than history to France, and make her prosperity of primary importance to this country

By Dr. Julius Klein

Assistant Secretary of Commerce

GUS SCHMIDT is a skilled craftsman in a little upper New York State plant which turns out adding machines. The plant is prosperous in spite of these troublous times—and thereby hangs a tale.

As he glances over his evening paper Schmidt skips hastily those dreary front-page recitals with such, to him, cryptic captions as "French gold position reaches record total," or "French jobless lowest among nations." But perhaps they would arouse his curiosity more if he realized that his own unshrunken weekly pay envelope owes its plump lines directly to the situation described in those solemnly dull economic dispatches from Paris. In just one sentence the crucial fact is that his employers, through patience and foresight, have built up and retained a tidy portion of the million-dollar business with France which we do each year in adding machines.

His comforting absence from the bread lines these days is due quite probably to this steady growth of export in this particular line to France. But why should France have enlarged her takings of these interesting little implements? Why have her imports from us in this line been multiplied no less than tenfold since 1913?

The answer is simple, almost obvious: the steady acceleration of the prosperity of the French business world during the post-war period has set in motion a belated but increasingly significant drive for the modernization of equipment. In spite of the abundance of cheap clerical labor, this newly awakened spirit of prosperous, ambitious French business has been quick to recognize the value of American efficiency methods.

Less Business for Tony

And so Gus Schmidt keeps his job and his pay envelope is still intact.

But there are other sides to these reactions of the French business scene upon our own. One of them was felt, entirely without his realizing it, by Tony Fulano, the little independent grocer out in a small town of Illinois, who has for some years been having more than his share of this world's business grief. Instinctively and naturally he charges it up to "the chains;" but, although the severity of their competition may have had something to do with Tony's woes, there was another cause which originated in France.

The leading industry of Tony's little town is a fountain-pen factory. Like many others, its anxious owners had been exploring the possibilities of export as a counteractive to the lull in home trade. The French market was particularly counted upon and a beginning was actually made with carefully planned advertising and other preparations. And then the trouble began. Native competitors resurrected a rule of the French government which required that the gold nibs of fountain pens must be of eighteen-carat, not fourteen-carat, gold, with each individual pen carefully certified and tested. American pen manufacturers have, of course, long since abandoned these old-time standards in their preference for more up-to-date alloys and other more serviceable, less costly points. But the French rule still holds and our exports of pens to France have dwindled away to a negligible quantity. And so the little pen factory, on whose pay roll Tony's grocery business was dependent, decided to curtail the personnel of its export department; and the net result has been less business for Tony.

Here is another illustration of the reaction of French trade policies upon American business. And I need hardly add that I mention these cases with no critical intent whatever, since they arise from internal French economic measures dictated occasionally by conditions not unlike our own, but simply as illustrations of the intimate relationship between the status of even our humblest workers and tradesmen and what is going on in various parts of France and her vast colonial empire.

This time we encounter jobless stevedores on the San Francisco waterfront and find that the plight of some of them had its beginnings in a situation far across the Pacific between neighboring dependencies of the two republics.

France quite naturally and properly wishes to reserve for herself the maximum amount of traffic with her most populous colony, Indo-China, with its teeming millions.

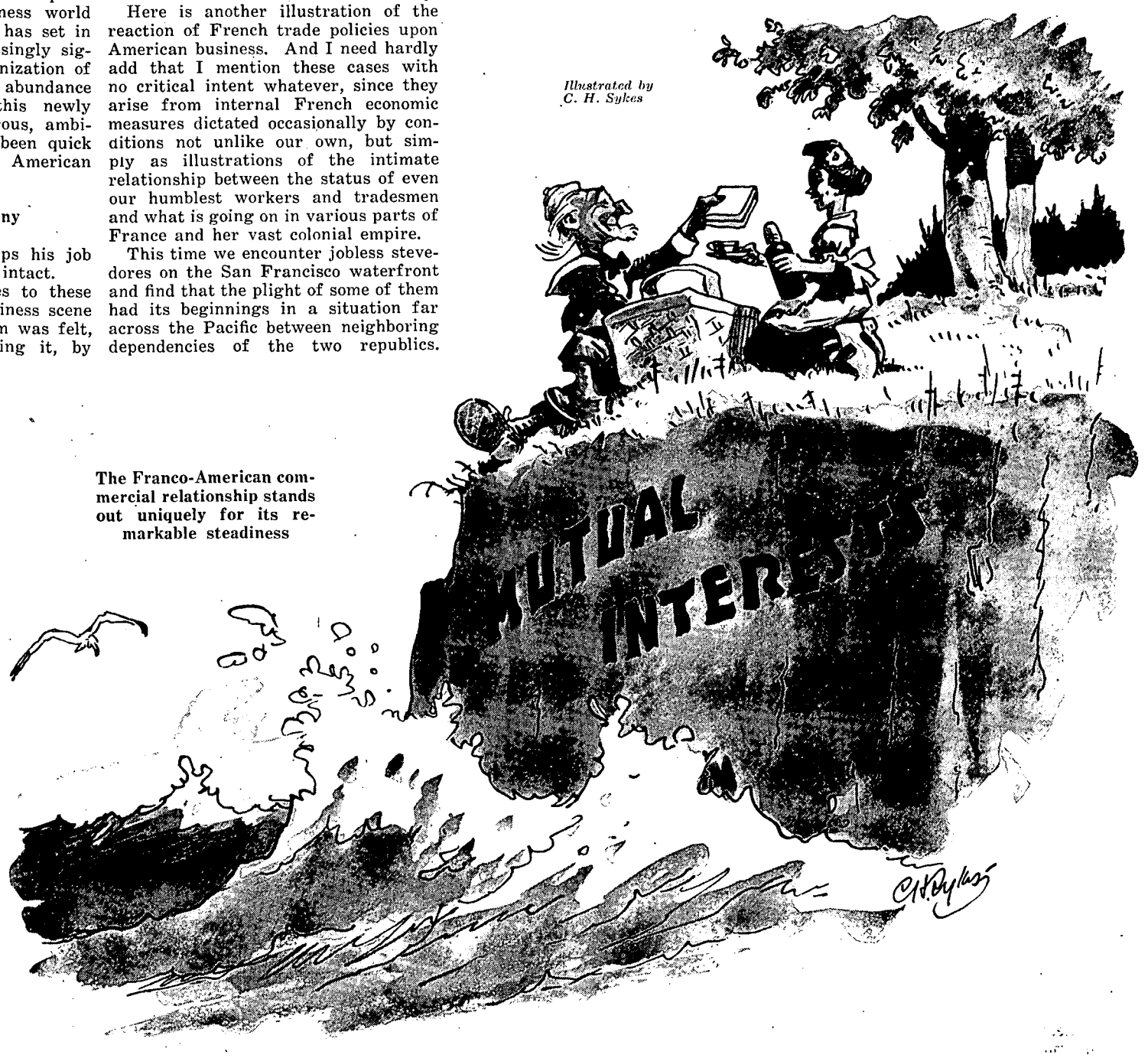
Protected Colonies

France therefore rules that goods shipped to her colonies by way of the motherland shall have a wide margin of preferential tariff duties, a universal custom which we ourselves have long recognized. And the Indo-Chinese market is given a further protection: anything transshipped thereto from the customary transshipping points in the East is subject to a fourfold increase of duty. And so, as our automotive manufacturers attempt to take advantage of the economies of their assembling arrangements at Manila, especially in these days of increasingly urgent need of overseas outlets for their products, they find that the Indo-Chinese outlets are practically barred because of these excessive duties on entrepôt traffic. All of which means fewer jobs for freight handlers in our Pacific coast ports.

When Briand, that grizzled veteran of a hundred diplomatic victories, recently took steps in Paris to advance his "United States of Europe" project with a series of Balkan agricultural conferences, he set in motion certain forces which may well prove to have a bearing upon the workmen in some Wisconsin plow factory.

Briefly put, his program calls for the employment of French capital to finance eastern European crops, with the possibility of reciprocal trade preferences between the western European industrial areas and the eastern Continental cereal producers. The program

Illustrated by C. H. Sykes



The Franco-American commercial relationship stands out uniquely for its remarkable steadiness

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seems to have encountered some temporary difficulties, but there can be no question as to its possible relationship to our own very large exports of farm equipment to the grain growers from the Baltic to the Ægean, as well as our sales of cereals to the western European consumers.

This factor of the tremendous reserves of French capital is likely to play one of the major rôles in the rehabilitation of European economic well-being. One of the most helpful indications has been the actual participation of France in German and Italian financing. Such French stakes in the security of her relations with her two neighbors present definite indications of a more hopeful outlook, particularly if the proceeds of the loans be allocated to productive purposes.

The French loan policy, like that of other European nations, has always been closely associated with governmental control. Her loans have been in many instances directed by national policies as, for example, in the building up, during the latter part of the nineteenth century, of some $2,500,000,000 of French capital in Russian investments. A long-standing arrangement whereby the French Minister of Finance has a voice in the listing privileges on the Paris Bourse effectively regulates the export of French capital to foreign enterprises when French governmental interests are at stake.

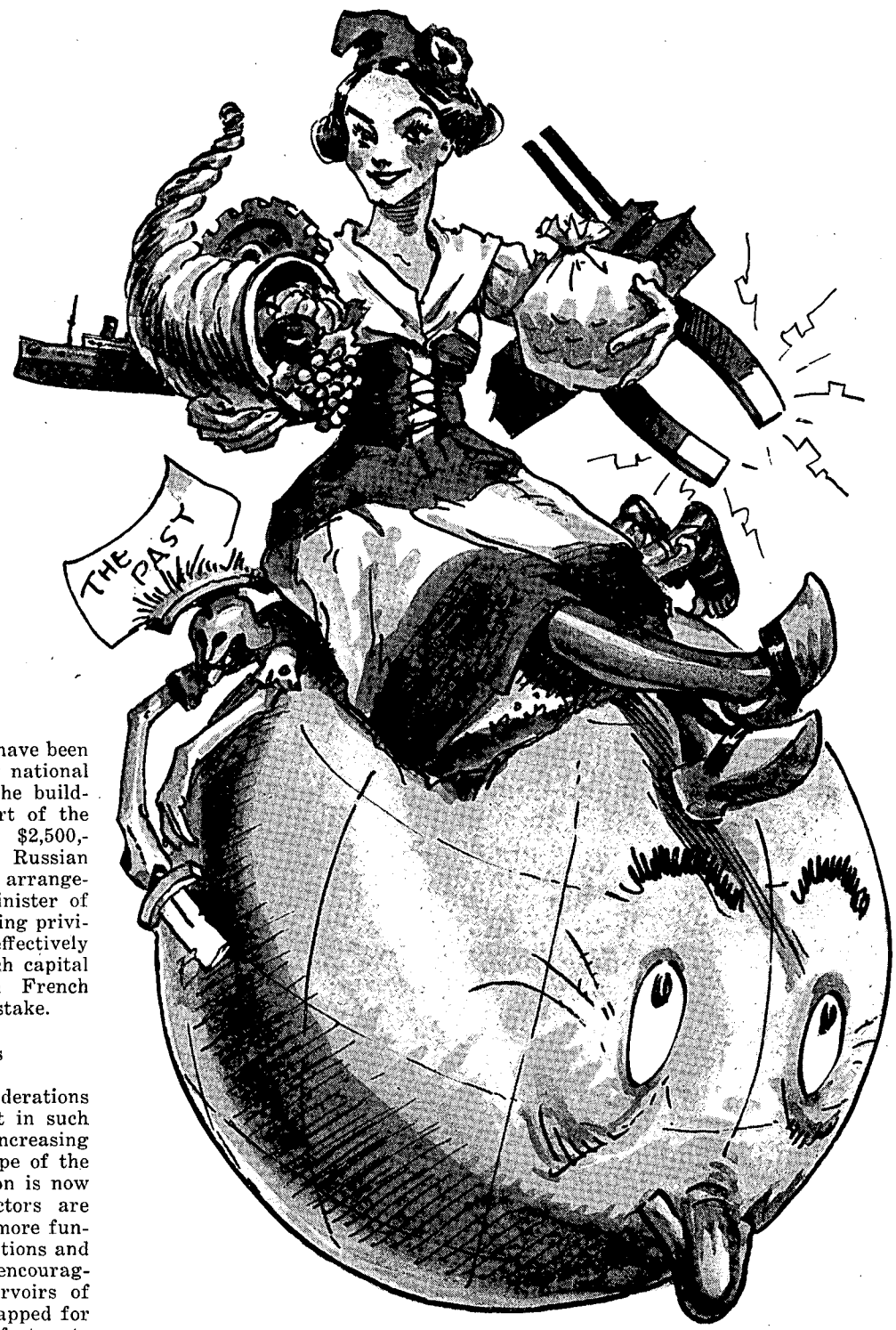
Politics vs. Economics

But although political considerations inevitably have played a part in such financing in the past, the increasing appreciation throughout Europe of the value of economic collaboration is now so evident that political factors are gradually being displaced by more fundamentally economic considerations and issues. There are definitely encouraging signs that the vast reservoirs of French capital may soon be tapped for the rehabilitation of her less fortunate Old World neighbors. Her prosperity may thus become an important medium for the restoration of the sadly shattered fabric of economic Europe.

And the strength of her position has become increasingly impressive as the turmoil of post-war reconstruction is left behind.

Measured by almost every index, France has stood forth in the past few years as the most prosperous of nations. Until recently her unemployment has been practically nil, whereas the jobless armies in America, England, Germany and Italy totaled this winter at their peak some 14,000,000 or more. Her per-capita gold holdings at this writing are about $67, as against $42 for Switzerland, $39 for Argentina, $34 for the United States, with England, Germany and Italy straggling far behind. In iron and steel exports, that great staple indicator of power in world trade, she has in the past five years stood at the head of the exporting nations, has been second twice, and ranked third once. Her extraordinary advance in this field has been due in part, of course, to acquisitions of new steel-producing territory, but also to the complete remaking of her industry with up-to-date machinery and processes.

In telegraph-wire mileage, her people are now better equipped than any in Europe, with a per-capita average nearly three times that of Germany or Italy and seventy per cent greater than that of England. Her roads in proportion to population are likewise far and away the most adequate on the globe; her improved road mileage per 10,000 of population is 99, whereas that of the United States is 51, England 39, Germany 34 and Italy 28.



The material progress of France has been one of the outstanding features of the post-war decade

In foreign trade, like all the rest of Europe, she has lost slightly in her percentage of the world's total, due primarily to the swifter advance of the United States. But the decline in her ratio has been less marked than that of either England or Germany.

Hers is the second greatest colonial empire on the globe and it is worth noting that practically all of it has been acquired since her debacle in 1871. The vital significance of that empire as an element in her present-day economic preëminence is all too frequently overlooked; indeed, her colonial commerce is the most important single factor in her external trade, outranking that of any other geographic entity both as a market and as a source of supply for the mother country. She is putting this empire on parade this summer with a colonial exposition at Paris. It will be a revelation to the rest of the world, which is not as familiar as it might be with the amazing post-war progress of French engineering, tropical sanitation and similar fields of colonial endeavor.

"The Shylock of Europe"

And so, in spite of the parliamentary or governmental confusion incident to the twenty-one changes in her national administration since the war—an average of a new government about every seven months—the material progress of France has been one of the outstanding features of the post-war decade. Indeed, in a world harassed by depression and economic anxiety, her well-being has been conspicuously impressive.

Incidentally, in that connection, France is discovering, just as we did, that prosperity and popularity with one's neighbors don't always go together—except when the said neighbors stand in dire need of assistance from the opulent one. If it be any comfort to us, there are indications that our French friends are beginning to displace us as the premier object of European enmity; in fact, proximity seems to intensify the reaction.

But what is the meaning of all of this in terms of American interest? Just what is our stake in a prosperous France? Well, for one thing, the Franco-American commercial relationship stands out almost uniquely for the remarkable steadiness of its relative importance to each of the participants. In spite of war-time upheavals, post-war currency chaos, bitter contentions regarding debt settlements, tariffs, discriminatory trade barriers and what not, the trade between the two great republics in terms of its relative importance has been singularly undisturbed.

A Good Customer

In 1913 the United States was a market for 6.1 per cent of all French exports; the average in the last few years has been 6.9 per cent, and there is no indication of a serious impairment of that figure since the enactment of the tariff in June of last year. In fact, according to preliminary figures, the United States took in 1930 a little more than seven per cent of the total French exports, a larger share than in any recent year. Conspicuous among the items contributing toward this sustained volume of the market for French goods in America were the expanding sales here of French hides, skins, leather manufactures, paper and glassware. Notice the absence from that list of supposedly standard French staples—perfume, silks, wearing apparel, and so forth. The rising new non-luxury industries of France seem to be finding lucrative outlets in the United States.

The steadiness of our relative share of French exports since 1913 is matched by a similar maintenance of the proportion which we supply of the import trade of France.

We provided in 1913 about 10.7 per cent of her total imports and our share in them during the last three years has been averaging almost exactly 11 per cent. Considering the hectic upheavals during the intervening period of seventeen feverish years, and in view of distortions of our commerce in other directions, the undisturbed solidity of these Franco-American commercial bonds presents evidence of their abiding strength that is far more convincing than torrents of fervid after-dinner oratory.

But the outlook for some of our major exports to France is a bit clouded with uncertainty because of possible competition from French colonial sources. For instance, our largest single export is cotton, of which our sales last year to France exceeded $71,000,000. If the very large-scale irrigation projects in French West Africa on the upper Niger River centered around Bamako come to early fruition, we may expect a gradual curtailment of that important item.

Next on the list is gasoline, of which the French bought more than $35,000,000 worth last year from us. The developments, however, in the French mandate of Syria in connection with the new pipe line out of the great Mosul oil basin will undoubtedly modify that present gratifying total.

Then there is copper, of which in 1930 we sold our French friends nearly $19,000,000 worth. Indeed, she has been in recent years either our second or third best market for this staple. It remains to be seen, however, whether her intimate economic and political relationship with Belgium may result in the importation of a greater proportion of copper from the vast resources of the Congo rather than from the United States.

(Continued on page 57)

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Protection

By W. R. Burnett

The Story Thus Far:

WHEN he is quite young Frank Keogh, the son of a disreputable saloon owner in Ohio, leaves home. For years he wanders, aimlessly; then, with his one friend, wise old August Stein, he goes to Chicago.

He is young, strong, audacious. He wants money. He makes it. Five years after he starts, he is known to a few—a very few—as "Frank Harworth," owner of the Casa Alvarado, a night club, The Machine, a gambling establishment, and several restaurants.

But, well on his way to riches, he is far from happy. No one in his limited circle really interests him—not even Lily, the little blond dancer with whom he is supposed to be in love. People of the underworld—Sam Michaelson, Anton Hrdlicka, Canovi, and other employees—surround him. He is not one of them. He enjoys reading—his luxurious apartment is lined with the world's great classics. He enjoys being well garbed—affects a monocle, wears a silk hat. His habits are exemplary—he does not even drink. . . .

Then comes opportunity. By chance, he meets Robert Joyce, a Chicago society man. Joyce, intrigued by his remarkable personality, invites him to a small party. Harworth goes—and gets his first glimpse of "society." Louise Joyce—Robert's lovely cousin—who *is present, fascinates him.* She, too, is interested in Harworth—finds him "different." But none of the men at the party—Berg Richman, an author, Olaf Larsen, an artist, and Arthur Burne, a composer who hopes to marry Louise—feels quite sure of him; and Louise, advised by Burne, finally snubs him. . . . Through Louise, however, Harworth meets Helen Magnussen, divorced wife of the wealthy Richard Magnussen. Helen is beautiful, daring, clever. Harworth, charmed by her, longs to know her better. . . . Meantime, Harworth is having trouble. One Bourke, a crooked politician, is trying to extort money from him, for "protection." Desperate, he appeals to Molina, millionaire bootlegger. And Molina, a powerful underworld figure, saves him. . . . But he is now in peril and discovers that he is being shadowed.

He goes to another party. Helen Magnussen is there. Boldly Harworth asks her to dine with him. "All right," Helen answers him. "*When?*" "Tomorrow," says Harworth. "At seven. I'll come after you." Now, at last (Tom Keogh's son believes), a magic world, of which he has dreamed for years, lies before him, ready for him to enter!

IV

HARWORTH was the first to leave. They all got up and murmured politely, but Helen said:

"Tomorrow night, then."

"You bet. Good night."

When he had gone, Richman exclaimed, laughing:

"A new victim for Helen."

Louise said:

"Arthur, let's go. It's after one."

"No," said Richman, "don't go. Now that Helen's parlor Hercules has gone, I want to hear some more of Arthur's music."

"I'll take you," said Olaf.

"All of you go," said Helen. "I'm dead tired."

"Need a little beauty sleep for tomorrow night, eh?" Richman demanded.

"Are you really going some place with him?" asked Burne.

"Certainly. Why not? It seems to me he's very nice."

Louise bit her lip.

"I think you'd better not, Helen. He might misunderstand."

"He owns a gambling house," said Joyce, getting to his feet. "Really, he does."

"I was going to a prize fight with him," said Louise, "but I changed my mind."

"I believe you told me that before, dear, several times," said Helen smiling.

Louise shot a look at Helen, then turned and left the room. Burne and Olaf got up quickly and followed her out. Richman said:

"Well, well." Then he stared at Helen for a moment and went out into the hall where Helen's maid was helping Louise on with her coat.

"Helen," said Joyce, "I saw your husband yesterday."

"My ex, you mean. Is he in town again?"

"He was tight as a drum. I ran into him at the Lake Michigan Club. He asked about you. What ails him?"

"Don't ask me."

"Really, Helen, I think he's very much in love with you."

Helen laughed and walked out into the hall with Joyce.

CANOVI sat with his watch in his hand, glancing up from time to time at Harworth, who was trying to concentrate on a newspaper.

"What time?" demanded Harworth, finally.

"Seventeen till. He's only a little over ten minutes late. He'll be here."

"Well, I'll give him till six, then I've got to get dressed."

"You got to wait now, Boss. You can't turn him down and him running clear across town to see you. You just don't seem to realize what a big guy he is! Say, he don't need to run after nobody."

"Well," said Harworth, frowning, "do I?"

"No, 'course not," said Canovi. "But, listen: Joe can do you a lot of good. Take a tip from me. I know. Say, didn't I get myself in a jam and didn't they railroad me and wasn't I out in no time? What's the answer? Joe Molina."

The phone rang and Canovi answered it.

"He's on his way up," he reported, after a short conversation. "I'll go show him in. Joseph's out, ain't he?"

"Yes, but Sandy's looking after things."

"I'll go anyway," said Canovi, hastily. "Joe likes to be showed around, you know. He rates it, see?"

Canovi went out. Harworth sat gripping his newspaper, trying to appear at ease. In a moment he heard

Illustrated by Donald Teague

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some loud talking in the hall. Then the door opened and Molina came in, followed by Canovi and Sandy. Harworth got up against his will, but before he could speak, Molina turned and said:

"Beat it, you guys."

Sandy glanced at Harworth but didn't budge. Canovi said:

"Aw, Joe, ain't I in on this?"

Molina merely looked at Canovi.

"O. K. I'm going."

Harworth said:

"Look after Canovi, Sandy."

"You, Canovi," said Molina, "go downstairs and talk to Frankie. He's waiting in the lobby."

WHEN they had gone, Harworth and Molina shook hands, then they sat down.

"I'm late, I guess," said Molina, smiling. "Sorry, but the bridge was up. It's a wonder they wouldn't get a high-level bridge in this man's town, ain't it?"

"Yes," said Harworth.

Molina offered Harworth a cigar and they sat smoking. In the long silence that followed, Molina sat chewing on his cigar and running his eyes over the room, noting the bookcases, the rugs, the furniture, the pictures. Too conservative, he thought. Harworth studied Molina out of the corner of his eye. He had heard so much about him; everybody had; he was sure-fire for the newspaper men, who had made his name known all over the country. He was a big man, corpulent, with a fat, bland face, a heavy jaw, and a double chin. He was quietly dressed in dark clothes and he looked very neat and well-groomed. He was wearing three diamond rings on his plump fingers.

Molina finally broke the silence by leaning forward and saying:

"I've been having you tailed."

Molina had just come from a barber shop; Harworth caught a sweetish odor of hair tonic and talcum powder.

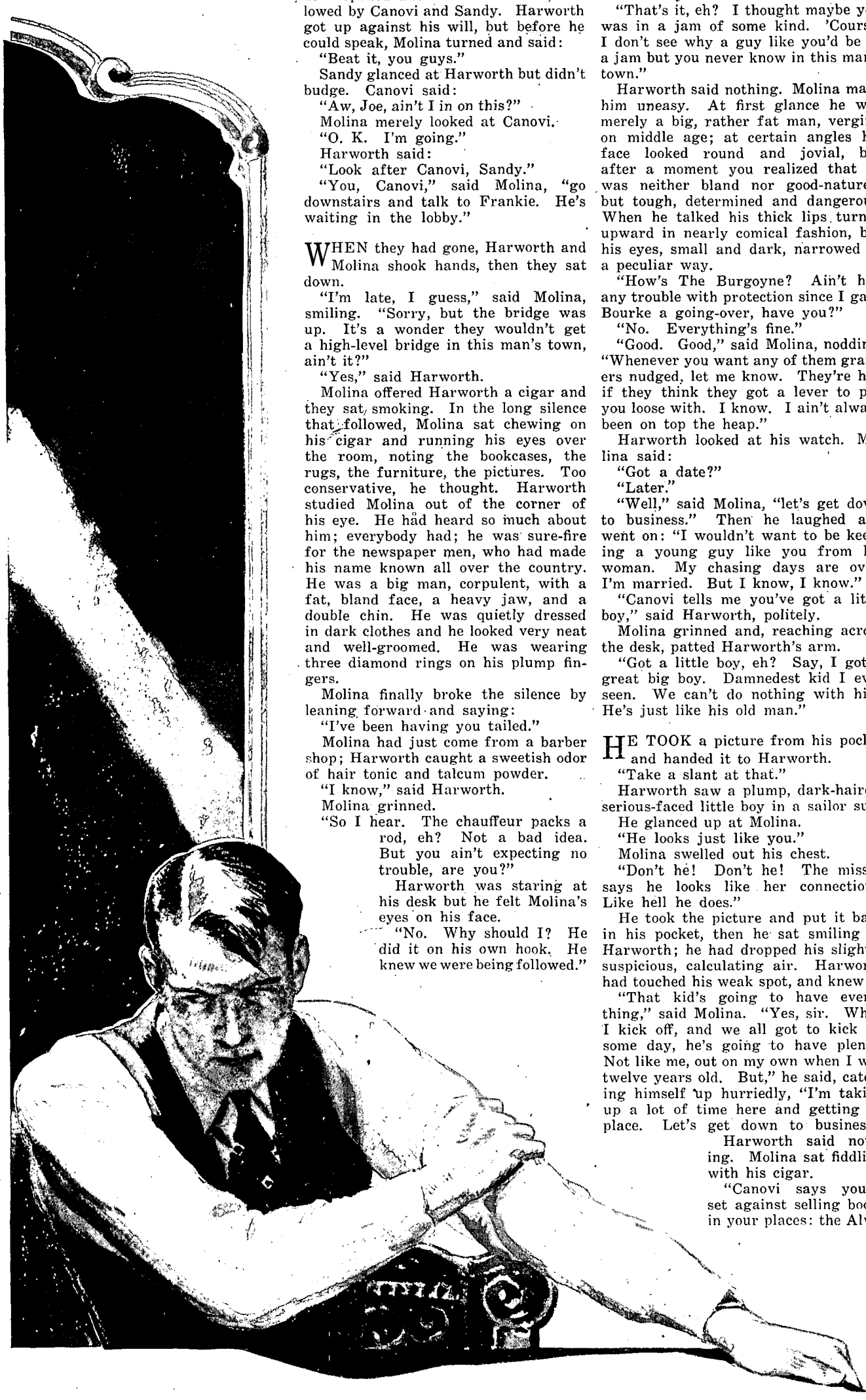
"I know," said Harworth.

Molina grinned.

"So I hear. The chauffeur packs a rod, eh? Not a bad idea. But you ain't expecting no trouble, are you?"

Harworth was staring at his desk but he felt Molina's eyes on his face.

"No. Why should I? He did it on his own hook. He knew we were being followed."



Molina shoved the bills across the desk. "When you and your manager decide, call Canovi. The price don't matter, unless it's a holdup"

Molina smiled and settled himself comfortably.

"That's it, eh? I thought maybe you was in a jam of some kind. 'Course, I don't see why a guy like you'd be in a jam but you never know in this man's town."

Harworth said nothing. Molina made him uneasy. At first glance he was merely a big, rather fat man, verging on middle age; at certain angles his face looked round and jovial, but after a moment you realized that he was neither bland nor good-natured, but tough, determined and dangerous. When he talked his thick lips turned upward in nearly comical fashion, but his eyes, small and dark, narrowed in a peculiar way.

"How's The Burgoyne? Ain't had any trouble with protection since I gave Bourke a going-over, have you?"

"No. Everything's fine."

"Good. Good," said Molina, nodding. "Whenever you want any of them grafters nudged, let me know. They're hell if they think they got a lever to pry you loose with. I know. I ain't always been on top the heap."

Harworth looked at his watch. Molina said:

"Got a date?"

"Later."

"Well," said Molina, "let's get down to business." Then he laughed and went on: "I wouldn't want to be keeping a young guy like you from his woman. My chasing days are over. I'm married. But I know, I know."

"Canovi tells me you've got a little boy," said Harworth, politely.

Molina grinned and, reaching across the desk, patted Harworth's arm.

"Got a little boy, eh? Say, I got a great big boy. Damnedest kid I ever seen. We can't do nothing with him. He's just like his old man."

HE TOOK a picture from his pocket and handed it to Harworth.

"Take a slant at that."

Harworth saw a plump, dark-haired, serious-faced little boy in a sailor suit.

He glanced up at Molina.

"He looks just like you."

Molina swelled out his chest.

"Don't he! Don't he! The missus says he looks like her connections. Like hell he does."

He took the picture and put it back in his pocket, then he sat smiling at Harworth; he had dropped his slightly suspicious, calculating air. Harworth had touched his weak spot, and knew it.

"That kid's going to have everything," said Molina. "Yes, sir. When I kick off, and we all got to kick off some day, he's going to have plenty. Not like me, out on my own when I was twelve years old. But," he said, catching himself up hurriedly, "I'm taking up a lot of time here and getting no place. Let's get down to business."

Harworth said nothing. Molina sat fiddling with his cigar.

"Canovi says you're set against selling booze in your places: the Alvarado and that place up north. Is that right?"

"That's right."

"Well," said Molina, "I ain't blaming you. You got big investments there and you never know when some government dick is going to kick over the traces. Money or no money. You can't trust 'em. A padlock wouldn't help you a bit. Let's forget it."

"All right."

"Now," said Molina, "how do you stand on the restaurants?"

"The same goes there."

"Sure, but I been looking them restaurants of yours up. You ain't getting rich off of 'em."

"No," said Harworth, "but we make a pretty good profit."

"I'll buy 'em."

Harworth said nothing and Molina took a big black wallet out of an inside pocket and counted out seventy-five one-thousand-dollar bills.

"HERE'S pledge money. I'll pay your price providing it ain't a holdup. And I ain't even looking for a receipt for this dough. I think you're a right guy."

"I'd like to talk it over with my manager."

"All right," said Molina. "Here's the pledge money. You'll sell to me, won't you? All you got to talk over with your manager is price."

Harworth hesitated for a long time.

"Any stipulations?"

"Any which?"

"Any strings to this?"

Molina rubbed his chin.

"Well, not exactly."

"What do you want with these restaurants?"

Molina leaned forward.

"Brother," he said, "I ain't in the habit of spilling my business, but you look good to me. Listen: I've been looking your restaurants over for a long time and you got 'em placed just right. Depots, that's the answer. Booze depots. Here's a tip. I'm taking over the city. It'll cause me a lot of grief, but I been piking compared to what I'm going to do."

"Well," said Harworth, "it doesn't make any difference to me, as long as the price is right."

Molina stared at the tip of his cigar for a while.

"All right. But you got to keep right on handling these places like they was yours."

Harworth smiled.

"So that's it!"

"That's it."

HARWORTH said nothing but sat vigorously shaking his head.

Molina laughed.

"Smart guy, ain't you?"

"Too smart for that. I'm no sucker."

Molina threw back his head and laughed.

"By God, I knew you was a smart guy. Last night I was saying to Frankie, 'That Harworth guy belongs on big time.' Yes, sir."

"The deal's off then?"

"Hell, no. I was just kidding. I got a hundred guys that'll take over them restaurants and put their names on 'em."

Molina glanced at his watch and got up. He shoved the bills across the desk.

"When you and your manager decide, call Canovi. The price don't matter; on the square, unless it's a holdup. I know my way around. So don't try to pry me loose for three times what they're worth."

"No danger." Harworth got up.

"I believe you."

They shook hands, then Molina said:

"If any of that North Side bunch tries to get in touch with you, don't

(*Continued on page 59*)

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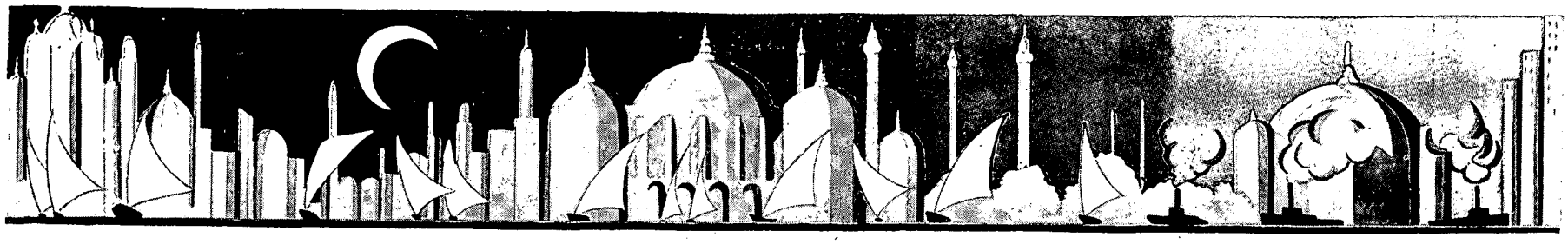

"Now Tell Us All One Scheherazade"

By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

Illustrated by James Montgomery Flagg

An Arabian Nights' Entertainment—Twentieth Century model, with accessories from Bagdad and plenty of speed

IN THE land which is called the United States of America, there stood a great and beautiful city, neither north, nor south, nor east, nor west, but near unto the exact center of the country. So massive were the buildings in this city that the Pharaoh Khufu would lift startled brows to behold them; their white and gray loveliness might cause Shah Jahan an envious sigh; and the wonders they contained could keep the Three Wise Men bemused the space of fifty lifetimes.

Know, oh Scheherazade, that in this city of which I speak there were two rulers. One of them was known as His Honor, the Mayor. The other had no title at all but was called merely The Big Shot; his name was Samuel Scarafina.

Most of the people in the city believed that His Honor, the Mayor, was their chief ruler. But His Honor, the Mayor, and numerous wise men knew better; they knew that Samuel Scarafina really ruled the city. However, the truth was not spoken openly in the market place, for men feared him who was called The Big Shot.

Now, this Samuel Scarafina was a wicked man. He was the son of a thief and the companion of thieves. He had more evil in his heart than the arch thief Ahmed Kamakim, and his wrath was more ominous than the wrath of Caliph Omar ibn Al-Khattab. Not all the recorded villainies of the Infamous Forty could weigh down a tenth of Samuel Scarafina's black deeds. Starting his career as a common thug, he had risen in degree until he was overlord of all the city's thieves. He managed this by superior shrewdness, by murdering rival leaders, by all manner of bribery and double-dealing and intimidation. He had more thieves under his command than there were gallowses in Persia when Mohammed ibn Soliman al-Zayni put on the red coat.

Prepare thyself, oh Scheherazade, for three racking shudders as I describe the real ruler of this wondrous city. He was short and stout, having the aspect of a bloated camel ready for the vultures. His eyes were like the horse-chestnut in color; they possessed a set innocent stare such as the eyes of a crocodile just before he seizes the chubby leg of an infant. His mouth appeared to have been cut across his fat yellow face by a jagged-edged sword. In anger he kept it shut tight, but there was no health in the wound thus closed. His hair resembled the bristles of a wild boar. Unlike the great Omar, of whom it was written that he laughed but once and wept but once, Samuel Scarafina had never been known to do either.

THIS man had made himself Caliph of the city by bribing the officials chosen to rule. It required a great deal of gold to do this since mayors, aldermen, police captains and judges continue to set high prices on their honor, even as it was in the days of Nineveh. But the Caliph Scarafina had devious and effective means of gathering gold. Dearest to his heart was the sale of the forbidden Buzah, or beer. Know, oh Scheherazade, that the Caliph Volstead (whose face Allah honor!) had long since written a law against Buzah and Raki and Bhang and all other spirituous liquors. But the men of Caliph Scarafina's city continued to thirst, even as did the Porter of Bagdad.

Although this trade brought the Caliph Scarafina sufficient gold to buy the honor of seven aldermen, fifteen police captains, nine judges and a host of lesser men, he was not content. He sent his thieves forth to levy tribute on the merchants of the city. The market men, the cleaners and dyers, the shopkeepers, and all varieties of builders were obliged to pay tribute. Likewise, the Caliph's thieves kidnapped rich bankers and merchants and gamblers, holding them for ransom. It was estimated that, in the space of a year, Caliph Scarafina collected enough gold to buy the honor of two congressmen, and had so much left over that he built three gorgeous palaces, and still the bottom of his treasure chest was not reached.

It should be explained, oh Queen, that bribery alone did not sustain Caliph Scarafina in his high place. If any man in his dominion refused to pay tribute, or sought to regain his bartered honor, he was put on the spot, which is to say he died the death.

Now, it came to pass that the wicked Caliph, despite his unchallenged power and fabulous wealth, was very unhappy. His unhappiness began one day in the springtime. Riding down the boulevard in his handsome coach, he spoke grumblingly to his Wazir, saying: "I'm tired of all my women. They don't do nothing but whine and dig me for presents." And the Wazir, whose name was Joseph McGuinness, replied: "Well, get a couple of new ones, then." Whereupon the Caliph swore and said: "The one I want I can't get." This speech seemed humorous to the Wazir, who smiled and said, "Who is she? The Queen of Sheba?" And the Caliph answered, saying: "No; she's a stenographer and works in Cy LaRue's office." The Wazir said: "She ought to be easy." This caused the Caliph to shake his head and say: "She won't give me a tumble. Why don't you help me out on this, Joe?"

The Wazir, who was young and as good to look upon as Taj al Muluk, frowned mightily. He made answer to the Caliph, saying: "That's not my job. Get Tony to make the play." But the Caliph, sore distressed, said: "She won't fall for Tony. She's got too much class. She'd fall for you, though; they all fall for you." Whereat Joseph McGuinness made answer, saying: "You leave me out of your woman-chasing, Boss. They're poison to me."

Know, oh Queen, that even the great Samuel Scarafina had exceeding difficulty in collecting his harem, so much had the manners and customs of the United States of America changed from the golden days of Solomon.

DARK-EYED houris there were a-plenty; girls with faces like the new moon peering through a saffron cloud; girls with the grace of gazelles, whose lips dripped almond honey and whose breath was of musk mingled with the dew from tamarisk trees in a dawn wind. But some of them had strange ideas of chastity—you wouldn't know about that, Scheherazade—and others reckoned their price beyond what Caliph Scarafina could offer.

There were those who could be had, however, by the expenditure of much gold for diamond collars and pearl necklaces and sable cloaks and handsome chariots called automobiles. Yet these damosels were capricious beyond the wildest vagaries of the maidens who dwelt in the Isles of Camphor. They refused to live together in the Caliph's palace; their greed for baubles of platinum and rare perfumes knew no bounds; their chattering tongues dripped honey in one moment and venom in the next; and their conceptions of modesty would cause Jezebel to be set afire with shame.

Thus, the Caliph Scarafina was held in ceaseless turmoil, and his troubled heart longed for some woman like the Princess Dunya, or like Shams al-Nahar of whom it has been written that

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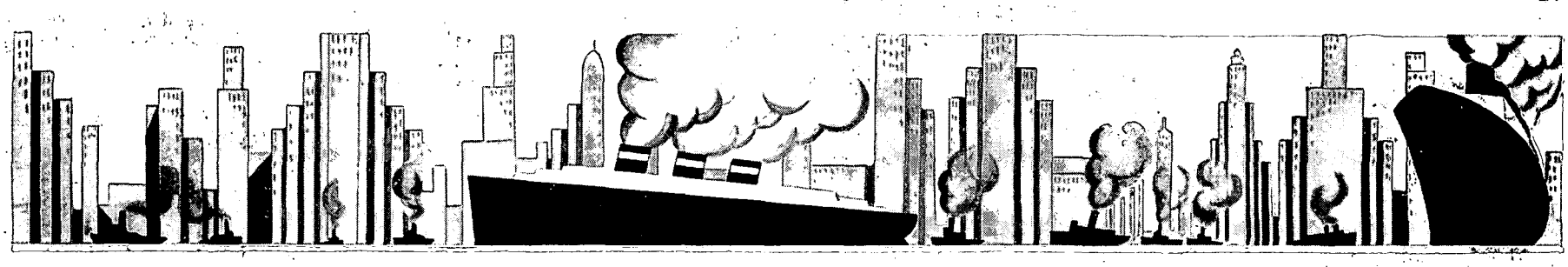

her words were not o'er many nor yet too few.

Now, it so happened that the damosel who had halted the Caliph Scarafina's roving glance and of whom he spoke to his Wazir, was indeed all that a Sultan might desire. Her name was Laura Shaughnessy and she labored as a copyist for Cyrus LaRue, a lawyer. She was as straight and slender as the pinnacle of a minaret on the Stamboul mosque; she needed no henna, for the sun rose ruddily in her hair; nor would the artifices of Kohl or Kluzab add anything to her beauty. One might vow that when she wept, the tears were turquoises. She had the first bloom of the lotus fruit in her cheeks. Her laughter was a jeweled bell behind the beckoning gateway of her lips. In the words of her own countrymen, oh Scheherazade, the gal was a knockout. Caliph Scarafina, having failed to interest his young Wazir in the passion of his heart, set about other ways and means. He held counsel with the lawyer, Cyrus LaRue, who represented the Caliph's thieves on those rare occasions when they were brought into the courts to answer for their misdeeds. From LaRue he learned that Laura Shaughnessy was the only support of a widowed mother and younger brother.

So the wicked Caliph ordered his henchman to discharge the damosel. This he did, and without recommendations on a trumped-up accusation against her honesty. It so happened, alas, that hard times had come upon the United States of America. For three weeks the hapless damosel searched for other employment. None was to be had.

THEN, in the blackest hour of the maiden's extremity, appeared a minion of the Caliph Scarafina, saying to her, "Mister Scarafina heard you were in trouble. He's interested in the B. & J. Taxicab Company; they need a steno and you can have the job if you apply."

Laura Shaughnessy doubted the wisdom of accepting favors at the hands of Samuel Scarafina, but she thought to herself: "It's honest work and I need work desperately. I'll take it." So thinking, she addressed the Caliph's minion thus: "Mister Scarafina is very kind. I'll be glad to take the job. Thank him for me, please."

After a few days had gone by the Caliph himself, arrayed in garments of finest silk and wool and smelling delightfully of lilies of the valley, visited the place where Laura had employment. They held converse together in this manner:

"It was good of you to help me, Mister Scarafina."

"Aw, that ain't nothing. Forget it, girlie. You know I'd do a whole lot more for you, don't cha?"

"You've done enough for me already."

"No, I ain't; it sure burns me to see you wasting your time punching one of them machines. Why don't you let me take you out and show you a real time some night?"

"That's nice of you—but I have to stay with Mother in the evenings."

"I'll send a trained nurse to stay with your mother. Doctor, too; be glad to do it."

"Well—perhaps I can go some night."

"How about tonight?"

The damosel reddened uncomfortably and made answer: "Sorry; not tonight, Mr. Scarafina."

But the Caliph was insistent:

"Tomorrow night, then?"

"I'll—well, I'll see."

"You ain't afraid of me, are you, girlie?"

"No; it isn't that at all," she answered.

He smiled ingratiatingly.

"Listen—you hadn't ought to be riding them street cars or busses. Lemme lend you one of my cars and a guy to drive. I got seven or eight. I can't use 'em all. Be glad to do it."

"Thank you, but I couldn't. Now, really, you'll have to excuse me—I've got work to do."

The Caliph turned angrily to a Satrap: "Hey, you're workin' this little girlie too hard. You lay off her, understand?"

Laura Shaughnessy protested: "Mister Scarafina, please! I'm not working too hard! I came here to *work*. If you've misunderstood, I'll quit right now—"

"Hey, now, hey! Don't get all excited. Sure you come here to work. It's okay with me; I only wanted to make sure these punks don't impose on you. Don't forget tomorrow night, girlie."

NOW, it came to pass that the Caliph's young Wazir, Joseph McGuinness, had entered the office to see what was delaying his master. The Caliph saw him and said, "Joe, I want you to meet the prettiest little kid in town. Miss Shaughnessy, shake hands with Joe McGuinness. He's Irish."

(*Continued on page 50*)

Lo, the young Wazir rushed into the room, saying: "Let her go!" Greatly astonished, the Caliph turned on him, blinking

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His father suddenly came and stood over him, a stick in his hand. "When I ask a question I aim to get answered." said Haggerty

Like a Man!

You'll applaud the boy in this story—perhaps you've known boys who were like him: strong, when strength was needed

By E. P. O'Donnell

Illustrated by E. F. Ward

HAGGERTY, looking for a place to peddle his melons in the morning, stopped the truck near a sign on the mountain that read: Polluted Water. The spring lay at the mouth of a shady tunnel of laurel. Slow waters trickled downward, unseen. A large chestnut tree threw a soft rug of blue shade across the white highway and the grassy picnic clearing with its three stones huddled about a wet mound of charred, clotted coals and its rumpled paper napkins and sardine cans still containing flakes of silver floating in golden oil. Haggerty sighed out of his hungry belly.

"Git Simon outen the melon," he told his wife.

"Simon," said Mrs. Haggerty.

"I keep atellin' him about layin' on the melon," said Haggerty. "Simon! Climb down asleepin' on the melon!"

Simon, the son, slid down the mound of watermelons piled in the truck. "I warn't asleepin'," he said, "I was thinkin'."

"Listen at that," said Haggerty. "Thinkin'. Yester he needs fifty cents. Today he's thinkin'. That's what they larn 'em in school. Read me that-there sign."

Simon studied the sign placed above the spring, then saw a squirrel scamper from behind a pile of picnic débris. "It says water. Polluted water."

"What kind of water is that, it wants a sign?" asked the father, kicking a front tire.

"Name it for him, Simon," said Mrs. Haggerty.

Simon's eyes followed the squirrel. The boy and the squirrel eyed each other across black and blue stone rising in oblique layers. Simon's hand moved toward the bean shooter in his hip pocket. He loaded the leather pocket with a pebble, watching the squirrel claw upward.

"Benastied water?" asked Haggerty, stooping to examine the tire. Simon did not answer. Haggerty stood erect. He cursed his son and glanced about for a stone to throw. Simon's pebble grazed the squirrel's back.

"Hit's no-'count water," said Simon.

"There's a house-place up over the spring," said Mrs. Haggerty. "I see their clothes ahangin' out, comin' up the road a piece back."

"I never see no sign afore for no-'count water," said Haggerty.

MRS. HAGGERTY gathered twigs for the fire. Haggerty drank from a jug and put on his shoes. He lit his pipe and watched Simon taking melons from the truck. Simon seemed to have grown taller and broader during the night. He seemed now to be thinking his own thoughts, doing things in his own way. Simon was twenty.

"Pile 'em agin' that rock," Haggerty commanded, "with the least ones on the west side, slaunchways."

Simon, moving leisurely and taking his father's hard scrutiny as he moved back and forth, arranged the melons. He worked slowly in the shade, placing the melons carefully against a boulder near the highway, where passing tourists would see them.

The coffee boiled. Mrs. Haggerty hung up her hooked rugs. She placed the Tree of Life one on the rear, facing the east, and toward the west the rose and gray one, her own design.

While they ate breakfast, a few cars passed with workmen on their way to Asheville. Simon finished his breakfast and began to polish the melons with a rag, one by one, placing them on the wet grass and holding them against his knees.

Haggerty left the fire and took a melon. He broke the melon on a stone, and dug the heart from one of the halves. He dug his hand spadelike into the place where the seeds ended, prying away a brittle chunk of red melon meat and lifting it, dripping, to the round hole in his beard that was his mouth. He sat on his heels, sullenly consuming the heart of the melon. He chewed audibly and watched the misty valley below, where the thin highway appeared and vanished like stitches in the green fabric of trees.

Haggerty, finishing the melon, lit his pipe. He watched his son, who seemed to have grown taller and broader, who now worked so deliberately polishing melons with a cloth, thinking his own thoughts. No one had told Simon to polish the melons.

"You aim to go sweetheartin' with them melon?" asked Haggerty.

SIMON worked on the last melon, kneeling in the grass. He removed bits of clay with his thumb nail. His hand, holding the rag with long fingers spread outward, slid around and around the bulging surface, softly, quietly caressing a glowing green oval, feeling the tight skin confining the juice inside.

The thing entered Simon's mind in a strange, pleasing way. Melons. Lying in the fields in the rain. Taking their time sucking sweet juice from the clay through a thin stalk, a few spoonfuls each day. People passing on the road not noticing the rounded shapes protruding from the bed of leaves.

His father suddenly came and stood over him. Simon's reverie dropped away, leaving the familiar, sharply detailed world about him—his mother clipping a stray thread from a rug, the trickling spring, green trees close by,

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matted masses of blue trees across the valley, his father standing over him with a stick in his hand, a piece of camp-fire chestnut, charred on one end. Simon looked up at his father. The older man was smiling mad.

"Reckon you was thinkin' again," said Haggerty. "Well, set and think the rest of your endurin' life if it pleasures you, but when I ask a question I aim to get answered. What you shinin' them melon for?"

Mrs. Haggerty, fetching water to boil for drinking, uttered a cackling laugh.

"Don't get tetchious, Pap," said Simon. "I'm just makin' them look pretty. I see them shined up in a restaurant in Asheville. That was the day you chased me with the rifle-gun and I ran away from home." Simon raised his eyes, looking deeply into his father's. "I was spuddin' around in Asheville and I taken a fancy to the melons and things they sell. They shine them up. They look a sight better and seems like they sell faster. We're not sellin' enough melons."

"No?"

"No. You need new shoes. I ain't got e'er cent of money. I want money, Pap. If I holp you raise the melons, sell the melons, I want a piece of money of my own."

HAGGERTY produced a knife and whittled on his stick. He stood close to Simon, grinning, saying nothing. The thick smell of corn liquor clung about his rugged frame, a final invulnerable garment. Simon picked up a melon. He stood before his father, holding it like an offering. When he spoke, he looked down, seeming to address the melon: "Mammy's gettin' old and dauncy. We've got to start layin' a little somethin' by."

"I didn't ask you for all that talk," said Haggerty, "atellin' me how to run my own family. I don't 'low to ask a brat of mine for advice, nohow. You point-blank git down to the river and git us a mess of fish."

Simon had intended to go fishing. His father knew it. He took his hooks, string and bottle of grasshoppers and left in silence.

Haggerty sat looking up and down the highway. Mrs. Haggerty laughed. "Didn't I say you'd soon be takin' counsel from your son?" she said. "I 'low there's a growed-up man borned in that boy's blood, Tom Haggerty, and borned in his whole insides, hit's there. And fer all your threshin' and your swearin', you Haggertys can't budge him ne'er inch when he's sot. Sot in his ways, he is, with a will like a piece of arn, and a pleasin' way, like I've said afore, a soothin' manner, and you know it's true, Tom. A soothin' way of makin' a body confidence his doin's and relish his counsel. I lay you'll see it come to pass, any day, now, you'll be right proud to leave off afaultin' him.

"Turn loose the farm-place to him's what I'd say. Let him put out his two-three acre ginseng, or a passel of pheasant-fowls, against our old age, yours and mine, Tom, instead of brandin' him the town-prowlinest young one in the county. You think he ain't astudyin' over that? You got no call to talk thataway, with ne'er drap of uprightness in your blood and ne'er drap in your pappy's afore you. You got no call to talk thataway, same as if you'd been a good provider. Do you aim to get shet of him now, when you're so poorly and I'm so poorly a body can't say who's the poorliest atween the two?"

Haggerty rubbed his rheumatic knees.

The first tourists came. They stopped for water. A man left the car with a thermos bottle.

"Fresh ripe melon?" said Mrs. Haggerty, putting wood on her fire. "Hooked rugs. Colors goranteed."

The stranger saw the sign. "Polluted," he said. "Well, sir. Polluted water. Say, fella, where's any good drinkin' water around here?"

A woman in the car saw the sign. "Benny!" she yelled. "Look! Read the sign! Up there! Don't you dare go near it!"

"Fresh ripe melon," said Mrs. Haggerty.

"Benny! You gunna come away? You wunna give these innocent children typhoid?"

The tourists drove away, looking back suspiciously at Haggerty sitting beside the melons. Haggerty cursed the retreating car, clutching it with his stare until it jauntily rounded a curve. Then he climbed the rocks and removed the warning sign above the spring, throwing it to the ground.

Simon sat on a rock. Down at the foot of the mountain, where the river passed through a high, ripe silence, he sat to renew his lungs and his sinews. In a little while he cut a pole and fished upstream until he had taken a dozen satisfactory fish. After that he rested again beneath the grim vigil of closely gathered peaks. He lay on a boulder in the river, feeling his tingling inertia sprawl over the stone and settle into the sunken places.

SIMON HAGGERTY had reached a point where strange ideas, and back of them a host of alien impulses, frequently entered his mind; when the external world was filled with nameless, stirring tokens, each suggesting life, action, the desire to touch, peer down into, store away, pry apart, oppose, consider.

Reclining on the rocks in the river, he had new thoughts about his mother. He thought of his mother, living her long years beneath the mountains until her yearnings fell back into the shape of the rocks, until she learned that the mountains offered a woman something that no man could give, their gnarled, assertive arms encircling her thoughts in a rude embrace, nullifying the beckoning horizons and by their very bulk placating her petty frustrations. This woman, his mother, had been a girl, beating wet clothes on the battlin' block with arms made of sweet, pliant flesh. Curious thought, bringing him a quick longing to know more of the ordinary little details of the early life of this mother who had actually been a girl, singing at shelling peas in doorways, giving her love to Tom Haggerty, not knowing he was to thwart her vigor and fail to sweeten her days. It was like a slowly wrought design.

His father, a young man tall and straight, a vertical shape rooted in a sloping mountainside farm, a pad of rich loam under his feet, and beneath that, the rock, ready to emerge triumphant after the next freshet.

(*Continued on page 38*)

He heard his father's voice, charged with enmity: "Who told you to put back that sign afore I'm ready to go home? Who told you to do that?"

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This youngster, a lion-tamer's daughter, is getting an early start in her prospective profession

H. A. Atwell Studios, Chicago

The bareback riders are the royalty of the circus. This is Rosie Rieffenach of the famous family of the same name

All in the Family

The circus family is the base of the show. It is the center of that loyalty and heroism that bring to each performance an undercurrent of vital drama. And the American circus dynasties are dying. Mr. Cooper introduces you to the survivors

By Courtney Ryley Cooper

I RARELY see a circus performance as such. Years of familiarity with the Big Tops have taught me that the story of a performer's life may be more thrilling than the act itself.

A few years ago, for instance, I wandered around the lot of one of the big shows, at last to halt as a bespangled form came from the women's dressing tent. She was young, pretty—but out there in the sun there were certain lines in her face that I had not seen the last time we met. I spoke to her, and she halted. There was a moment of hesitancy.

"I'm terribly sorry about Eddie," I said. The girl looked at the ground. There was a long silence.

"Yes," she said at last. "It wouldn't be so bad if I didn't see him every time I climb the rigging. I get up there and look across the tent—and there he is, swinging on his trapeze, with his arms outstretched to me. Then, all of a sudden, I realize that it isn't Eddie at all, that Eddie's dead." She smiled then, queerly. "But what's that they say—'the show must go on'?"

The music changed, and she changed with it. She straightened. The lines left her features; alert, she trotted into the ring.

She could do nothing else. She knew nothing else. Ever since babyhood this girl had been reared for the thing she was doing, a life which she must carry on in spite of illness, fatigue, sorrow and worry. As a child she had been taught to hang by her arms from a trapeze; her A B C's were the muscular efforts necessary to maintain balance, to gain momentum, to control the flexible aërial bar which would be her life—and might be her death. If she were tired with childish fatigue, that was too bad—but she must practice nevertheless. If a tooth ached, it must ache and be forgotten, for the duration of the practice hour at least.

A Fading Family

When she married and Eddie became her partner on the flying trapeze, he was paramount only during the hours when the band did not play and the circus crowds were absent from the tiers of seats. And when he died—she carried on with the act. Time passed. She married again, with the knowledge that this man might also die, that he even might crash from the trapeze upon which he worked—but the act nevertheless would remain supreme, demanding that she carry on.

This girl's story is in greater or lesser degree the story of every circus star. It is also the reason that circus families are fading; the American circus family will disappear in another generation. Not long ago I sat in the dressing tent of a man who belongs to circus royalty; he is the greatest of all aërialists. We were talking of circus aristocracy. Name after name we checked over: the Davenports and Robinsons and Stickneys and Hobsons; dozens, even scores of them were called up; names of the circus world's first families. Of them all we could not find one which had not either passed or was approaching its zenith.

"And there's my own name," said the aërialist with a smile. "It will disappear with the next generation. It's nearly a hundred years old as a circus attraction. But when my brother and I leave the business, the family ends. It will surprise me if my brother's baby grows up to be a performer; my brother would himself have left the circus business long ago if I had not held him in it. My sister, who once worked with me—she has quit. And if I ever should

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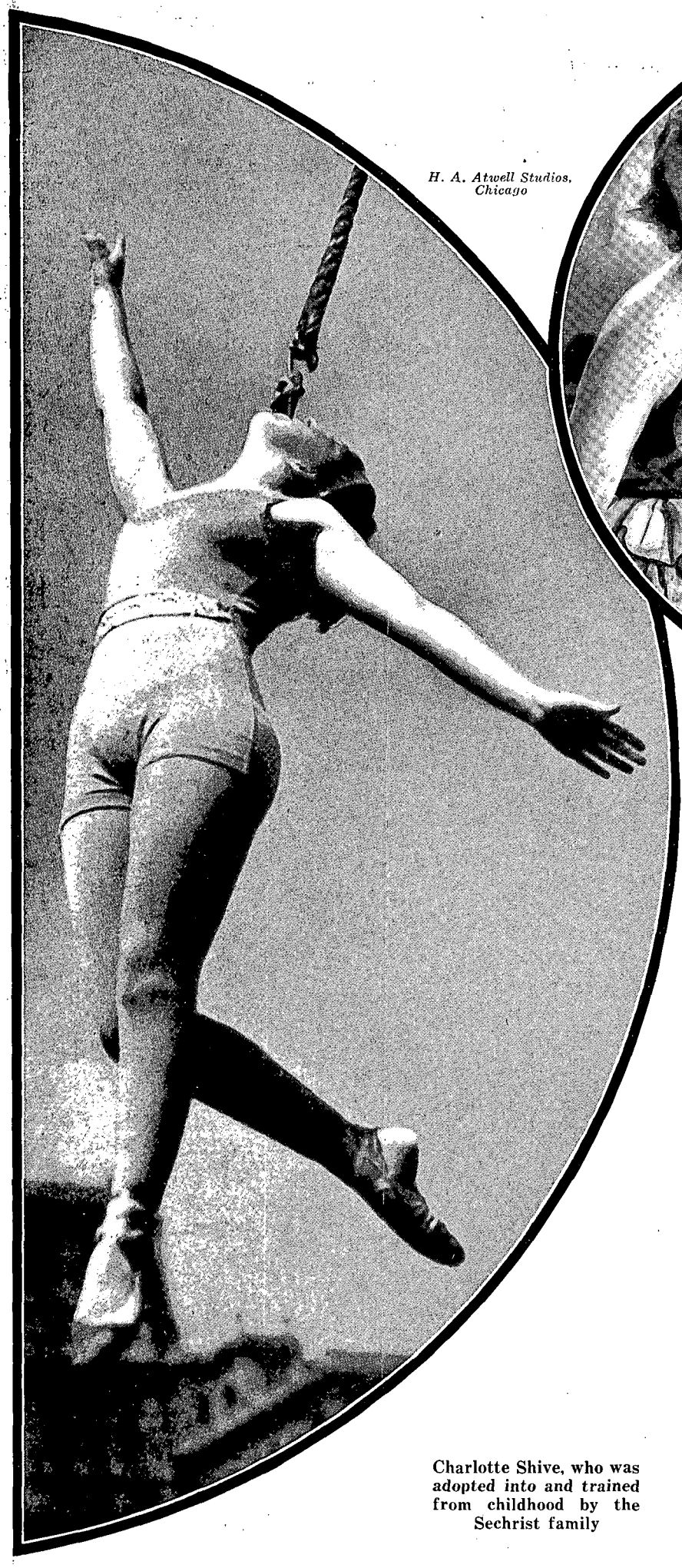

H. A. Atwell Studios, Chicago

Charlotte Shive, who was adopted into and trained from childhood by the Sechrist family

Con Colleano and his wife (left) and sister Winnie are the present generation of a long and noted line of circus families

have any descendants, they would grow up in some other business.

"You see, it's the discipline. Times have changed. Ideas have changed. Twenty-five or thirty years ago, it was nothing to lick a kid until his howls stirred the neighborhood. Those neighbors felt that the kid deserved his paddling. But that sort of thing today means a trip to the police court. The average circus youngster used to get plenty of lickings. He lived a life of discipline more severe than that of any soldier. The time for such juvenile discipline is over in America."

Those statements, of course, require an explanation. In a way, it is a romantic one, for in the story of the passing of the circus family, there lies, also, the story of its rise. Incidentally, the cause of both its ascendancy and its decline is the same—discipline.

One of the favorite plots of inexperienced writers of juvenile fiction concerns the small boy who runs away to join a circus and from an absolute yokel becomes its premier acrobat within a few months. That sort of thing doesn't happen in real life.

In the first place, within the last twenty-five years it has become about as easy for a small boy to attach himself to a circus as it would be for him to hold up a bank; both are possible, but extremely improbable. Circuses do not want small runaway boys, or big runaway boys for that matter. If a boy can produce the written consent of his parents, and if the boy has something to recommend him other than his mere desire to become a circus performer, the show will consider him, providing there is an opening. Otherwise, the show would rather not be bothered.

Times Have Changed

Besides that, the usual boy has little chance of becoming a premier acrobat. He is as far behind in that regard as his years; the training of an acrobat of any kind often begins before a child can walk. It makes great performers, but as the years go by, fewer and fewer of them will be American. The laws of the United States each year become more stringent. And beyond the truant officer enforcing compulsory education, the laws against child labor, the lack of places to practice and other hindrances is the greater fact that an American child will no longer submit to the discipline. Recently, a comparatively young circus star told me why his boy would be educated for business instead of the show world.

"Times have changed too swiftly for me to try to make him a circus performer," he said. "The kid is ten years old now, and knows almost as much as I did at eighteen. A fine chance I'd have to refuse him certain foods if he didn't practice well; he'd raise a howl that he wasn't getting enough vitamins. Twenty-five or thirty years ago, it was different.

"I came into the world in an ill-furnished adobe house in a little border town of Mexico. My father and mother, uncles, aunts, cousins, brother and sisters comprised a little circus of about twenty persons which made its living by traveling through the southern republic. The show property consisted of a few horses, fewer wagons, a dressing tent and a canvas side wall; my father's ambition was to earn enough money to buy a real tent. There were no seats; the audience either sat on the ground or brought its own chairs. Nor were there any lights. When a night performance was given, it was to the illumination of smoky pine knots, also furnished and held by the audience.

"I was in the show when I was a year old. The day I learned to stand erect was the day which began my circus training. My father started then to balance me on his hand, with the other hand upraised to catch me when I fell. As soon as my knees stiffened, my father carried me into the ring in a basket and did a balancing act with me to start his performance.

"Within a few months, I was learning to hang by my hands from a bar and to swing myself. By the time I was three years old, I could stand on my hands, do back bends, forward rollovers and a number of simple tricks. In two more years I was an active part of the act, even to somersaults.

"I was trained on an average of eight hours a day—from eight until twelve and from two until six. At night, I worked in the circus. I worked whether I liked it or not. The flip-flops, when I was a boy, were always hard for me. Sometimes, when I would grow so tired that I thought I could not move again, I would grow sullen and refuse to continue.

No Pie for the Shirker

"'Very well,' my father would say, 'I'll get the shotgun.' He never got it. As a baby, the firing of that shotgun had terrified me. My father needed only to advance a few steps toward the wagon where he kept it, before I would be turning flip-flops all over the place.

"My food was gauged by the way I had practiced. If it had been a bad session I got only the barest necessities. My father said I didn't even deserve that, a boy like me was a disgrace to the family name. Mother couldn't help me.

(Continued on page 54)

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Social Secretary

A sparkling

The Story Thus Far:

INFATUATED with Frank D'Agnoli, a dashing young Romeo, Helen Blake marries him. Within three weeks, disgusted by his brutality and dissolute habits, she leaves him. Then, being penniless, she looks for a job—and gets one. She is beautiful, clever and cultured. Mrs. Ogden Harriman, wealthy New York dowager, is delighted to have her as her social secretary.

For five years Helen does not see D'Agnoli. Then, while receiving an order of champagne at the palatial Harriman mansion, she encounters him. He has brought the champagne—he is a bootlegger! Before he leaves, Sylvia Harriman appears. She is wealthy in her own right, spoiled, erratic. Her mother and father dead, she lives with her grandparents, the Ogden Harrimans. Seeing D'Agnoli, she speaks to him. They converse—daringly. . . . And the following evening, Sylvia meets him at a night club, dances with him, permits him to escort her home. In the taxi, D'Agnoli kisses her; then tells of his plan to buy a night club, and his need of four thousand dollars. "My bracelet," says Sylvia, "is insured for seven thousand dollars. Here it is—take it. I'll say it's been stolen." And D'Agnoli takes the bracelet. . . .

Other secret meetings follow. Soon Sylvia is madly infatuated with the man.

The Harrimans, of course, suspect nothing. Lord Danforth, a brilliant young Englishman, is in town. As representative of the Tress Oil Company, he has come to America to interview Mr. Harriman. Tress Oil is in financial straits—Harriman can, if he so desires, save it. Meeting him, Harriman likes Lord Danforth. Then, to his wife's delight, he deliberately plans to interest him in Sylvia.

A "small" dance—preceded by a dinner for fourteen—is to launch the campaign. A hundred invitations are sent out; the great day arrives. Sylvia has gone to Princeton for a hockey game. A short time before dinner is to be announced, she wires that she has been detained (having clandestinely met D'Agnoli) and will not show up before ten. "That means thirteen at the table!" Mrs. Harriman groans to Helen. "I won't have it. Helen, you've got to take her place. You'll sit next to Lord Danforth. When Sylvia comes you can just slip quietly away." And Helen Blake, listening meekly to that order, little dreams of the strange and dramatic events to which it will soon lead.

II

PARKER and the more important Harriman servants were just finishing their dinner at eight o'clock, so it was Jennings, an obscure and nervous footman, who answered a ring of the doorbell.

"Lord Danforth," the gentleman whom he admitted said.

"What, sir?"

"Lord Danforth. I'm expected for dinner, I believe."

Jennings opened his mouth like a goldfish but all that came forth were two soundless gasps. The situation was too big for him and he completely lost his head.

"Will you wait here a minute, sir?" he stammered, and rushed out to get Parker, but before he reached the servants' hall he knew that he'd done a thing which disgraced his calling, and didn't dare face Parker.

For one instant he stood all but wringing his hands, then he thought of Miss Blake, who'd engaged him and been so very kind. Desperately he tore up the back stairs and to her door.

By the merest chance Helen had been working on her accounts and had not begun to change.

"What in the world is it, Jennings?" she asked, alarmed by his bulging eyes.

"A man says he's his lordship is here."

"LORD DANFORTH, you mean?"

"Yes, Miss Blake"

"I presume it was Lord Danforth. Did you tell him that the dinner wasn't until nine?"

"I didn't know what to do."

"What did you do?" she asked quickly.

"I asked him to wait."

"In the hall like a telegraph boy! Great heavens, Jennings! I'll go down right away."

She almost ran for the stairs. Her picture of Mr. Harriman's selection for his granddaughter would have done for a composite portrait of the Conservative Party and the idea of that stiff gentleman outraged by such an indignity was appalling as she hurried downstairs.

As a matter of fact Lord Danforth was merely thoroughly unhappy. There is something contagious about a panic like Jennings' and Lord Danforth had lived out of the social world for five years and was conscious of the fact. In addition he had never been in an American home before and the Harriman hall was as grandiose and unhomelike as his worst preconceptions.

He sat in a high-backed, relentless

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novel of modern society

By Charles Brackett

chair wishing to God that someone would appear and tell him something when, down the stairs, with an expression of concern and distress on her extraordinarily lovely face, there came a slim girl in a blue tweed dress.

Lord Danforth got to his feet before she had reached the foot of the stairs.

"I'm afraid I've made some ghastly mistake," he said. "Isn't this the evening of the dinner?"

"Yes, Lord Danforth, but it's at nine o'clock."

"I lost the note, and someone had said all American dinners were at eight." It was a mortifyingly stupid explanation. "I should have telephoned, of course."

That was all Helen heard. He would find her captivating; of course, she said to herself as she walked to the door

Illustrated by Jay Hyde Barnum

"Most of them are," Helen replied to his sentence before the last. "Won't you wait?"

"I think not. I'm frightfully embarrassed."

"Please don't be, Lord Danforth. The fault is all with our wretched footman, who knows it and is poised on the brink of suicide."

That brought home the fact that they were both being a little intense.

"Is he?" Lord Danforth responded with a grin. "I mustn't add to his disproportionate view, must I? Would flight do that?"

"Oh, not at all," Helen said. "The very best thing you could do for him would be to slip away and let the fact that you'd ever been a little premature be a dead secret between us."

"Could it be a secret? I'd like that too."

"More than a secret. It will dissolve into oblivion."

She laughed as she said it and made a little evanescent gesture with her hands which he found charming.

"Bless you," he said and, opening the door with his own lordly hand, he went away.

Helen hurried upstairs to dress, throwing the consolatory news to Jennings as she passed him. And as she almost ran she wondered how she could have given so little thought to her appearance at that dinner party. She hadn't even had her hair specially waved.

UNDER the circumstances it was not surprising that all the other guests had arrived before Parker, stationed at the door of the drawing-room, bellowed, "Lord Danforth."

"Well, what do you think of him?" Mr. Harriman muttered to his wife while, to her eyes, Lord Danforth was still only a smudge of tan above a white shirt front.

Mrs. Harriman answered only the pride in his voice.

"Don't cackle, Oggy. It doesn't become you."

"Good evening, Mr. Harriman," Lord Danforth said.

"Good evening, young man. Mrs. Harriman, this is Lord Danforth."

"Good evening, Mrs. Harriman. Am I the last? I'm sorry."

"It doesn't matter."

He noticed, however, that a footman was already at his elbow with a cocktail, and Mrs. Harriman said brusquely:

"Drink that and we'll move to the dining-room. You know the Marquise d'Angeac, I presume."

"We're cousins," the marquise said. "Good evening, Paul."

"Good evening, Cousin Joan. I didn't know you were over here."

He might have added that her presence on the continent was profoundly indifferent to him. She was an arrogant woman who had married late in life and seemed to be harboring the resentments of her long spinsterhood still.

"Yes, I brought over a few old things to sell. The only way is to come oneself—"

As she talked his eyes searched the room till they found the girl of the stairway. After he'd left he had been assailed by a horrible fear that she wouldn't be at the party. She was dressed in a yellow chiffon dress and she was talking to an old man.

"Haven't you finished that yet?" Mrs. Harriman's voice cut in on his enjoyment of the way she looked.

He gulped the last drop and said: "Yes."

"You're to take in Madame d'Angeac. You're too young to be the guest of honor at this party, you know."

Mr. Harriman had moved up too.

"Besides, I want you to have an opportunity to know our granddaughter—" he began.

He was stopped by the twitching of Mrs. Harriman's lips. It wouldn't do to have her go off into one of her great peals of laughter. He went to find Mrs. McKecheron, the wife of the most important of his associates and his dinner partner.

"THEIR granddaughter!" the Marquise d'Angeac echoed, thrusting a clawlike hand through Paul's arm. "Is that on the cards? What a good idea!"

"Which one is she?" Paul asked. "Do you know?"

"No, but I suppose she's that toothy miss in red *paillettes* and real pearls."

"Oh, lord!"

"Aren't these American houses fantastic? Our great-grandfathers lived like this, I suppose. You should see the wretched little garret I inhabit in Paris now. In the Palais Royal, with band concerts twice a day in the garden."

They had reached the dining-room.

"That side of the table about the middle," Mrs. Harriman directed them.

Paul drew out her chair for the Marquise d'Angeac, but his eyes sought the place card at the left of his own.

"The granddaughter?" the marquise asked, noting his glance.

"It says Sylvia."

"You're saved then. The toothy girl's across the way."

Nevertheless it wasn't until the girl in yellow was actually seated beside him that Paul allowed himself a deep breath.

"It's all right," he said when she turned in his direction, which she did almost instantly.

"What's all right?"

"Everything. Every single thing. Hadn't you heard?"

"You mean the lark's on the wing, the snail's on the thorn?"

"Practically. Though I've never known why the snail should have been particularly elated at being on the thorn."

"You haven't been taken tipsy, have you, Lord Danforth?"

"A little. Though I should have said that the one cocktail I drank was rather mild, for an American cocktail."

"Too mild? I'm responsible for those cocktails. They were supposed to be mild though. This is a party for elderly people. You wouldn't want to see them lying around the floor in patterns."

"AS IT'S turned out I wouldn't have needed a cocktail at all."

"Why not?"

"Because everything's all right."

"That brings us to the beginning. Do we go through the whole routine again, or will you tell me why everything's all right?"

"Well, you're Sylvia Harriman, aren't you?"

"Heavens, no. I'm just one of the hired hands. Didn't Mrs. Harriman explain?"

"You're joking."

He picked up the place card in proof of his contention.

"Sylvia Harriman is at Princeton at a hockey game. She'll come in late."

"And still everything's all right," Paul Danforth told her, "so that can't have been the reason."

(Continued on page 62)

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The Fourth Degree

Detective O'Malley enjoys an outing with a killer and digs up some singularly interesting facts

By William MacHarg

Illustrated by Harry L. Timmins

WHAT a great break they give a guy when he is a cop!" O'Malley said sarcastically. "Look what kind of a case they give me now! In this case a guy got murdered for the money he was carrying. He come from Philadelphia to New York to collect money that was owing him and afterward he went out to Coney Island and the next morning they found what was left of him in a marsh behind some bushes. They think they got an idea who bumped him but they been working on this case a month and they can't prove nothing. So now they give the case to me to prove what they ain't able to. Is that giving a cop a break?"

"Who is it they suspect?" I asked.

"A guy named Murphy. He was seen getting acquainted with this fellow. They had Murphy in and sweated him a couple of times but they couldn't get nothing on him and so they had to let him go. So now the Chief says to me, 'Go out and get this bird, O'Malley; these cops are dumb!' 'Would somebody that wasn't dumb *be* a cop?' I asked him. Well, here we are."

We were, in fact, at Coney Island. We parked the car and got out and walked along a street of amusements.

"This here's the place where he hangs out," O'Malley stated. "I never seen this Murphy, so I got it fixed with an entertainer in the place to introduce me to him."

It was an open-faced café. We went in. It was afternoon but people were dancing and a hard-faced young man sat at a table with a girl in entertainer's costume. I knew by the look in the girl's eyes when she caught sight of us that this was the right man. He was a tough customer. O'Malley surprised me; the moment we entered the place he stopped looking like a cop and looked as hard as Murphy did. I could not tell how he did it. He spoke to the girl and introduced me to her and she introduced us to Murphy.

"These boys are all right," she told him. "The big guy is from my home town."

We sat down and had some beer which they said was near, but it wasn't, and O'Malley and the girl talked about people and a town I'd never heard of. I decided that the place and people were fictitious and that they were getting enjoyment out of their performance. When O'Malley paid for the beer he took out a roll of money and I saw Murphy eying it.

"What have youse guys got in mind?" Murphy asked us.

"When I come to this place," O'Malley stated, "I take in everything."

We got up to go and Murphy got up with us.

"Anything youse want to see," he said, "I can show you. I know the places."

I could see that Murphy followed money when he saw it. He might not intend to steal it, but there was always a chance that some of it might come his way. We went around, three together, and bet on our skill manipulating mechanical race horses and ringing canes and shooting at targets, and Murphy won a couple of dollars.

"THIS is kind of dull," O'Malley said finally. "Let's find something better. What I want most is to get my fortune told."

We looked at the outside of several fortune-telling places but O'Malley didn't like the looks of them; finally we all three went into one. There was a quite pretty woman inside who told fortunes by looking into a crystal. O'Malley paid her and she looked into the crystal and told him the usual sort of things; he would see some hard times, she said, but in the end he was going to be rich, but he had to watch out for a dark man who was threatening him.

"That's fine," O'Malley told her, "but anybody could tell me those things. How do I know they're true? You tell me something about myself that I know is true and I'll believe you."

The girl looked into the crystal for a while. "You wouldn't want to hear it."

"Sure, I want to," O'Malley said. "Go ahead and tell it, sister."

"No," she refused.

"Go on; I ain't got anything in *my* life to conceal."

"No; you won't like it," she repeated; but he urged her to tell us what she saw.

"I see jewels," the girl said. "Diamonds. There's blood on 'em. You and another man—" She stopped and looked at me. "You and this man with you"—she pointed at me—"killed a woman in a hotel room for her jewelry."

"You and this man with you" —she pointed at me—"killed a woman for her jewelry"

"That's a lie!" O'Malley yelled at her. He was very angry. "You got no business telling a customer anything like that. It ain't true and I got a mind to go and complain about you to the police."

"You made me tell it," she answered. "I didn't want to—and I ain't afraid of you going to any cops."

When we got outside, O'Malley stopped and looked back at the place in indecision.

"What do you know about that?" he said to me. "That's a hot one! How did she know about us killing that dame? Did she see it in the crystal or how was it? What we'd ought to do is go back and knock that girl off before she tells anyone. What do you think?"

Till now I hadn't said anything because I couldn't make out what was going on, but now I saw I had to. "I don't think she'll tell anyone," I said. "It's part of her business not to."

"WELL, maybe," O'Malley answered doubtfully. "Anyway, she's the only one that knows it." Then he stopped as if he'd recollected and looked at Murphy.

"Youse don't think I'd say anything, do you?" said Murphy. "I'm a right guy. I wouldn't tell no one."

He looked as if he regarded us as dangerous company and would like to get away. We walked on a ways together until we came to a street corner.

"Well," Murphy said, "I guess I got to leave you. I got a date with a friend of mine."

"We'll go with you," O'Malley replied suspiciously. "Is the friend you're going to see a cop?"

Murphy was uneasy. "You got me wrong," he said. "I wouldn't rat on anybody."

"I'd feel better about you," O'Malley told him, "if she hadn't said a dark man was threatening me. You're dark, and I don't know nothing about you except that a girl I'd met introduced you."

We went on and Murphy didn't turn in anywhere. When we came to the end of the street we went down and sat on the beach. There were a good many people on the beach but nobody near us.

"You know what I heard?" O'Malley said to me.

I did not, as usual, know what to say and merely waited.

"I heard," O'Malley said, "that there's a current here. You put a body into this water here and it goes out to sea and no one ever finds it."

Murphy was more uneasy still. We sat a while

(Continued on page 61)

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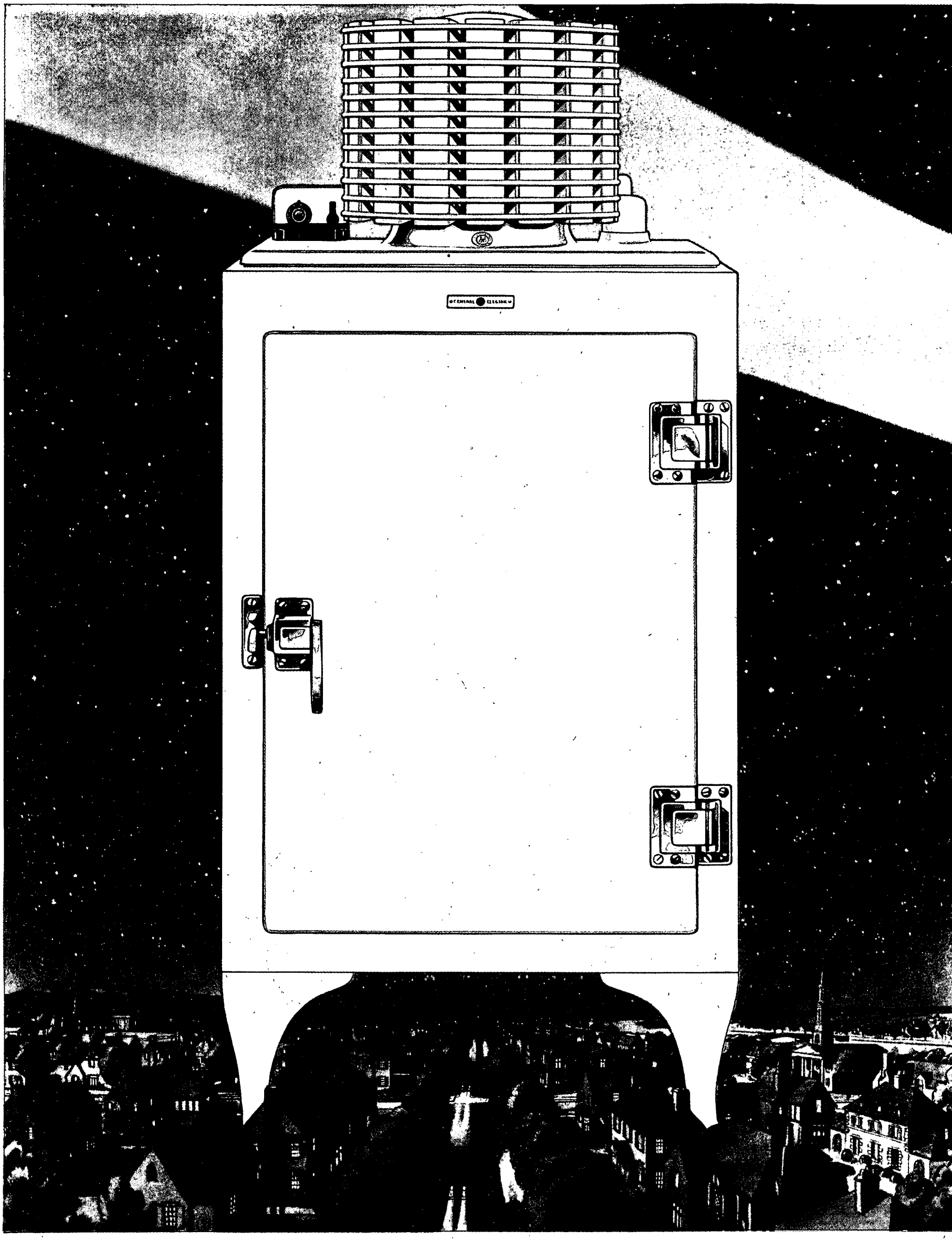

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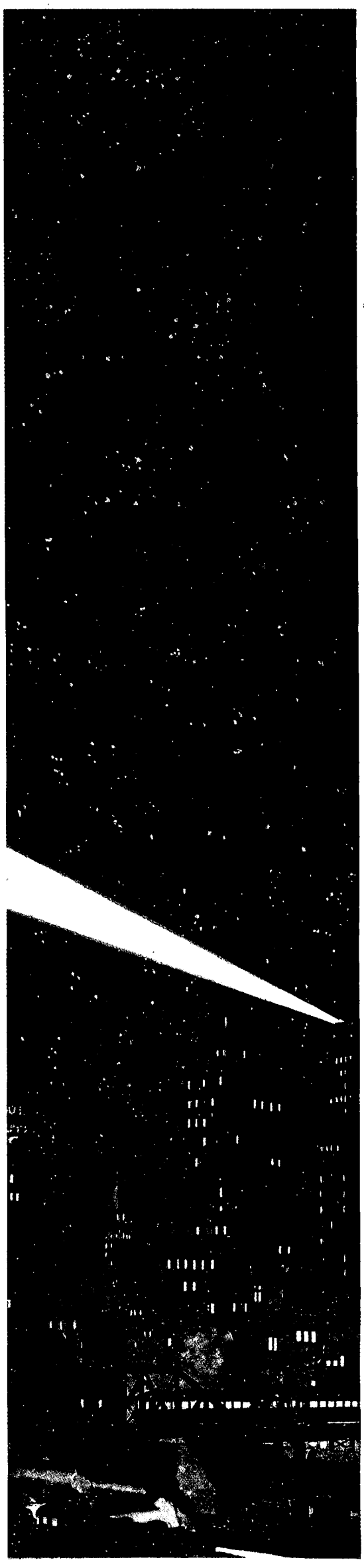

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Packing a Good Time

By Aimee Larkin

Don't pack up your troubles when you go vacationing. Leave at home any clothes that are bound to wrinkle, spot or not fit the scene of action, and you'll be due for a relieved feeling and a grand time. Here's the formula for vacation-ready clothes

SHE arrived for the week-end with a trunk. It wasn't big, but it wouldn't go in the car, so special arrangements had to be made for it. She was there when it came upstairs, but she didn't tip the boy. Then she found she'd left the key on her dressing-table at home. Something to open it was located, but lunch was half an hour late.

She came down in high-heeled shoes, though she must have known that Tom wanted to take her for a sail—and you know what decks are. Perhaps that was why he switched and suggested a swim. She didn't fall into a suit, but she tagged along and watched at the pool where the diving was. Tom didn't swim either, being a thoughtful host, but Tony did. And the first back somersault splashed the pale yellow crêpe de Chine. She talked about the spots all through tea, and she asked if she could get overnight cleaning. She couldn't.

Before dinner, she wanted a dress pressed. Why did she bring a slinky satin affair that looked like a wet rag doll until it was maided? Too formal for the place anyhow.

Sunday morning, she put on the first sensible dress—pink brushed cotton mesh that wouldn't spot or crush. But she hadn't a coat to go with it, so when somebody suggested driving over to the Winchesters' along the sea road, she went up and changed. She came down in white linen with a little bright red jacket—very effective, you've got to hand her that—but not twenty minutes' worth. And you should have seen her at the end of a fifteen-mile drive in that damp air—wrinkles that suggested week-ending on a park bench.

Lost—One Escort

The party ended up at the Snowdens' for dinner. She said she couldn't go as she was, so Tom drove her all the way back to change again. The rest were wearing the versatile in-between kind of clothes that come in the glorified semi-sports category. She burst on the scene in a printed chiffon that came to her heels and looked like an explosion in a paint factory. . . . She had to leave early to pack!

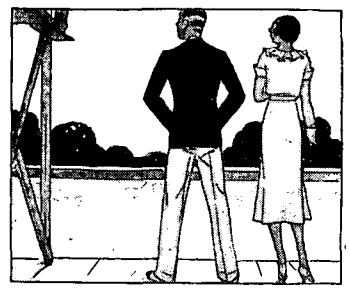
Perhaps it was all for the best. Tom saw a side of her he hadn't known before. Now he's taking Sue around. Sue's the kind of week-ender who makes you wish you'd said a month.

This business of vacation clothes is half art and three-quarters common sense. Study yourself by all means, but don't neglect the locale. If your pet dress doesn't fit the setting, leave it home. Even if it would fit but won't pack as though it had been born trouping, tuck it up and kiss it good night until you come back.

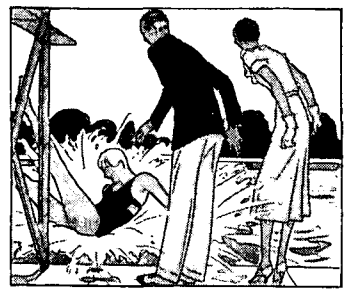
Choose things that go together—that's primary. Pick them so they mate up with several other items instead of just one—that takes brains.

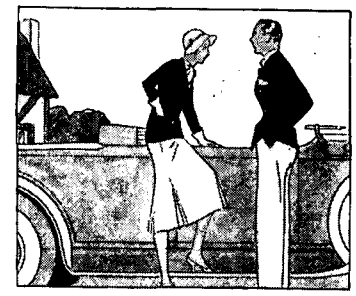
Above is an all-around vacation costume which is well adapted to every activity

High heels mar the prized finish of the deck of a yacht—

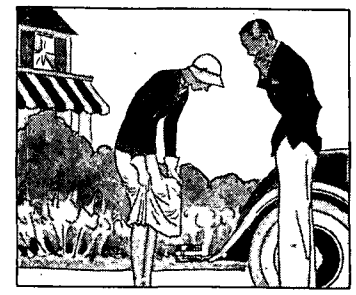


And the pool is a dangerous place for pale crêpe frocks—





And your jaunty linen skirt will be wrinkled by motoring—



Which means time out to change for dinner, while—

Illustrated by Irving Nurick

The girls who wear the versatile, in-between clothes have most of the fun

Packing for Pleasure

People who do a lot of traveling fall into a special routine for packing. Everything you want to take goes on the bed before you begin. Check each costume—have I the coat, hat, shoes, bag, jewelry for this particular entry? Could I double up on shoes by taking this instead of that?

It will save time and crushing to work out a place for everything inside the suitcases (or hard trunk if you are to be gone some time) and stick to it. Dresses in this one, lingerie in that, toilet outfit always in the same spot, shoes there, each pair with its trees in place as they come off the rack.

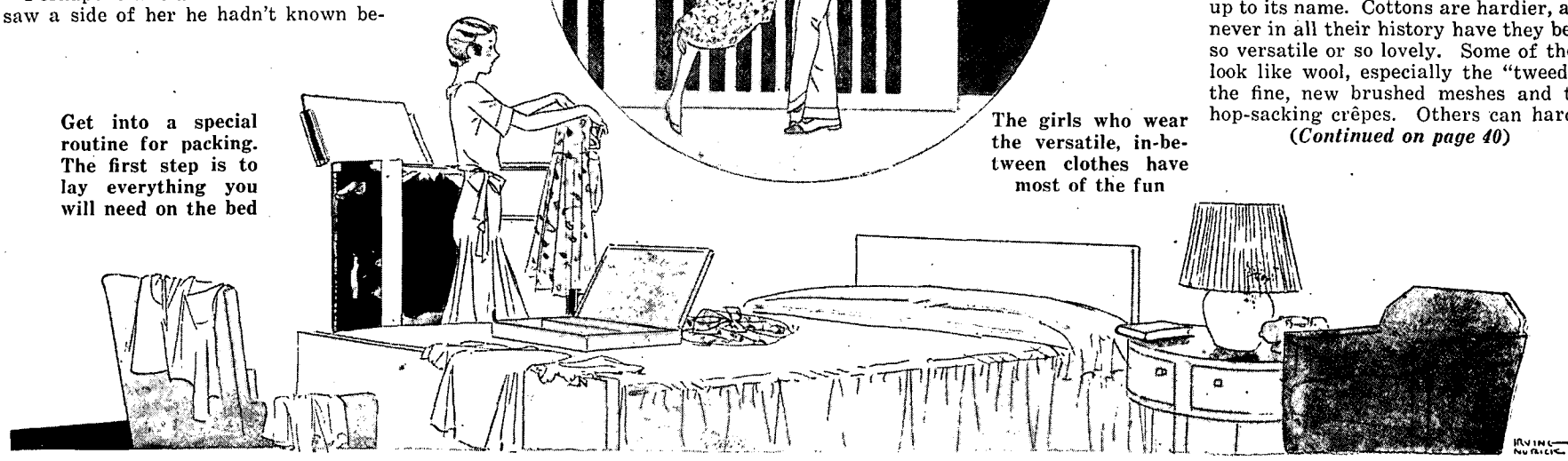
Before we proceed to pack sample outfits for a week-end or a two weeks' vacation, let's take a look at what the fashion market offers in the way of suitable clothes this year.

To begin with, don't think in terms of nothing-but-silk. The new soft woolen materials are lovely and so thin you could almost read headlines through them. The lady who believes that woolens mean winter just because they begin with the same letter is living in the red-flannel era. Today, we have spring and fall woolens, even middle-of-the-summer woolens, unless we're considering clothes for the needs of a very hot climate. Lacy tweeds—lacy knitted things that look as though a spider must have joined the needle trades—fine, sheer, soft plain woolens with a whole dress weighing only an ounce or so—these are things that pack to perfection and top the sports fashion mode. By all means take at least one woolen dress, or a glorified sweater and skirt, when you're planning on staying for any length of time.

Cap Your Wardrobe

If you're the extravagant sort and are going to a hotel where a pressing service will be at your beck and call, don't overlook linen; but remember that even the uncrushable variety doesn't quite live up to its name. Cottons are hardier, and never in all their history have they been so versatile or so lovely. Some of them look like wool, especially the "tweeds," the fine, new brushed meshes and the hop-sacking crêpes. Others can hardly

(Continued on page 40)



Get into a special routine for packing. The first step is to lay everything you will need on the bed

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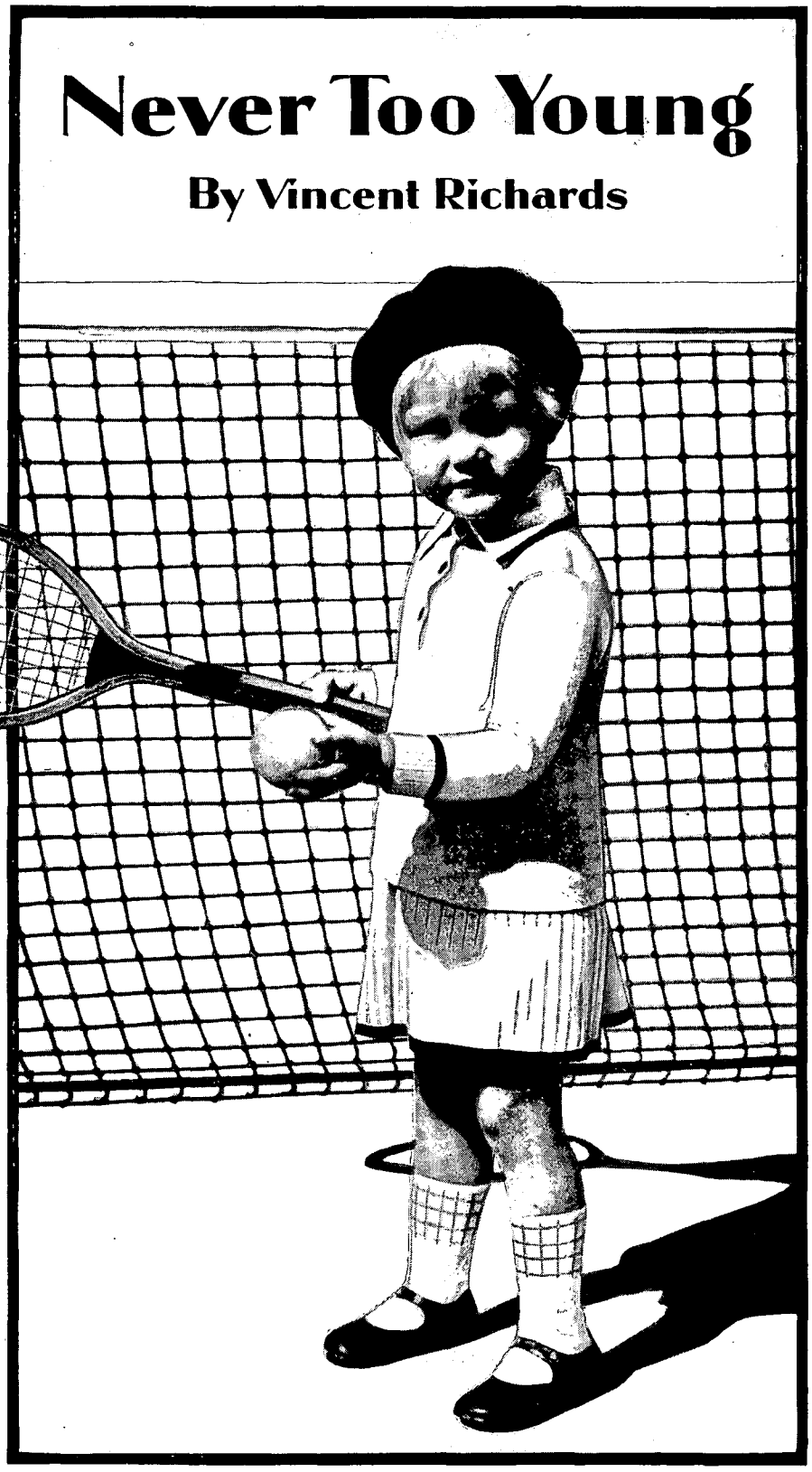
Never Too Young

By Vincent Richards

You can give your child a start in tennis as soon as he or she can hold a racquet. That's what Mr. Richards is doing. But be sure it's the right sort of start. Here are a few simple rules. Maybe you could use one or two of them yourself



Adriane, the six-year-old daughter of Vincent Richards

AT THE age of seven Suzanne Lenglen dropped her dolls and reached for a tennis racquet. Precociousness? Not entirely; a papa's pride assisted childish talent. Monsieur Lenglen, a capable tennis player himself, and a better coach, set for the petite mademoiselle a daily tennis schedule far more rigorous than the average juvenile school work or piano practice.

Stroking a ball at a handkerchief her father had placed in a corner of the court, just inside the boundaries, brought her the incredible control which distinguished the Lenglen career for more than twenty years. For hours, days, months this monotonous target-shooting continued until consistent bull's-eyes convinced her father that Suzanne was ready to be taught tactics. Out of this constant, tedious drilling in the fundamentals emerged the little French girl-wizard whom critics have rated as the greatest woman player of all time.

Betty Nuthall, the English star, who also smacked her first tennis ball at the age of seven, was winning championships when she still wore curls. She, too, owes much of her technique to the persistence of a father-tutor, who, unfortunately, did not live to see her carry the women's national championship out of the United States for the first time in its history.

Again, proud, stern parents inspired René Lacoste and Johnny Doeg. Lacoste senior's interest in his son's tennis was decidedly negative at first. But his ultimatum to René, when he found he could not lure the boy away from his beloved game to enter the family motor-car business, is still quoted reverently in clubhouses: "Very well, if you must play tennis, you must be a champion; I shall have nothing else."

So it appears that I am either vindicated or misled by history when I announce publicly that my own six-year-old's interest in tennis shall continue to be fostered and encouraged by me. This declaration should interest the many parents who have asked: "Should a young girl play tennis? Won't it injure her health to begin too early? What age would be safe to start her? Should she have professional instruction and should she be allowed to play in tournaments?"

Any healthy girl of whatever age may safely play tennis—within reasonable limits, of course. And if she shows talent or interest her instruction should be the best it is possible to secure.

I can sympathize with parents who hear all sorts of things about the harm that young children suffer in going in for a red-blooded sport like tennis. It is only natural—but quite unnecessary—that they should hesitate in making a decision and should seek advice.

A Veteran at Six

No age is too early to begin playing tennis, either for a girl or a boy. From the day that my Adriane was old enough to hold a racquet she had one in her hand. She is six now and is already a veteran.

Adriane's first public appearance was in the stadium at Forest Hills three years ago. She was sitting in the officials' marquee with her mother when she suddenly broke away and scooted down the steps to the turf. Karel Kozeluh was just coming off the court, and in his clowning way he stuck a racquet in her hand and began to toss balls to her. Much to the amusement of the gallery, Adriane not only returned them but hit them so far that Kozeluh had to do some tall chasing.

I will admit that four is rather young for a tennis player, but starting at that age makes a child tennis-conscious so much sooner and helps to develop an instinct for the game. Many leading players were introduced to tennis at approximately that age and apparently none of them has suffered any injurious effects.

Playing tennis outdoors in the fresh air and sunshine is the healthiest sort of activity for youngsters—or oldsters. If there are any two healthier physical specimens than the rosy-cheeked Betty Nuthall and the herculean, bronzed young Doeg I have yet to meet them. And I might say that after nearly twenty years of tennis I feel pretty chipper myself.

I was determined that my daughter should enjoy these benefits of the game at the earliest possible age. More than that, I decided, like Lacoste's father, that if she must play she must be a champion, and that was all the more reason for starting her almost from the cradle.

It is much more important that a girl be started young if she wants to become a great player than it is for a boy. Tournament tennis calls for much arm and leg power and a girl's muscles must be specially built up for it, whereas the average healthy boy is fitted naturally for the game so long as he keeps himself in shape. This is particularly true today, when speed is so important in tennis. To hit the ball hard enough a girl must build up the muscles of her right arm (or the other if she is left-handed) and the sooner she starts swinging a racquet the more power she is going to be able to apply to a ball. Helen Wills Moody's right arm above the elbow is considerably larger than the left, and you will find this the case with practically all tennis players.

Women's Weakness

The girl who starts to play tennis in her teens is not likely to be as hard a hitter as the one who begins as a child, other things being equal. That is the chief reason why I put a racquet in Adriane's hand as soon as she was able to hold it. One should be careful to see that the racquet is as light and small as possible at the start, and as the child grows older the size and weight can be increased.

Another point I have stressed from the start is to see that Adriane learns to hit from the backhand as well as from the forehand. Here is the outstanding weakness in women's tennis. Too few of them can hit well from both sides; in fact, less than ten per cent of the women tournament players have sound backhands. When you see one with a backhand that is better than her forehand, as is Midge Gladman's (now Mrs. John Van Ryn), she is a rare exception.

Molla B. Mallory, eight times national champion, never had a good backhand, and that, along with the greater youth of her opponent, was why she lost the crown to Helen Wills in 1923. With her powerful forehand unsurpassed and almost unequaled fighting spirit, Mrs. Mallory would have been an even greater player than the California girl had she been able to develop a sound forcing shot on her backhand. It is just as important to be able to hit from the left side as it is from the right, for if you cannot your backhand offers a weakness that your opponent can hammer at incessantly, giving you little chance to use your forehand.

The next step in Adriane's instruction is to give her plenty of practice in swinging so that she will develop a smooth, free stroke. The best method is to build a backstop and hit the ball against it. If you do not want to go to the expense of building a backstop, a brick wall may be used, though the backstop is preferable because of the truer rebound.

The backstop is used also to develop accuracy. Circles can be drawn on it, and the child taught to hit at a mark, which makes the practice a game instead of a monotonous exercise. Henri Cochet, the leading amateur of the world today, put in many hours of schoolboy practice against a backstop, and he holds that no player should be allowed to go on a court until he or she has had this training.

In this backstop practice it is important that the child be taught the proper grip on the racquet and also the correct position of the feet in addressing the ball. These points can be stressed more later on, but it is wise to get the youngster in the habit of doing everything the right way from the very start so that it becomes second nature.

Except for those who play on the hard

(Continued on page 45)

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"Mobiloil dura!" That's the way the Spanish motorist says "Mobiloil stands up!" In every country, every climate, on every kind of road, Mobiloil stands up. That's why Mobiloil is the world's leading oil.

..in Spain or Maine Drive hard · drive fast · drive far · Mobiloil stands up !

Drive your car at a snail's pace through traffic. Mobiloil **stands up.** On the open road push your accelerator down to the floor-board. Eat up the miles. Mobiloil **stands up.**

Speed can't break down Mobiloil's ability to **stand up.** Nor can slow driving break down Mobiloil. It always **stands up.**

What gives Mobiloil this striking ability to **stand up?** Not the crude oil it was made from, although the finest crudes are used as a matter of course. The making does it. Step by step the famous Vacuum Process builds up Mobiloil's remarkable ability to stand up. Improvement after improvement has steadily increased Mobiloil's tough, rugged ability to **stand up** under the hardest driving you can give it.

Drive in where you see the Mobiloil sign, and ask for Mobiloil by name. In every town, on every highway there's a dealer ready to serve you with a grade of Mobiloil made to **stand up** in your engine.

We invite you to listen to the Mobiloil Concert, broadcast each Wednesday evening at 8:30, Eastern Daylight Saving Time, from WEAF and 29 associated stations.

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

Mobiloil stands up *because it is Made • not Found*

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In One Ear

Collier's reporters, returned from the news hunt, tell us these stories. You might as well hear them too

"Thee bought him of thine own volition! Thee bought him with thine eyes open—"

THE late Chief Justice William Howard Taft told, with many characteristic chuckles, this story to which an obvious political moral can be attached:

An old Quaker who wore the characteristic old-time Quaker costume—wide-brimmed flat hat and shad-bellied coat—sold a horse to an ordinary citizen.

After the horse had traveled a few miles and the dope had died out, it proved to have spavin, ringbone, heaves, incipient blindness and other horse maladies. In great anger and with much difficulty the stung purchaser dragged the decrepit wreck back to the man from whom it had been obtained at a fair price.

On seeing the irate buyer and the tottering horse approach, the Quaker flapped his hand forbiddingly and cried out:

"Thee bought him of thine own volition! Thee bought him with thine eyes open—"

"Yes, but—"

"I repeat, thee bought him willingly; I did not force him on thee; I can do nothing for thee!"

"Oh, shut up!" said the victim. "I don't ask you to take the animal back. I just wanted to borrow your coat and hat so I could sell him to some other sucker."

Why Try to Repair a Perfect Thing?

When Theodore Roosevelt had pulled off the sensational coup by which we, the people of the United States, much to our surprise, acquired the Panama Canal strip, he called in Attorney-General Philander C. Knox and said to him:

"Philander, now that we have done this thing, I wish you would find some way to make it legal."

To which Mr. Knox replied:

"Mr. President, the thing is perfect as it stands. Why spoil it with the taint of legality?"

Dark Discretion

The late Booker T. Washington of Tuskegee, Alabama, explained to Dr. W. H. Frazer, president of Queens College, Charlotte, North Carolina, the simple truth of that famous luncheon he had with President Roosevelt.

Mr. Roosevelt had called Dr. Washington to the capital to discuss certain Federal appointments in Alabama. The conference exceeded the time limit set for it and a White House servant fetched a light lunch to the President's desk, in his office.

As the servant was leaving the room, Mr. Roosevelt said:

"Please bring Dr. Washington something."

With his plate on his knees, Dr. Washington ate a sandwich and drank a cup of tea while the President refreshed himself similarly—at his desk. That was all there was to it.

"Why did you never explain it, Doctor?" asked Dr. Frazer.

"What good would that have done?" replied the Negro educator. "I would have, had not President Roosevelt seen fit to ignore the controversy.

"Near where I was born," he continued, "there was an old Negro called Ned—Uncle Ned. A white man was passing Uncle Ned's place one day and noticed several fine young pigs.

"'That's a nice pig—that black and white shote, Uncle,' said the white man. 'Want to sell him?'

"'Cap'n, that pig's sho' all yo' say,' said Ned. 'I wasn't figurin' to sell him, but cash money's pretty scarce, suh. I'd part with that pig, Cap'n, fo' three dollars.'

"The white man carried the shote home and put him in his own pen. That night the shote escaped and returned promptly to Uncle Ned.

"Next morning another white man came along, coveted the shote and induced Uncle Ned to part with it—for three dollars. Presently purchaser number one saw the pig in the second purchaser's pen and demanded explanations.

"'No, sir, that ain't your pig,' protested purchaser number two. 'I bought that pretty little feller from Uncle Ned for three dollars.'

"'So did I buy him from Uncle Ned for three dollars,' said purchaser number one.

"So together they went to Uncle Ned, demanding reasons why he should not be thrown into jail and what he meant by his duplicity and so on and so forth.

"'White folks,' sighed Uncle Ned, 'go on wid you. Have yo' arguments amongst yo'selves and doan' be tryin' to drag a po' ole nigger into whar he doan' belong.'"

In the Interest of Accuracy

E. D. Coblentz, now a resident of New York as becomes the supervising editor of Mr. Hearst's morning papers, ran the San Francisco Examiner for many happy years, and not the least of his friends was a certain Japanese potato king. Happening to meet the magnate on the ferry, Cobbie emitted various words of high praise and wound up with the statement that he was rapidly acquiring a reputation second only to that of George Washington. Seeing, however, that the potato king did not catch the compliment, Cobbie explained that Washington was one who never told a lie.

A week or so later the two met again on the ferry, and the potato king, apologetic but determined, drew Cobbie to one side.

"Please excuse," he said, "but after much reading of books bearing on said subject, no can find Honorable Washington ever in potato business."

Tides of Sympathy

One morning last spring a fisherman loafer in a Maine coast village observed a neighbor industriously delving in a back-yard garden plot. He said:

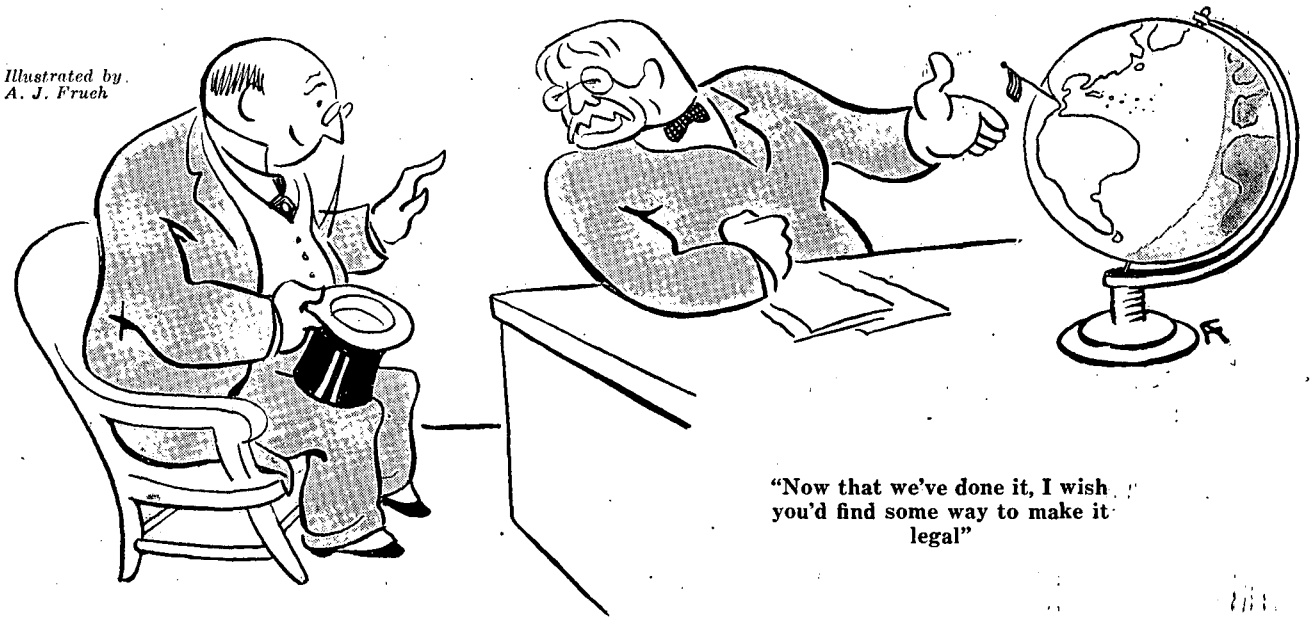
"Diggin' a gahden, be ye?"

"Yes. Th' doctor said I'd have t' eat more vege-tables on account of my dyspepsia. I don't admire t' eat 'em an' I don't admire t' raise 'em, but I'm makin' the gahden."

"Vege-tables! Yu ort t' eat clams."

"Clams, hell!" said the digger disgustedly. "I've et so damn' many clams now my insides goes up and down with th' tides."

Illustrated by A. J. Fruch



"Now that we've done it, I wish you'd find some way to make it legal"

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When the Jury "comes in" and you have to "come across"—

THEN *it's too late to Ætna-ize*

WHEN it comes to a damage suit resulting from an automobile accident, you never know how the Jury will size up the evidence. But you do know that jury verdicts soar to heights undreamed of a few years ago—

$25,000—$50,000—$100,000... and if you can't pay now—then that everlasting nightmare of a judgment hanging over you with all its ruinous claims on your future.

An Ætna Combination Automobile Policy can be written with Liability and Property Damage limits of *any* amount needed to *protect* you against high damage awards.

Furthermore, an Ætna policy carries with it Ætna Coast-to-Coast Service and meets every requirement of today's rapidly spreading Financial Responsibility Laws—laws which under certain conditions, may *take away your right to drive* —unless you're Ætna-ized.

25,000 Ætna representatives from the Atlantic to the Pacific insure *personal,* friendly service wherever your car takes you. What's more—back of every Ætna policy are years of experience, sound management and tremendous resources. Ætna is the first multiple line insurance organization in America to pay to its policyholders *one billion dollars.* It pays to be Ætna-ized. Protection *all ways*—always.

As an added service for motorists, Ætna is now offering a 48-page book of America's most interesting motor trips. It is called "Seeing America with Ætna" and describes the principal points of interest from the Atlantic to the Pacific. 22 complete tours, each illustrated with a large 2-color map (7½" x 10½"). *Send for it today.*

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Sport Roadster	495
Phaeton	510
Coupe	535
Coupe (5 Windows)	545
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5 Passenger Coupe	595
Convertible Cabriolet	635
Sedan	635
Special Sedan	650
Landau Phaeton	650

PONTIAC

Coupe	$ 675
Sedan, 2-Door	675
Sport Coupe	715
Sedan, 4-Door	745
Convertible Coupe	745
Custom Sedan	785

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Coupe	845
Sport Coupe	895
Sedan, 4-Door	925
Convertible Roadster	935
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OAKLAND

Coupe	$ 895
Sedan, 2-Door	895
Sport Coupe	975
Sedan, 4-Door	995
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4 Pass. Conv. Coupe "8-56C"	1,095
2 Pass. Business Coupe "66"	1,285
4 Pass. Special Coupe "66S"	1,325
Sport Roadster "64"	1,335
Phaeton "65"	1,335
4 Door Sedan "67"	1,355
4 Pass. Coupe "86"	1,535
4 Door Sedan "87"	1,565
Sport Roadster "94"	1,610
7 Pass. Phaeton "95"	1,620
4 Pass. Country Club Coupe "96S"	1,720
5 Pass. Coupe "96"	1,765
4 Door Sedan "91"	1,785
4 Pass. Conv. Coupe "8-96C"	1,785
7 Pass. 4 Door Sedan "90"	1,935
7 Pass. Limousine "90L"	2,035

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Coupe, 5 Passenger	2,795
Sedan, 5 Passenger	2,795
Roadster, 2 Passenger	2,845
Town Sedan	2,845
Phaeton	2,945
Convertible Coupe	2,945
Sedan, 7 Passenger	2,945
Imperial	3,095
Touring	3,195
All-Weather Phaeton	3,795

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Coupe, 2 Passenger	$3,795
Coupe, 5 Passenger	3,895
Sedan, 5 Passenger	3,895
Roadster	3,945
Town Sedan	3,945
Phaeton	4,045
Convertible Coupe	4,045
Sedan, 7 Passenger	4,195
Touring	4,295
Imperial	4,345
All-Weather Phaeton	4,895

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Special Custom Models, up to	$15,000

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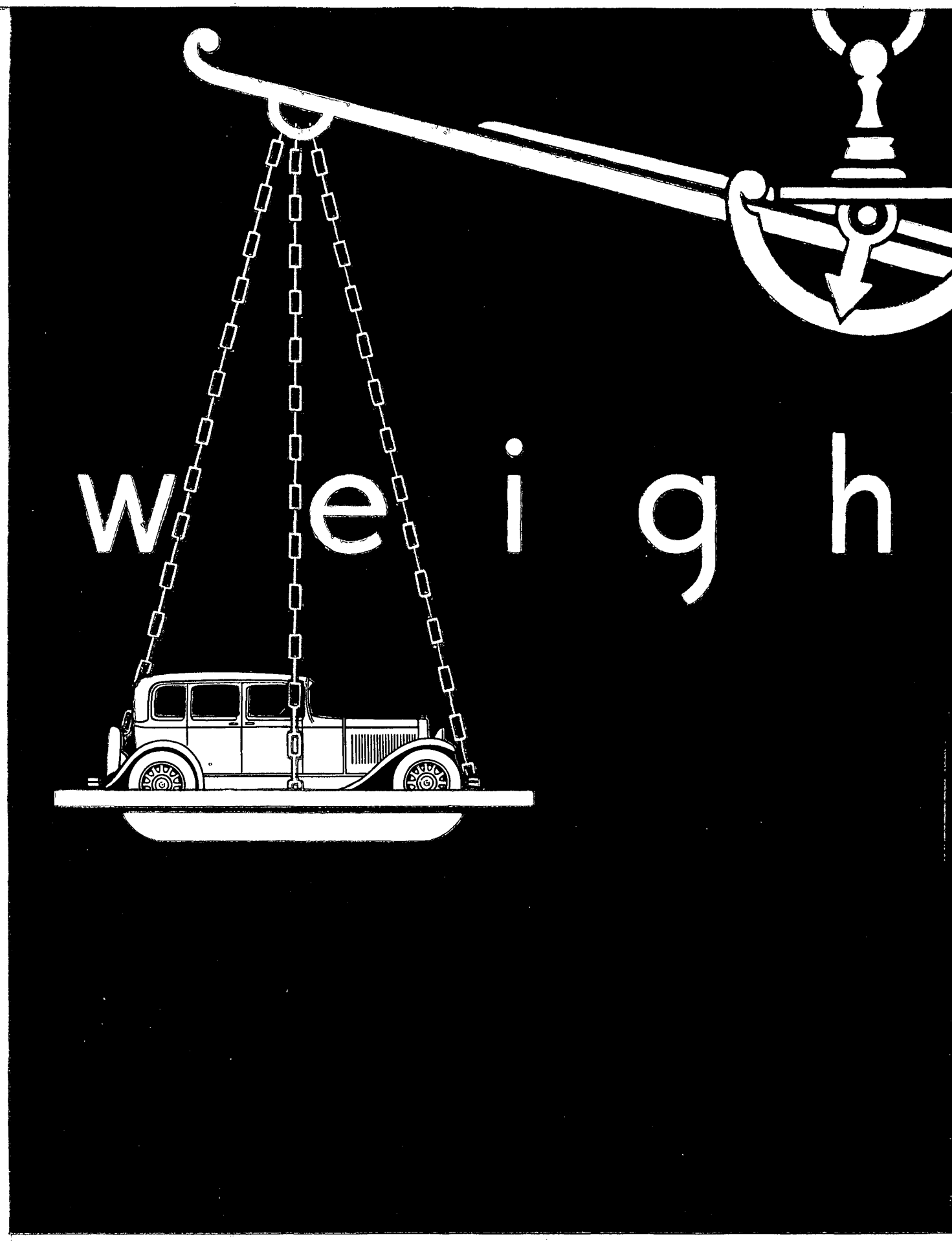

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Every Division of the General Motors Corporation is provided with full engineering facilities, and its own complete staff of engineers and skilled assistants. Entirely apart from these divisional activities, however, the Corporation maintains the General Motors Research Laboratories to assist the individual Divisions with their engineering and manufacturing problems, and to conduct studies and experiments for the benefit of all. The research engineers of the General Motors Corporation are continually pushing forward the barrier of complacency with which human progress is confronted. Not satisfied with the device of today, excellent though it may be, they press on into the realms of the unknown. This unceasing struggle brings new methods, new practices, improvements in design and material, better products at lower prices and a veritable treasure store of knowledge. The advantages of scientific research of unusual scope are therefore available to all Divisions of the General Motors Corporation. The results of this coordination of research and engineering effort underlie the outstanding values of General Motors cars.

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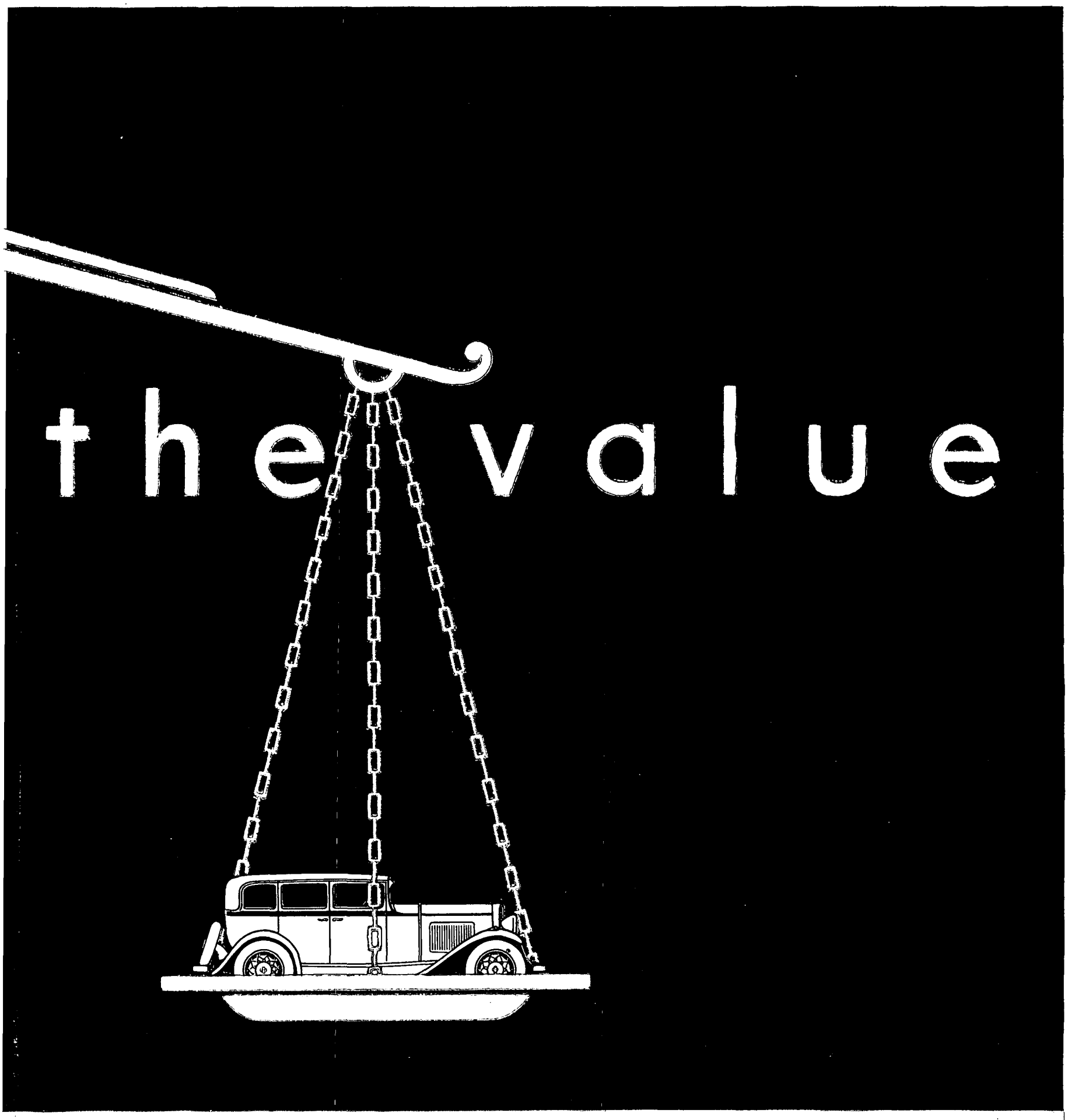

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When you hire a man

ASK HIS NAME

*Name*_____

*Past Record*_____

WHEN you hire someone for a job, you ask his name and his record. Why not take the same precaution when buying automobile painting? Specify Duco—the name of a great product with a great history.

The only Duco is made by du Pont. It's the car finish used on millions of new automobiles. Most car owners wish this same beautiful wear-resisting Duco to be used when they have their cars repainted or touched up.

It is important, therefore, to insist on Duco, as the name Duco has become so famous it is sometimes erroneously used to mean all body finishes. It is well worth your trouble to make a special point of demanding the genuine du Pont Duco.

Wherever you see the authorized Duco sign, you may depend upon getting a genuine Duco refinishing job.

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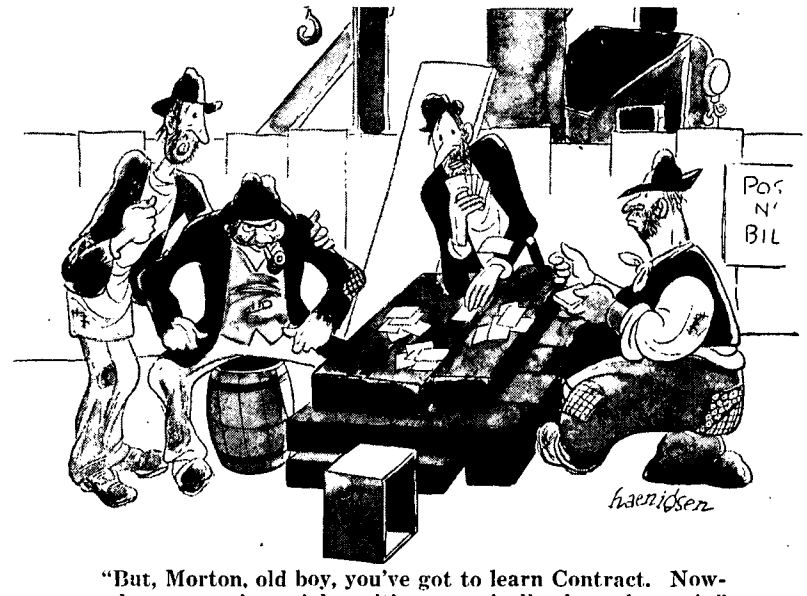

"But, Morton, old boy, you've got to learn Contract. Nowadays a man's social position practically depends on it."

How would you play it?

By Milton C. Work

Author of Common Sense Contract Bridge

	North	
	S. 8-6-5-2	
	H. A-J-5	
	D. 6-5-3	
	C. K-10-3	
West		*East*
S. None		S. Q-10-9-3
H. 10-8-7-3		H. Q-9-6
D. A-7-4-2		D. 10-9-8
C. 8-7-6-4-2		C. A-J-9
	South (Dealer)	
	S. A-K-J-7-4	
	H. K-4-2	
	D. K-Q-J	
	C. Q-5	

THE above hand, which appeared in last week's Collier's, was played at Contract Bridge. South started with a bid of two Spades; North went to three on the strength of his four Spades, Ace of Hearts and King of Clubs; and South called four on his surplus strength over a minimum two-bid. East and West did not bid. North's raise was sound because, in addition to high-card raisers in the Ace of Hearts and King of Clubs, he had a half raiser in four cards of his partner's suit.

In the play West's opening lead was the Four of Clubs, dummy played the Trey, and East finessed the Nine, knowing that either it would win or force the Queen if South had it and also that South had two Clubs, so the finesse would not cost a trick if it lost. Had East played the Ace or Jack, game would have been easy for Declarer. Declarer won the first trick with South's Queen of Clubs and then saw that he would lose one Club, one Diamond and possibly one Spade and one Heart. But when he led the Ace of Spades and West discarded the Deuce of Clubs, Declarer received valuable information.

He knew that East was left with the Queen-Ten-Nine of Spades, and that one of them was sure to win; also that West would not have led a low card from a suit containing the Ace, so East must have the Ace of Clubs and also the Jack because East probably would not have finessed the Nine unless he had the Jack in his hand. West, having been Spadeless, must have had at least a five-card suit; and he had shown by his play of the Four of Clubs that he had no more than five Clubs and they probably were headed by the Eight, so he must have two other four-card suits—Hearts and Diamonds. If he had held five of either it must have been a better opening than the Club suit. The Diamond suit might be headed by the Ace or East might have that Ace also, but East very probably had the Queen of Hearts as with the Queen and three other Hearts (not a bad suit to open) West would have been more apt to pick a Heart for his original lead than to open so worthless a five-card suit as Eight high.

In order to locate the Ace of Diamonds South now led the King. West won with the Ace and then led a second Club which East won with the Jack. East followed with the Ace of Clubs and South ruffed with the Four of Spades. A thoughtless Declarer now might have attempted to put dummy in twice with the Ace and Jack of Hearts (taking the Jack finesse) in order to lead Spades twice through East's doubly guarded Queen; but that would not have captured every Spade trick, and our Declarer concluded that the Heart finesse would lose. He therefore tried to develop the hand in another way.

To tricks 6 and 7 he led the Queen and Jack of Diamonds. If he was right in his count of West's hand as having held four Hearts and four Diamonds originally, he could be sure that East originally had held an evenly divided hand—four Spades, which was certain, three Clubs, which was certain, and three Hearts and three Diamonds which seemed quite sure.

To trick 8 South led the Deuce of Hearts and, refusing the finesse, won with the Ace in the North hand; and to trick 9 North led a small Spade, South's Jack capturing East's Nine. South now had the King and Seven of Spades left, and East the Queen and Ten; and East also is marked with two Hearts—almost certainly the Queen and one small. Therefore to trick 10 South led the King of Spades, and to trick 11 his losing Spade which put East in the lead with the Queen. When called upon to lead to trick 12 East was quite helpless. If he should elect to lead the Queen from his Queen-Nine of Hearts, South would win with the King and cash dummy's Jack; if he should lead the Nine, dummy's Jack would capture the trick.

Next week's hand is given below; determine how you would bid and play it before reading next week's description.

North	*East*
S. J-10-6	S. K-9-3-2
H. 10-7-5-4	H. Q-J-9
D. A-K-8	D. Q-J
C. A-K-2	C. 8-7-6-4
West	*South (Dealer)*
S. 8-7-4	S. A-Q-5
H. 3	H. A-K-8-6-2
D. 10-7-6-5-2	D. 9-4-3
C. Q-J-10-9	C. 5-3

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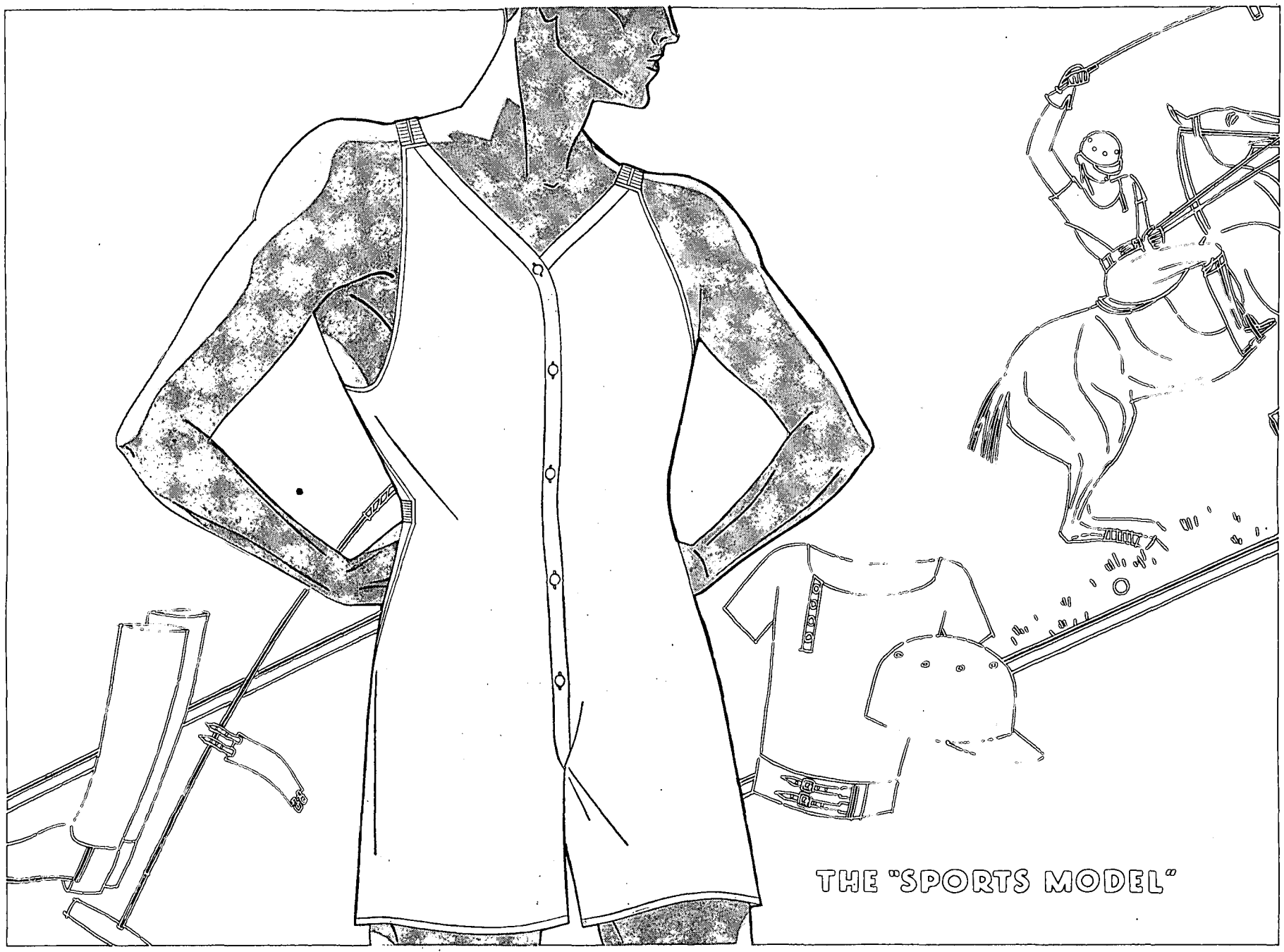
Collier's, *The National Weekly*

☆ *Try This One on your Manly Frame!* ☆

What a Union Suit for $1.00



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What a Union Suit it buys! It's splendidly tailored—with low arm holes and webbed shoulder inserts—wide legs and flared hips —a B. V. D. model with the triple virtues of smartness, comfort and a pre-war price.

It comes in two popular models—the Double Reinforce Back and the Blouse Back—and it's made of B. V. D.'s famous nainsook—the fabric with Arctic virtues—a fabric that keeps you cool even when the humidity is a front page headline. It has buttons that stay put, button holes built to stand the gaff of rough usage, locked stitched seams and special reinforcements at every point of stress and strain.

It's a grand dollar's worth of union suit—the best dollar buy on the market today. See it at your dealer's and look for the label of B.V.D.—the three-lettered absolute guarantee of smartness, style and service.

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11 wonderful days in SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

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(Check if desired). ☐ 4 cents in stamps enclosed. Send "Southern California through the Camera." Also send *free* booklets about the counties I have checked.

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Like a Man!

Continued from page 19

His father hoarding the soil, herding it upward and tending it like a flock always wanting to stray. Cursing the soil, the stones in the soil, hurling them, when he found them in a furrow, into the peaceful sky. Cursing his home and his wife, dodging the courts, prowling about the cabin in search of disobedience with a missile in his hand. . . .

Lying on his stomach, Simon felt the vertebral ridges of hot rock pressing on his ribs, and put his hand into the river, trailing his fingers through the stinging cold water and feeling the aged subterranean chill of many earth-currents staggering downward, knowing the vital feel of moving waters condensed from strange, subterranean mists. . . .

MOST of the melons and one of the rugs had been sold. Simon handed the string of fish to his mother, speaking neither to her nor to his father, who sulked about, obviously resenting in a dull manner Simon's success at fishing.

"You look bodaciously tired," his mother observed. "Hunt you a place and set a spell, son; you done a full day. You prettied the melon so clean we sold all but them four long afore noon. And one of my rugs. Seven dollars. Set here while I gut the fish and cook."

Simon sat against a tree, relaxing. The shade was cool in the afternoon, cold grass against his calves and wind plucking at the damp hair of his forearms. The father sat behind a silence. He was sunken into a quiet, methodical whittling.

After the meal, when late afternoon increased the number of passing vehicles, cars now and then slowed down or stopped. Once a man riding alone drove into the shade and went toward the neatly masoned spring. He stooped to drink. Radio music came from his automobile, a military band playing a march. Haggerty, drowsing in the shade, turned and listened.

"That water's no-'count to drink," Simon called to the man at the spring. "People living up yonder." Simon's eyes sought the spot above the spring where the warning sign had been.

"Fresh ripe melon," said Mrs. Haggerty. She looked toward her husband. The man got into his car and drove off.

"Where's the sign was up there?" asked Simon.

"Your pap, he taken it down."

Simon picked up the sign. He stood holding it. He glanced from his father to the sign in his hand. His mind, delving into the accustomed obscurity of his father's consciousness, fumbled familiarly about its murky caverns and presently brought forth the reason for the sign's removal. Beneath his leaping revulsion, Simon thrilled at the bland audacity of this supreme evil, with its potentialities spreading fanlike for miles outward, to touch all who had visited the spring that day.

AS HE climbed over the rocks to replace the sign, it came to Simon that an hour of importance had at last come into his life. He saw himself climbing to his manhood with the sign on his back: Polluted Water. Assenting to the fact, he saw that henceforth it was for him to assert himself in actions, each action somehow fused with the inevitable, slowly wrought design in which each living being seemed to have a part. His father seemed to have long since become resigned to his own malevolent rôle. And he, Simon, must accept his, the part that had waited for him so long.

He heard his father's voice: "Who told you to put back that sign?"

Simon continued to climb. Laboring upward, he could feel the scene behind him as if he had seen it rehearsed—his father's knotty, rheumatic hand reaching for a hefty stone to throw—his mother with one hand on her breast and the other pressed against her cheek, head somewhat averted and eyes following her husband's reaching fingers.

The first stone came. It crashed into a bush near Simon's shoulder. Other stones followed, but none found a mark until Simon, descending after having placed the sign, felt himself hit. His senses darted from all parts of his being to converge at the spot below the shoulder where the missile had struck. He was pinned to the spot by a bright blade of pain. Quickly came anger, rage, fury, settling at last into a quaking coldness. Simon set his jaws until the roots of his upper teeth seemed driven into his brain. Completing his descent he saw his father climbing into the truck. The old man's stooped figure moved slowly, with weariness.

The three drove home in silence. There was a man sitting in a car before their doorway. Simon recognized the man as Gossett, from whom his father had bought the truck. Simon greeted the visitor and helped his mother alight. Then he went into the house to find something for his aching back. His mother, divining his need, presently came into the room, holding a bottle.

"What's the upscuddle about?" he asked his mother.

"That-there truck man. He wants his back install-ments. Every last install-ment, or he 'lows to take his truck back or fotch the law to hammer your paw. Three notes due, he says. Your pappy's offering him a cow-brute. I disgust that man, that Saul Gossett, but I low he's in the right this time. Let me rub you, son, with turpentine. The low-down trash aflinging rocks to kill his own, adrinkin' up the rug money and tradin' off my cow-brutes!"

Simon went to the window. He called into the dark: "Mister Gossett!"

"Hello!" The near-by mountains cupped the answer, then gave it back, "Hello!"

"Don't bother about your money, hear? The notes'll be paid. This is Simon Haggerty talking to you. You know me right well, don't you?"

"Yes. I know you."

"Your notes'll be paid, then, quick as I can get to it, quick as I sell this crop of melons." Simon waited. His mother and his father waited.

"All right."

Out of the serene, dark hush the echoed words came to Simon with remote finality, ringing distantly like the composite voice of the unseen community that knew him well, that had closely watched his birth and growth and now stood committed to him, as he stood committed to it, in a compact filled with vaguely portentous conditions.

Simon gravely ate the meal his mother prepared. He watched her move briskly from stove to table and back, serving him with a new deference and a new pride. She seemed grown young again, almost elated, as she must have been the first time she served her husband.

AFTER supper, Simon went directly to bed. He bore off the pain in his back, now a burden grown into his flesh. In bed he lay thinking, visualizing rows of watermelons lying in a rainy field, mentally blocking off sections of the farm, calculating.

He heard his father drinking with Mr. Gossett in the kitchen. He could hear parts of his father's talk: "the smartest youngster in the county . . . soothing manner, if you taken notice . . . trust him to hell and back . . ." The father talked in the kitchen for a long time, innocuously, now, babbling like a boy freed from an unpleasant task. Tom Haggerty had never been hospitable before.

Simon lay awake long after the kitchen voices had gone—thinking, reckoning, alone. Now and then he parted the folds of his sleepless dream and listened for dawn.

"Don't be so lowbrow, the Japs are watching you. Use your chopsticks"

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GET OUT MR. WATER-THIN! THERE'S NO PLACE IN QUAKER STATE FOR A LOAFER LIKE YOU!

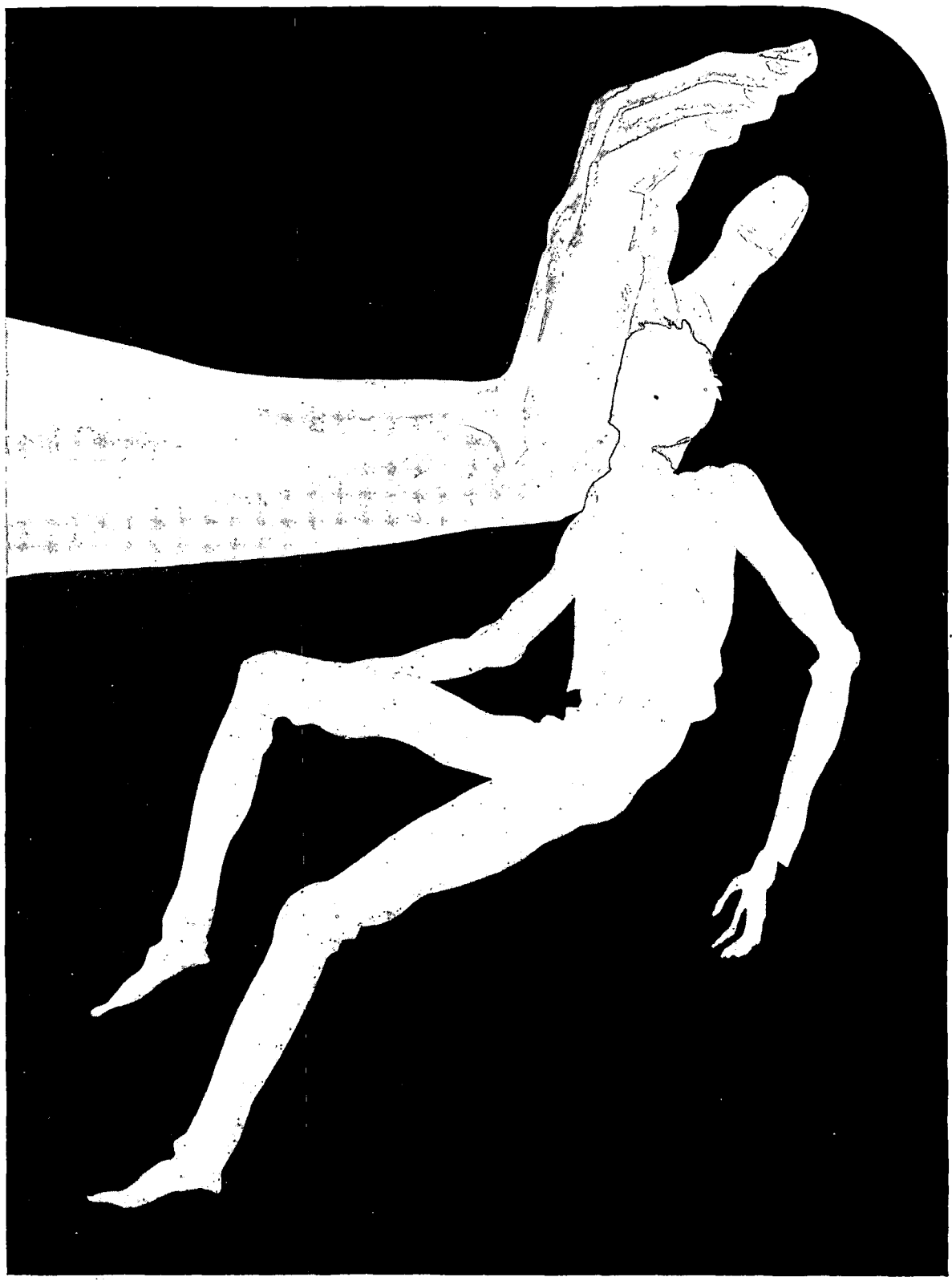
○ Loafer is the word! Mr. Water-thin is the world's most hopeless loafer. Where work is concerned, he's a dead loss. Yet you find him in every gallon of ordinary motor oil—a quart of thin liquid. A quart of oil so light-bodied, so useless in an automobile motor that Quaker State engineers have dubbed it "water-thin."

○ Ordinary refining can't remove "water-thin". But Quaker State refining gets it out—every drop of it. And the process that does it is a special Quaker State process, found in every one of Quaker State's modern refineries!

○ It took years of experience and skill to develop this process. It took a huge investment in refining equipment to put it into operation. But it was worth the effort and the money. For Quaker State replaces "water-thin" with rich, full-bodied lubricant. Quaker State gives you four full quarts of lubricant to the gallon, instead of three quarts and one quart of waste. So you really get an *extra quart*. You get a motor oil so good it has become the world's largest selling Pennsylvania Oil!

○ And every drop of Quaker State is made entirely from 100% pure Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil. Quaker State is so free from impurities that it does not require acid treatment in refining. That's important! For acids would tend to destroy some of the oil's oiliness.

○ One dealer in every four in the United States sells Quaker State. Get it where you see the familiar green and white Quaker State sign. Quaker State costs 35c per quart (a bit more in Canada and at some points in the West), but per mile it's the cheapest oil you can buy. For in every gallon of it there's an extra quart of heat-resisting, friction-easing, trouble-fighting lubricant! ©1931, Q. S. O. R. CO.



QUAKER STATE

TRADE-MARKS REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

MOTOR OIL

THERE'S AN EXTRA QUART OF LUBRICATION IN EVERY GALLON

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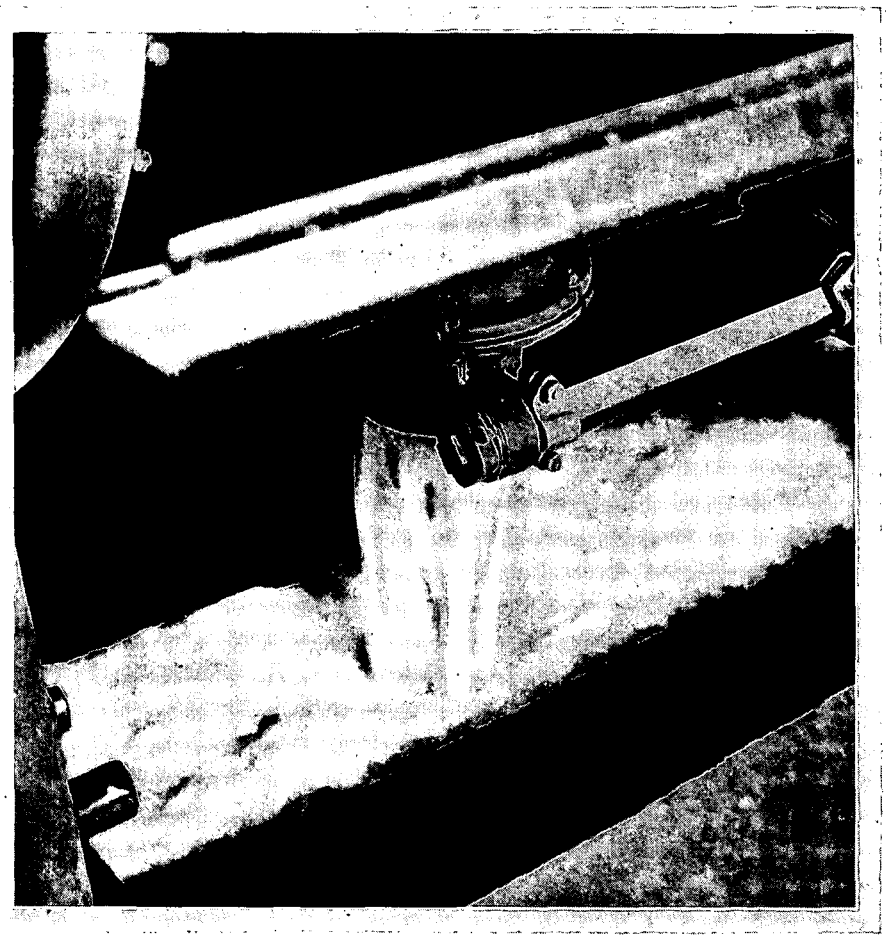


down the drain

AFTER EVERY SUDS

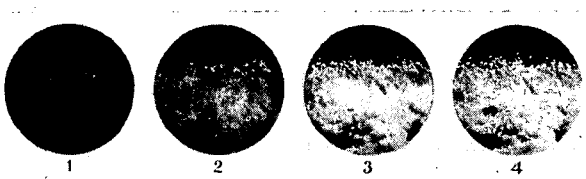
AFTER EVERY RINSE

Present-day laundries use each bath only once—then discard it forever

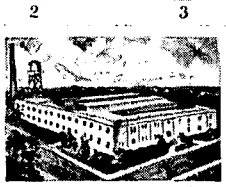
YOUR weekly washing passes through 7 to 11 *complete changes* of water, when you send it to a present-day laundry. Suds after suds and rinse after rinse; each of fresh, pure, rainsoft water. This water is used only once—then down the drain it goes, to be discarded forever!

Naturally clothes washed this way *look* clean and *are* clean. Even the most stubborn under-the-surface dirt is gently removed by the *multiple-suds method.* All laundries following the standard formulas perfected by the American Institute of Laundering—the industry's "proving ground" of washday methods—give you this assurance of safe, efficient laundering.

You need this protection for your weekly washing. And you need the leisure . . . the greater freedom for recreation and companionship . . . the riddance of washday strain and bother . . . that a present-day laundry in your community can bring you. Eight million women now "let the laundry do it." Phone for freedom this week! *Sponsored by the Laundryowners National Association of the United States and Canada.*



(Above) See how each successive suds get richer and whiter as the dirt is flushed away by the "multiple-suds" method.



At the top of this advertisement you see a cylinder washer being drained—this used liquid is discarded forever.

Let the **LAUNDRY** *do it!*

Above—The Million-Dollar "Proving Ground" of the Laundry Industry, Joliet, Illinois

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Packing a Good Time

Continued from page 29

be told from silk, for the printed designs are as smart and the weaves as smooth. Some of the best are triumphantly cotton and proud of it—shirtings and madras for active sports, trim little printed or woven designs a step toward formality, even cotton lace for the evening, with our old friend organdie taking on the most fragile of shadow-printed effects as well as appearing *au naturel.* But remember that organdie doesn't take kindly to packing.

Silks, real and artificial, queen it as usual for the afternoon, and their variety is as great as ever. The faithful flowered chiffon is again with us, not too big or daring in daylight patterns—solid grounds with a white design, or one in a shade lighter, are among the leaders. Patterns, wherever found, evince thought—no more mere palette sweeping. Crêpes of various types—plain canton, plain crêpes de Chine, printed crêpes in cool color combinations that don't suggest town—are as ubiquitous as ever. Prints do more for your peace of mind than plain crêpes when you are vacationing far from quick cleaning service, for spots are not such a conspicuous tragedy.

The Little Knitted Cap

For less formal wear, we have the shantung family in all its alliances—silk shantung, silk-and-linen, and cotton. The evening mode begins with lace and goes on for at least a couple of paragraphs before reaching anything else. After that, it covers the more spectacular printed chiffons, the plain chiffons, crêpes and satins. Informal dresses frequently have jackets to match.

A word about hats before we start packing. The little knitted cap comes first, last and always, just as the béret did in its day, only more so. If at first you don't succeed in putting it on becomingly, try, try again or be content to acknowledge that you're not so young as you used to be. Minus a pin, a clip, a twist of stiff ribbon or a tiny feather, the cap registers informality in the latest terms. If the clip is diamonds (or rhinestones in a design that diamonds wouldn't disdain) it can be as formal as a hat ever needs to be, though the older woman will prefer a soft straw turban, made on her head. Almost everyone else will take one or two or half a dozen of the knitted caps on any first-class vacation, adding a couple of the stitched hats in linen for hot days when a brim saves squinting.

Now—let's pack for a week-end, taking first the clothes we'd need for almost any type of country, then adding specialized wardrobes called for by the featured sports.

One light-weight coat in roughish woolen material, if light in color, can double for very informal evening wear; if cut almost straight it can serve for sports as well as traveling. Beige is a good, serviceable choice—thank heaven it's smart again. This coat can be carried.

Two semi-sports dresses—one in shantung, one in brushed cotton mesh. Plan that a single short jacket serves for both, and that the same shoes may be worn—medium leather heel in a brown-and-white leather shoe, or the same heel height in a white linen.

One informal evening or dinner dress—lace, that packs like a dream, or flowered chiffon in a really distinguished design. One informal evening wrap, short length—velvet for most of us, velveteen or satin, taffeta if girly-girly effects are in order. Crêpe de Chine slippers to match dress or coat. (If your velvet or velveteen wrap is wrinkled in packing, just hang it in a steaming bathroom on arrival. The wrinkles will vanish.)

One Sunday-night dress that cuts a cross between daytime and evening, for we may be going on without coming back to change. Plain crêpe de Chine or canton crêpe in lovely color, or in white, is a smart choice. But flowered crêpe in a less noticeable design than the one chosen for evening is more adaptable. Either may have a contrasting jacket or one of itself to cover its sleevelessness, but don't have the jacket more than hip-length or the skirt longer than ten inches from the ground. Shoes for this costume might be fine linen or kid.

Expanding such a clothes allowance for a two weeks' vacation is an easy matter. The two semi-sports dresses become at least four—one cotton mesh, one light lacy wool sweater with skirt, one shantung, one printed cotton. Jackets, knitted caps, shoes, bags must be carefully worked out as to color. The Sunday-night dress might multiply, especially for the older woman who plays a lot of bridge. The evening dress must be triplets at the very lowest computation—one lace, by all means, one flowered chiffon, one plain chiffon, crêpe de Chine or satin. If the first dress were white, the second green with a white design, the third pale yellow, a single green evening wrap would do for all.

Every vacationist needs a sub-wardrobe to take care of her pet active sport. For tennis, smart dresses are always white—not cut low in the back but generally sleeveless, covering the knee, possibly silk but never thin, just as often cotton with a *façonné* self-pattern or a self-stripe, or plain cotton in light piqué, mesh weave and so on. Tennis socks are best in white. Cardigans and head bands match, and they may be any color the player likes, but preferably one that doesn't show up a flushed face.

For golf in cool weather, the sweater and skirt still top the list. For hot days, shirting cottons in tailored fashion have open V necks. Sleeves may be short, vanish altogether or go to the wrist to prevent burning. Two-piece effects, out for a couple of years, are back—and most players prefer them.

Good Times Are Here

Beach wear begins with pajamas. Jerseys and cotton meshes are good, and white is a smart choice, if affordable. Linen is lovely but extravagant. Trousers, though wide, should never be so extreme that they take on the skirt look of the evening editions. The latest, after Patou, have a slight shaping at the knee that suggests an exaggerated sailor fashion. The favorite sun hat is in peanut straw, but the floppy, stitched linen hat takes less space in packing and can be washed. Shoes may match the hat, or be of plain rubber, cut pump-shape with a high or a flat heel, though our time-tried partner with the rope sole is also still in evidence.

Bathing suits are generally jersey, and most people slim enough to wear it choose the regulation swimming model, very low in the back. Some are in one color, more are in two; white-and-navy was the leader at Palm Beach. Robes are smartest when tailored, in jersey, flannel or Turkish toweling. They start at bolero length and run on down, but the majority vote seems to favor one cut the length of a sports dress.

Taken all in all, it's a promising summer, if we pack cleverly.

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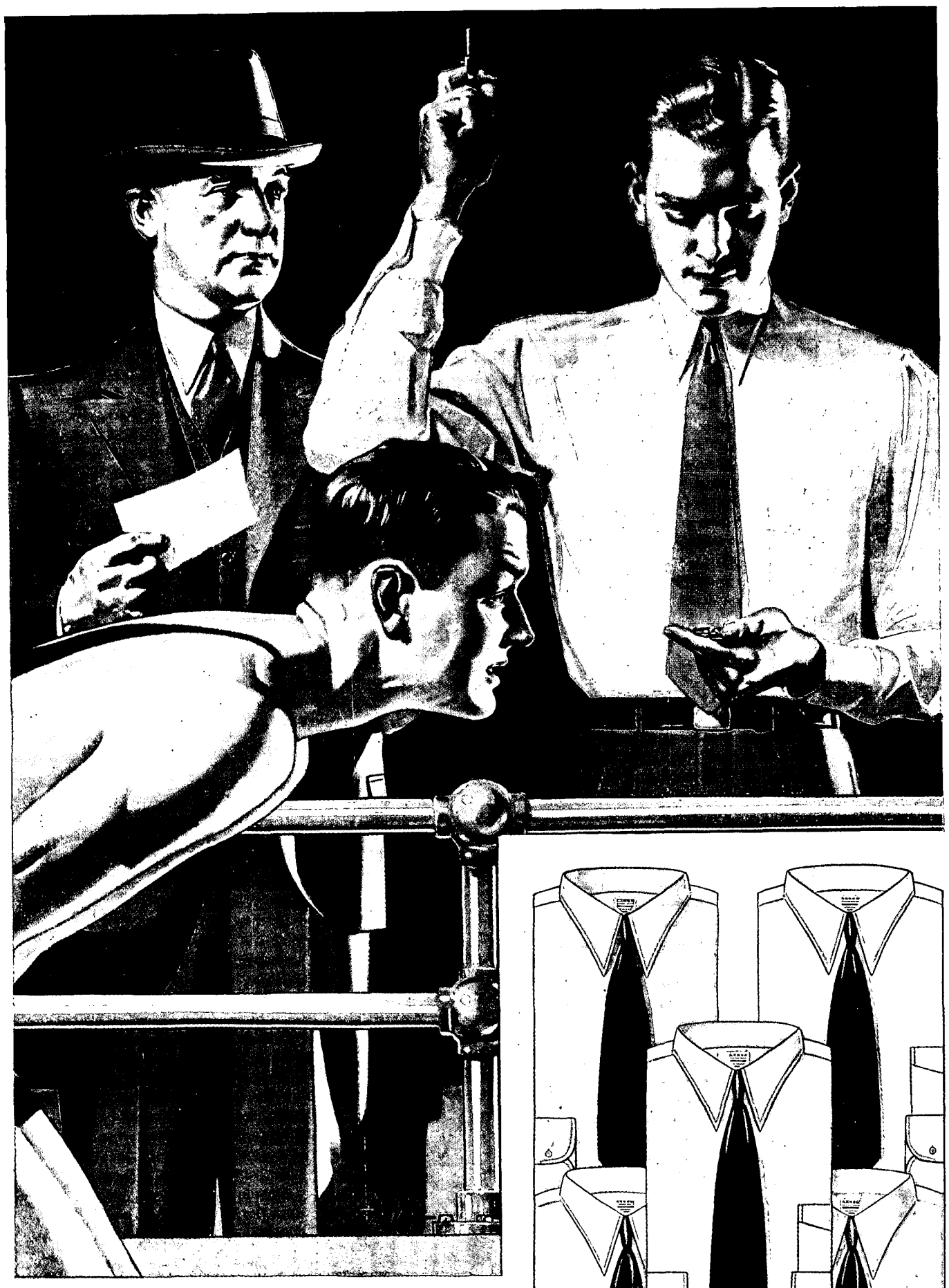
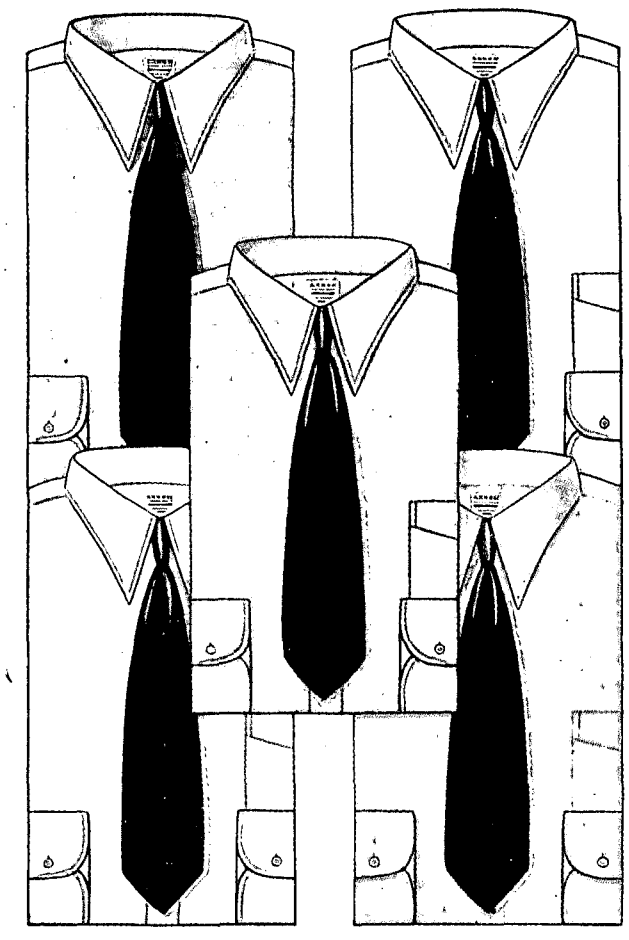


from start to finish is a LONG..LONG RACE....

A LOT of men are still buying carelessly shrunk shirts—guessing at the size—and starting a race with the laundry to see how soon the shirts will bind at the collar, creep up the arms, and climb in the body. With an uncertainly shrunk shirt the race is mighty short. A lot more men have discovered something; they have learned to speak the words "Arrow Sanforized-Shrunk"—right out loud—they have insisted on spotting those words on the label of Arrow's famous lustrous broadcloths. They don't want to be offered something "pretty well shrunk" or "just as good." Most men know that Arrow Sanforized-Shrunk broadcloths are magnificent broadcloth absolutely *guaranteed for permanent fit.* They know the label reading "Arrow Sanforized-Shrunk" *is* that guarantee; that the collar on the shirt is a genuine Arrow, made as only Arrow can tailor a collar; that the broadcloth, in texture and style, is beyond reproach—in short, that there is extra value in every Arrow Broadcloth—which makes it a certain winner for a far longer race. You'd better say Arrow "Sanforized-Shrunk" over half a dozen times right now—and then insist on this label:



Pick your winning colors! Arrow Sanforized-Shrunk Broadcloths come in a wide variety of new smart spring shades—guaranteed fast colors—guaranteed for permanent fit. Genuine Arrow Collar on each shirt. (Neckband styles, too.) Pick the colors now that go best with your suits and with your complexion—hand the list to the Little Woman—you'll save money, and you'll be dressed in perfect style.

Arrow TRUMP in white or any color	$1.95
Arrow PADDOCK in white or any color	$2.50
Arrow MAYFAIR in white or any color	$3.00
Arrow CLARIDGE in white or any color	$3.50
Arrow BARONET in white or any color	$5.00

CLUETT, PEABODY & Co., INC., TROY, N. Y.

ARROW SANFORIZED SHRUNK SHIRTS

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Collier's, *The National Weekly*

Out of the Heritage of these THREE

HAS COME A GREATER EVENING NEWSPAPER

JAMES GORDON BENNETT, SR. Silk-stocking commoner. Back in 1867 he dared to defy the gilded plutocrats who asked to be kept out of his news columns. "There shall be no sacred cows in this newspaper office," was the Bennett ultimatum. It was he who founded the New York Telegram.

Joseph Pulitzer. Twenty years after Bennett's edict, he breathed a soul into a newspaper. Said he, "Never tolerate injustice or corruption. Always fight demagogues of all parties. Oppose privileged classes and public plunderers . . . remain devoted to the public welfare." It was Pulitzer who established the New York World.

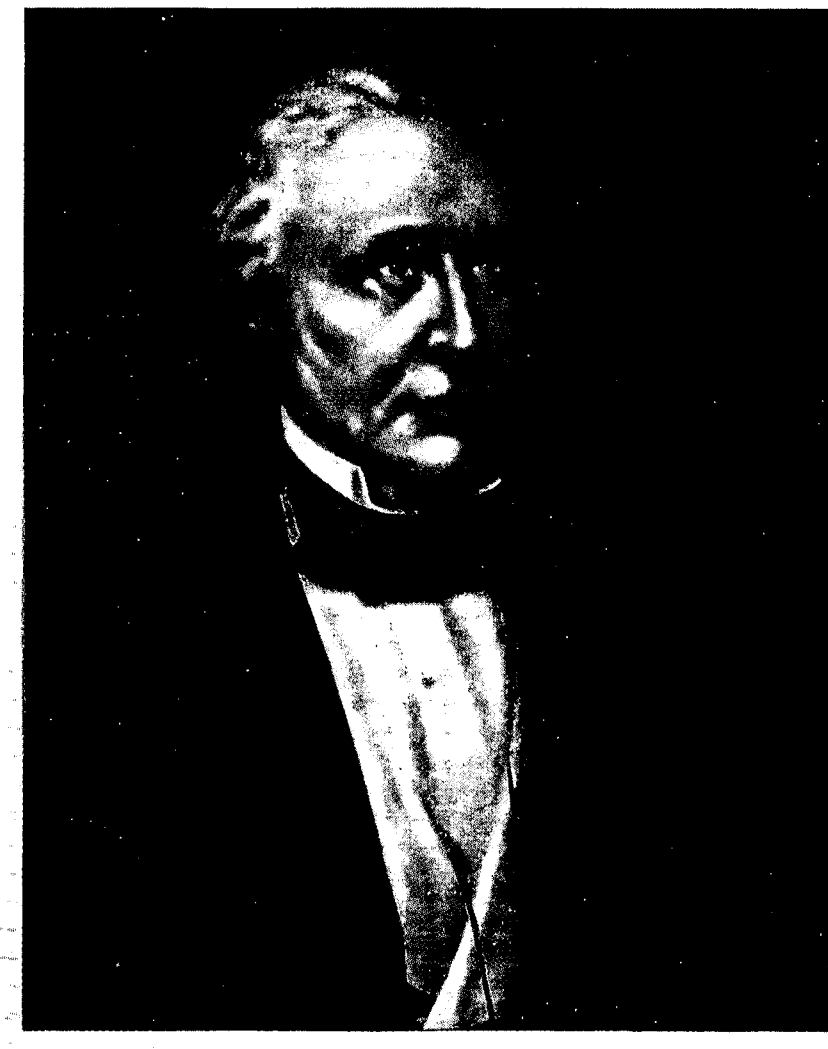
E. W. Scripps. Strangely enough, he did not know Pulitzer. Yet they started about the same time, and saw things alike. Said Scripps, "We have no politics. We are not Republicans, Democrats, Greenbacks or Prohibitionists. We intend simply to support good men and condemn bad ones . . . support good measures and condemn bad ones . . . No matter what party they belong to." It was he who founded the SCRIPPS-HOWARD Newspapers.

What a background! . . . What a heritage for the WORLD-TELEGRAM! For the first time the purposes of these greatest figures of newspaper history are united in a single newspaper —a six-day-a-week evening paper.

Scripps-Howard carries forward their ideal in a new generation. But, through the combination of the World, the Evening World, the Sunday World, and the Telegram, the scope of this ideal is enlarged; its force multiplied.

It is only natural that those who constitute the WORLD-TELEGRAM organization view the future with a dual emotion . . . with elation at the opportunity and with humility before the greatness of the obligation.

And equally natural that the entire Scripps-Howard organization, nation-wide, should share these emotions. Though each paper is, editorially, a separate and independent unit, a common purpose guides them all. This great consolidation of Pulitzer and Scripps-Howard papers means not alone a greater newspaper in New York but a greater Scripps-Howard the country over. For, with 25 papers, as with Three Musketeers, it is "all for one and one for all."



From portrait in New York University collection

JAMES GORDON BENNETT, SR.

Founder of the New York Telegram

SCRIPPS·HOWARD NEWSPAPERS

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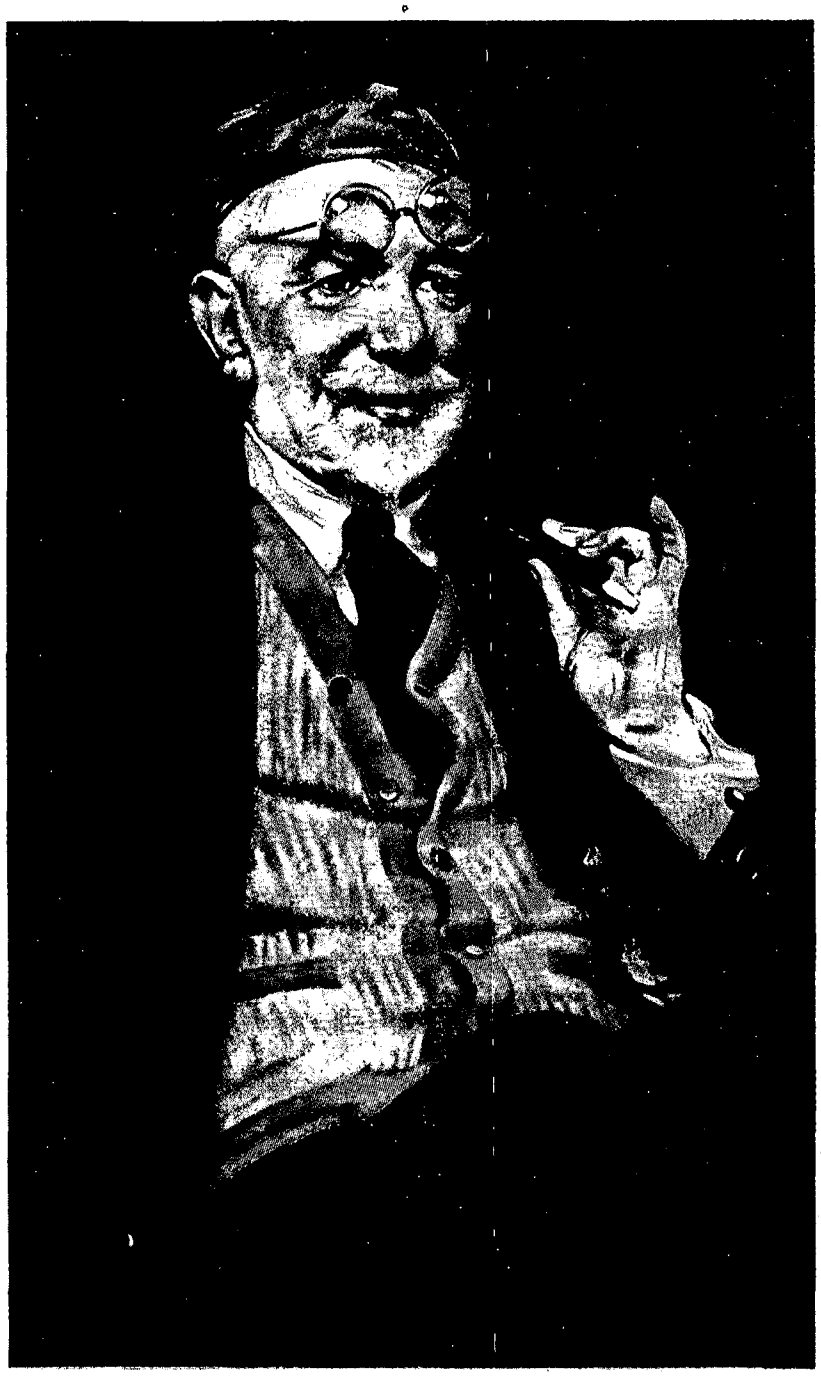
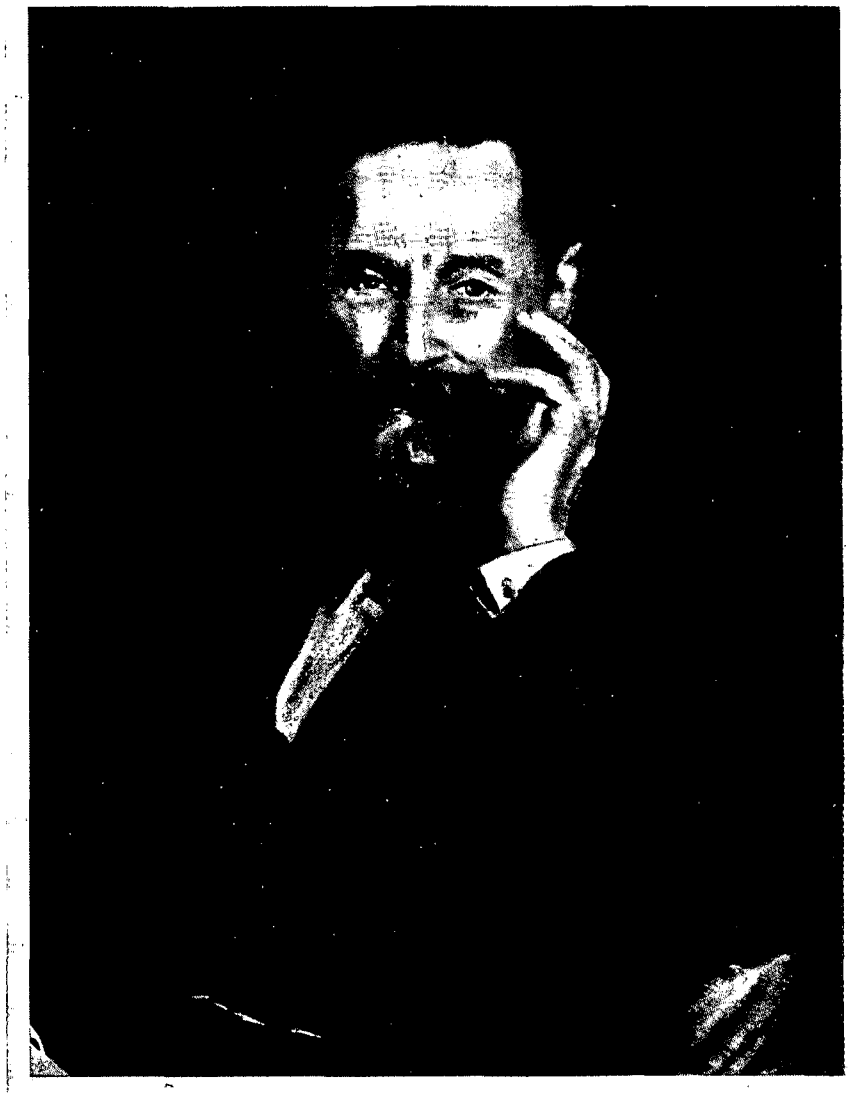
...THE NEW YORK WORLD-TELEGRAM



From portrait by John Young-Hunter

(at left) E. W. SCRIPPS
Founder of the Scripps-Howard Newspapers



From portrait by John Singer Sargent

JOSEPH PULITZER
Founder, Press Publishing Co., Morning, Evening, and Sunday Worlds

NEW YORK	*World-Telegram*	BUFFALO	*Times*	HOUSTON	*Press*
CLEVELAND	*Press*	INDIANAPOLIS	*Times*	YOUNGSTOWN	*Telegram*
BALTIMORE	*Post*	DENVER	*Rocky Mt. News*	FORT WORTH	*Press*
PITTSBURGH	*Press*	TOLEDO	*News Bee*	OKLAHOMA CITY	*News*
SAN FRANCISCO	*News*	COLUMBUS	*Citizen*	KNOXVILLE	*News-Sentinel*
WASHINGTON	*News*	AKRON	*Times-Press*	EL PASO	*Herald-Post*
CINCINNATI	*Post*	BIRMINGHAM	*Post*	SAN DIEGO	*Sun*
COVINGTON	*Kentucky Post*	MEMPHIS	*Press-Scimitar*	EVANSVILLE	*Press*
—*Kentucky Edition of Cincinnati Post*		ALBUQUERQUE	*New Mexico State Tribune*		

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WHEN GEARS GROWL REPAIR BILLS BITE

CHANGE TODAY TO ALEMITE SUMMER GEAR LUBRICANT!

EVEN the best of winter gear lubricants cannot be expected to furnish the complete protection your gears should have in summer driving.

Change TODAY to Alemite Summer Gear Lubricant. It is full bodied. Designed especially for the increased lubrication demands of summer driving. *Thoroughly lubricates and protects at the highest summer temperatures.* Guards your gears against wear.

When your gears clatter and growl it isn't because of any *mechanical* fault with your car. It is purely a matter of improper lubrication. The gear teeth are not receiving the vitally important protection afforded by the special lubricant required at summer temperatures and speeds.

All the old lubricant is first drained off the gears. The Alemite Gear Flusher then washes them shining clean with kerosene, after which the residue of grit, steel chips and old lubricant is drawn off with strong suction.

Avoid costly replacement and repair bills! Drive in at the first dealer's you see displaying the Alemite Summer Gear Lubricant sign. He will supply you with the correct grade required for your particular car and the particular kind of service in which you use your car. (This phase of Alemite Service is vitally important, also, for trucks.)

For the Finest Summer Performance!

Gear lubrication is only one part of the complete, specialized Lubrication Service known as "Alemite-ing". For this familiar word does not mean just a "process" or "system" of lubrication.

"Alemite-ing" means to use the correct, scientifically designed and thoroughly proved Special Alemite Lubricant for each of the many special lubrication needs on your car.

The complete "Alemite-ing" service is *only* to be found where you see the Yellow Alemite Sign here pictured. It is the sign of a Specialist who has contracted to use none but Genuine Alemite Lubricants

The Alemite Electrical Gear Lubricant Dispenser by means of a special metering device measures and applies the precise amount of fresh, Alemite Gear Lubricant required by your particular car model to keep its gears functioning at top efficiency.

—who you may be sure will *never* substitute a dangerous or inferior "grease".

CHANGE TODAY to Alemite Summer Gear Lubricant. For Safety. For Quiet Gear Performance. For Economy. And don't stop with this splendid gear protection alone! Have EVERY ONE of your car's lubrication requirements taken care of by the Special Alemite Lubricant designed for them. Ask for and GET *Genuine* "Alemite-ing"!

Alemite Corporation (Division of Stewart-Warner), 2644-c North Crawford Avenue, Chicago, Illinois. Canadian address: Stewart-Warner-Alemite Corporation of Canada, Ltd., Belleville, Ontario.

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Never Too Young

Continued from page 30

courts of California, I am firmly convinced that the Eastern grip is the most practical one to adopt. To take this grip, extend the palm out as though you were shaking hands and grasp the handle of the racquet naturally at the end. The index finger is extended up and under the handle, the other three fingers are held close together under the handle, a short distance from the index finger, and form a vise with the thumb, which goes around the top of the handle.

Father Knows Best

In striving for good footwork it is important to keep the body parallel to the side lines; then the feet will take care of themselves. If you are making a forehand shot, the right foot is pointing toward the right side line and the left foot points toward the net, at almost a right angle to the right foot. The weight of the body is on the right foot at the start of the swing and as the racquet is brought forward the weight is transferred to the left foot.

In the backhand shot the right foot is advanced and points toward the net and the left foot points at a right angle toward the left side line, while the weight is transferred from the left foot to the right foot.

Never make a drive squarely facing the net. To get the exact position, face the net, do a "right face" and extend the left foot toward the net. You are now ready to make a forehand drive with perfect stability and balance and your swing will be free and unhampered.

The next step is to acquire accuracy on the court. The child should concentrate on getting the range of the net and lines before trying to put speed on the ball. As control is mastered the stroke can be speeded up and pace can be added.

Once Adriane has mastered the correct technique of the strokes and has gained control, she will be ready to learn strategy—how to force openings by working her opponent out of position; how to throw her opponent off pace by changing pace and mixing soft shots with hard ones and, later on, when to go to the net and when to stay in the back court.

There is so much to learn in tennis that the child's education has to be a gradual process extending over years before he can hope to have a fully rounded game. As he grows older, he can be taught how to volley, how to lob, how to smash, how to put the different varieties of spin on the ball.

The volley is actually the chop stroke made close to the net. To volley, the same cut that is put on the ball taken on the rise in the back court is applied when the ball is met in full flight at close quarters. The purpose of the cut is to keep the ball close to the ground when it strikes, or, in other words, to prevent it from rising high and also to give it the side spin that carries it wide toward the side line.

Competition Helps

The lob, also, is practically a repetition of another stroke. Made properly, with a flat racquet, as George Lott makes it, it is the same shot as the drive, except that just before the moment of impact the stroke is "pulled" and the ball is wafted softly up into the air instead of being sent hurtling on a low trajectory, the stroke finishing with the forearm almost perpendicular to the ground instead of horizontal.

The smash is the same stroke as the service—an overhead stroke. The difference is that it is made in the front part of the court, instead of from the baseline, as a reply to lobs.

Spin and twist, both on the ground stroke and the service, are varieties of "cut" and "slice." Top spin is imparted by bringing the racquet over the top of the ball with a rotation of the wrist, instead of meeting it flat against the side of the ball with a locked wrist. Side spin results when the racquet is brought down with a chopping movement along the side of the ball, and back spin is imparted by a chopping stroke that hits in back of and under the ball.

The service is an important weapon that is too often neglected in women's tennis. It is a stroke that takes more out of a girl than probably any other except the smash, because she must reach overhead to make it, and for that reason it has been slighted.

When the girl has been well-grounded in the fundamentals it is time to think about her playing in tournaments. Competition is a splendid thing to improve your game. It gives you an incentive to do better in order to win and, by playing against players better than yourself, you are bound to improve. But the harmful part of tournament play is that it creates such a desire to win that the young player often neglects to correct faults in her game.

For this reason, I think it is best that young girls and boys do most of their playing with a coach or father and not enter too many tournaments. Practicing with an instructor is not nearly so attractive as trying to win tournaments, but the instructor will see that none of the strokes is neglected, and this will make for a far more rounded game.

It is particularly desirable that the girl player play against men as much as possible, for such practice will prepare her to go up against speed without being bothered by it. Mixed play will also benefit her footwork, because a man is so much faster on his feet that a girl must hurry in order to be in a position to return his shots. Against men players, too, the girl will build up a defense against a wider variety of strokes.

Ninety-nine to One

Miss Wills back in 1925 and 1926 learned what valuable training it was to play against men. In both of these years she was defeated by Elizabeth Ryan at Seabright simply because she could not handle Miss Ryan's teasing drop shots. From then on the California girl began to practice almost entirely with men, and her footwork and speed of stroke improved so much that the next time she met Miss Ryan she was able to defeat her without any trouble.

Championship tennis, like genius, is one per cent inspiration and ninety-nine per cent perspiration. Being the daughter of a champion gives Adriane no advantage over any other girl except that I can steer her in the right direction and see that she lays a sound foundation for her game. Any father or mother who will follow out faithfully the methods and procedure I have set down in this article can give to daughter or son a similar advantage.

Perhaps ten years hence, in the national championship, Adriane will meet the daughter of someone who has read these lines. If so, may the best player win, and if it should be the other man's daughter, it would be a great deal of satisfaction to me to know that my advice had contributed in any way to her success.

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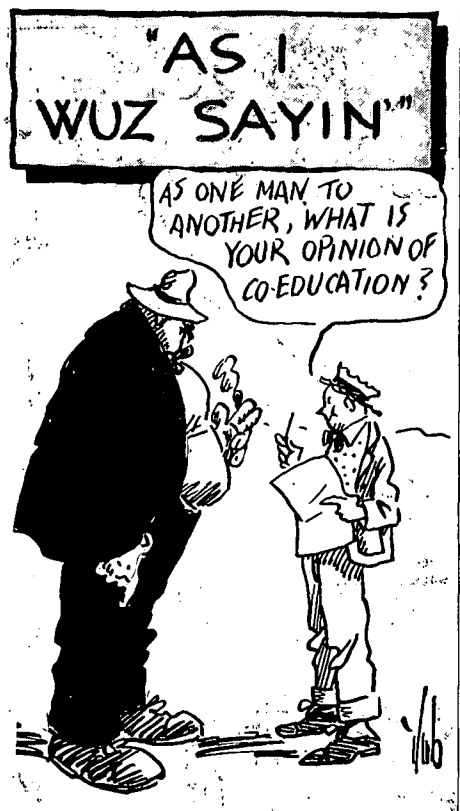

"They used to say, wrote Ez Pash in a letter to his son, who's croonin' his way thru college, that in the Spring a feller's fancy turned to thoughts o' love.

•

"I realize, he wrote, that that wuz before the days o' the closed car.

•

"Jest the same, a little advice won't hurt. To begin with, all women are diff'rent, an' it's no use tryin' to understand 'em. But remember this:

•

"Most women like to see a man smoke cigars. But no woman likes strong smoke floatin' round her.

•

"It'll pay you to switch to rocky fords. They're mild an' pleasant. And since they only cost a nickel you'll stand a better chance o' bein' able to pay fer seats in the orchestry."

NO SCRAPS . . . NO DUST
NO SWEEPINGS
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Finest Long Filler

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Rocky Ford

WHEN IT'S GOT THE STUFF . . . A NICKEL'S ENOUGH

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The Finisher

Continued from page 9

overwhelming defeat. Then the printed words were on the page again and old Jack's head was up; up high, and a battle light was in his eyes. Roaring Shore, eh? All right. On this final drive of his for the Open, he'd do more than win; he'd even an old, old score.

"I see they've chosen Roaring Shore," said young Jack.

"Yes," said old Jack.

"You played there once, didn't you?" continued the boy.

"Yes, I played there once," said the father.

"Then if you know the course, that'll help," said the boy.

"Yes," agreed old Jack slowly. "That'll help."

That night Jack Clemmens sat long in thought. He had promised his boy that he should see him play; he had never broken a promise to him and yet, as the night wore on and he sat there, he knew that for the first time he would not keep his word. Roaring Shore. . . . The chances. . . . And his son there to see him.

The next day he sent a letter to the president of the steamship company who had promised to see young Jack Clemmens started in the merchant marine. Later that week young Jack came in where the older Jack was sitting, and in his hand was a letter, and on his face was a look of commingled pride and concern.

"I've got a letter from the company," said the boy. "They want me to go to sea right away. They say they've got a place for me, and that if I go now, I can get a chance at the China job that much sooner, later in the year."

"Fine!" said old Jack Clemmens.

"But," said the boy, "it means that I'll be away in the summer and won't see you win!"

For a moment old Jack sat silent. Then he rose and took the boy's hand.

"Grown up now," he said. "Your mother would be proud of you. And all I'll be doing is just whacking at a ball."

"But I want to see you do it!" said the boy.

"I'll cable you," said old Jack, and put an arm about the boy's shoulder.

IN THE first round of the Open Championship at Roaring Shore, a grim, unsmiling Jack Clemmens shot the long, heavily trapped course in three strokes under par. In the second round he was two under par. At the end of the second round, the halfway mark of the championship, he led the nearest of the field by four strokes.

Twice had he managed to get by The Finisher. Twice more must he face it.

The wrenching, shattering thing to Jack Clemmens was that, after twenty years, the final hole of Roaring Shore possessed all the terror that it had in that far-away time when he would awaken, repeatedly awaken, from the dream that he was driving, always driving a ball that fell into the sea.

Automatically he acknowledged the greetings of half a hundred well-wishers and was going toward the clubhouse when a youth, coming from the big press tent, called his name.

"I've got a telegram for you, Mr. Clemmens."

Somebody wishing him good luck, thought Jack. If they knew what he knew, he'd need it. He opened the telegram.

JUST LANDED STOP COMING DOWN ON EVENING TRAIN TO SEE YOU WIN TOMORROW. JACK

Three times old Jack Clemmens read the message before its meaning registered in his dulled brain. The boy was not in China. He was here; would be here in several hours. Had come, somehow, from China to see him win. Win . . . and The Finisher twice more to be faced.

Then The Finisher had gone into the limbo of forgotten things and Jack Clemmens was smiling, whispering a hundred little things, beaming with tears in his eyes. His boy—his boy Jack—was coming; would be with him soon.

The radiance vanished. Something touched him as with an icy finger. If The Finisher got him now, with Jack watching. . . . He shook it off. It couldn't, it mustn't. There must be no such thing as The Finisher now that the boy was here.

THE boy came, and the heart of old Jack Clemmens was near to bursting with joy and pride. How the boy had grown! How well he looked in that blue suit and white cap. His boy! Boy? A grown man.

"I had a chance to make the voyage because they were short-handed," said the boy. "In a week a new ship's going out and I'll go with her. So I came. Gee, but I'm glad to see you!"

So was old Jack Clemmens glad, introducing the boy over and over to his friends. His boy. Pride was on his face like sunshine on a mountain peak. It was only when he was alone in his room that the radiance faded. Sleep did not come to him until morning.

When he teed off on that final day of the championship—on the morning's eighteen holes, with eighteen more to be played that afternoon—the gallery was massed row on row about him. The gallery loves a winner. Among those of the front rank was a youth now grown to manhood, tanned, in a blue suit and white cap. In the youth's eyes was the look of one who sees dreams come true. He was seeing his father for the first time in the Open, and it was his father's year.

Hole after hole that morning the look on the boy's face lasted, while the gallery voiced its critical approval. Jack Clemmens was playing sound, steady golf; the sort of golf at this point that wins championships. Now he was one over par, now even, now one under; now par again, now one over. And, one over, he came to the tee of the eighteenth hole; walked out to the high, jutting, surf-fringed tee of The Finisher.

Had anyone been standing close to Jack Clemmens he might have heard him breathing; but no one was that close. He turned as though to look out to sea, and in that moment closed his eyes; he turned back and stared up the course.

He drove. Straight for where he had put his two former drives, well out on the fairway, the ball sped and then, halfway in its flight, it seemed to falter; recover, and then to falter again. Then, like a mount tired past all urging, it fell away from its true course, veered, and went plunging wide of the fairway down into the sea.

A gasp went up from the gallery, a quickening murmur that burst into tongue, to be stilled, to go lifting again.

Into the sea! He'd dubbed it. He'd driven into the sea. He'd . . .

Along the sickle-shaped course the tournament marshals strove frantically to keep the gallery back.

"Back! Back!" they cried and waved arms. "Get way back and give him a chance to play it. Get way back and give him a chance. *Back!* It went right down here, Jack. Here's the line."

They peered over the cliff edge. Water. Water below, lapping the base of the cliff. No ball.

Jack Clemmens, face a mask, dropped a new ball over his shoulder upon the fairway. He made a slow, deliberate shot—and the ball went wildly hooking, out and out above turbulent waters . . . down . . . down . . . gone.

The gallery crackled, sputtered, went off like firecrackers.

"Blown!" it cried. "He's gone! Old Jack Clemmens is gone!"

"Quiet!" shrilled the marshals. "Quiet, please. Quiet! And keep back there!"

Old Jack swung. The ball, half topped, went bounding up the course, across the course, to go plumping behind a tree.

"Blown!" said the gallery. "All gone."

Somehow he got out from behind the tree. Somehow, ages later, he got onto the green, got his final putt down. And the gallery went off into firecrackers again, exploding words.

"A nine—or was it a ten? Awful. All washed up. Five strokes now behind the leaders. Not a chance. Too bad. Well, I sort of felt . . ." Around and around milled the gallery, holding garrulous post mortem.

THROUGH the gallery went old Jack Clemmens—and young Jack. Father and son, shoulder to shoulder. And now that the thing was over, now that The Finisher had had its will of him, had exercised its spell of twenty years, blazing wrath consumed old Jack. That he had let this happen; that he had broken while his boy looked on; that he had smashed into fragments his boy's belief in him. No dulled look in his eyes now. Blazing, consuming wrath for the failure that he had been.

The boy, thrusting himself as a buffer between his father and what his father must be thinking, plunged into words. Words not of golf but of the farthest thing removed from golf, his own distant adventurings. Up to the clubhouse, into it, all through the lunch hour, he talked of himself and the sea, headlong words at first, then words, any words. The father drank in every word, and fury grew within him that he had let such a fine boy down. He knew what the lad was trying to do . . . that the words were shock absorbers . . . that he was just talking on and on.

"It was a low tide. Then we ran aground," the boy was saying. "A minus tide and we grounded hard, but by lightering the cargo we managed to get her clear." He slackened. He, like the ship of which he told, had run aground. He snatched at anything. "And say—minus tides—there's going to be one here, along this coast. It was low tide when we made port yesterday, and according to the tide tables it'll be even lower today. You know, Dad, I notice these things now without thinking. Minus tides, they call them, when they are extra low. It'll beach a lot of jellyfish and rout the crabs out of their holes."

"Minus tide, eh?" said his father.

"Yes, it'll uncover a lot of beach for people who are interested in poking around, looking for starfishes and sea urchins and that sort of thing."

(*Continued on page 48*)

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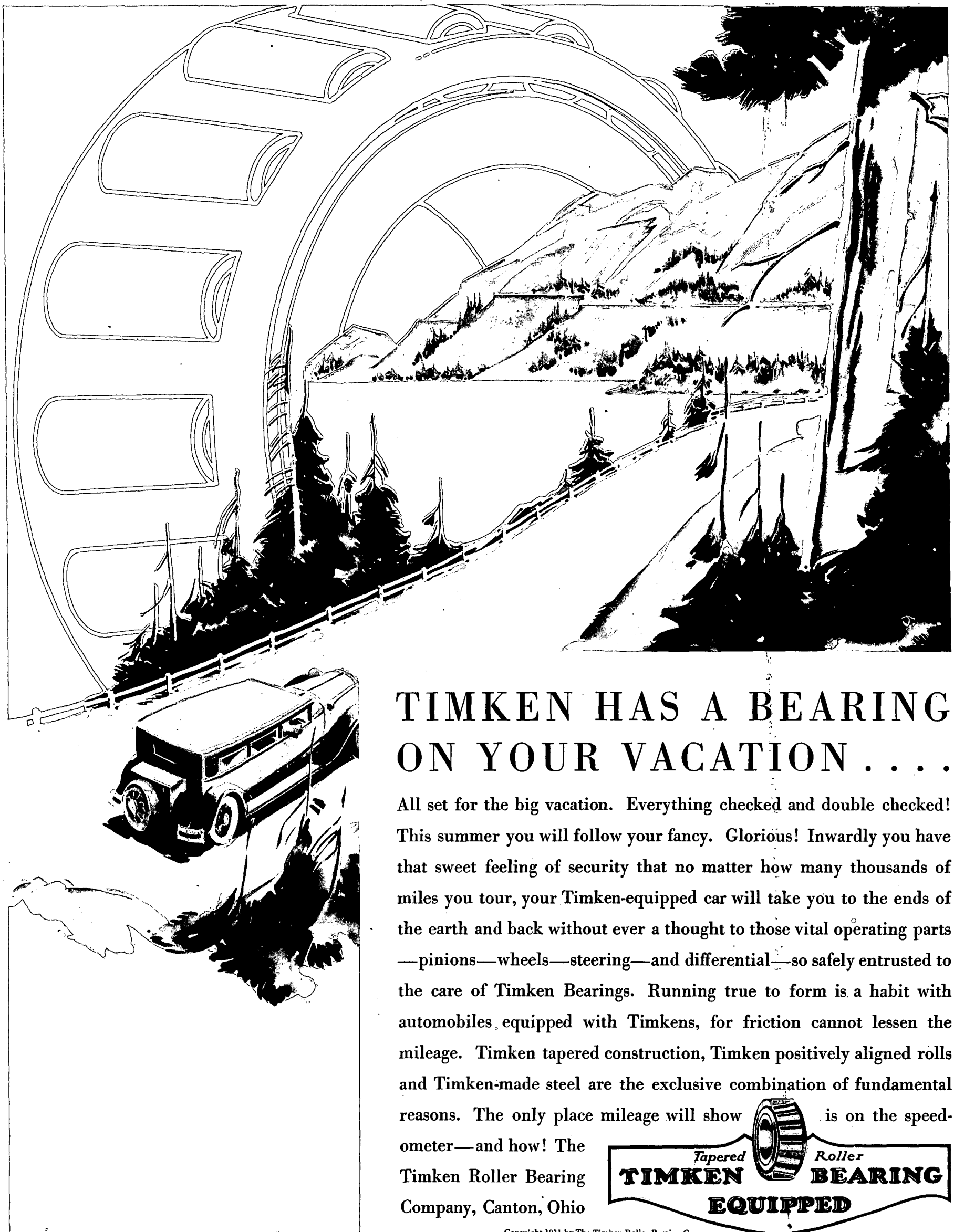

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From lip to lip the story flashes

WORD passed from man to man that the shock-absorbing Probak blade revolutionized shaving with a double-edge safety. Men everywhere—thousands upon thousands of them—suddenly began using this blade and enjoying a new shaving comfort.

Sales mounted—broke records—astonished the industry and swept Probak into the spotlight of overwhelming popularity. And still the news continues to flash from lip to lip—the praise of millions recruiting new millions to the vast galaxy of enthusiastic Probak users.

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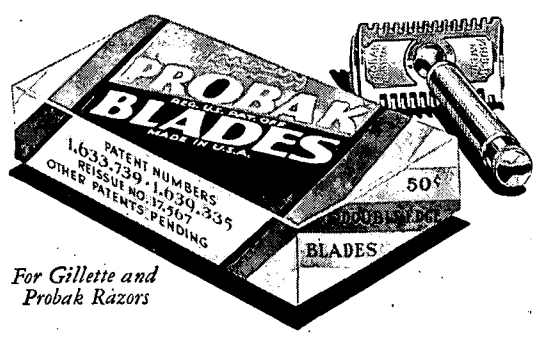

For Gillette and Probak Razors

PROBAK BLADES

MADE BY THE GAISMAN PROCESS

The Finisher

Continued from page 46

"Minus tide and an uncovered beach, eh?" said old Jack Clemmens. The blaze was mounting in his eyes.

"Yes. They—"

Someone stopped at the table to wish him luck, and somewhere a clock chimed. The afternoon was calling....

"Time we were going. Got to be on the tee. Mustn't disappoint our public." Old Jack Clemmens grinned a swift, bitter, fleeting grin. And a battle light was in his eyes.

The boy returned the grin.

As they rose from the table the father strolled to a window that overlooked the cliffs and the sea. The Finisher. With seeming casualness his eyes took it in.

"Look," said the boy, "the tide's going out now."

"Yes," said the father, and they threaded their way through the tables to the door.

THEY arrived at the first tee, and where, that morning, there had been a thronging gallery, now there was but a mere sprinkling of spectators. People love a winner. They had swept on ahead to watch the half dozen who were now fighting it out for the championship.

Yes, people love a winner. On the third green that afternoon Jack Clemmens rammed down his second successive long putt for his second successive birdie, and the news went electrically around. The old boy was back on his game again. Too late, of course, and too bad; only a flash; he couldn't last, not after the smashing he had got at the final hole. What hole did you say the likely winner was playing? Fringes of late arrivals hurried past to overtake the main herd.

At the sixth the report went crackling that Jack Clemmens had just missed an eagle; at the tenth that he had bagged another birdie; at the twelfth that he had bagged another. The news went roaring. This was no flash; he was burning up the course. He was playing as no one had ever seen him play, with a fire and a fury and a recklessness beyond all comprehension, yet chill, detached, striding the fairway as though he strode the world alone.

Of course he couldn't make it; two of those on ahead were also burning up the course, fighting it out for the championship. Old Jack would have a chance only if they slipped, and they weren't the slipping kind. And in the end he had The Finisher to face. Word of the twenty-year-old spell that The Finisher had cast on Jack Clemmens had gone bubblingly around; had gone humming over the wires. A feature story.

At the fifteenth Jack Clemmens collared another birdie. And the news came spinning back that one of the two leaders had wabbled; the other was still going strong but was showing the strain.

Chunks of the gallery came streaking back to where Jack Clemmens came flailing on. Impossible to think of his making it, but this dying attack of his. . . . In a great horseshoe of jammed humanity they banked about the sixteenth green.

Par.

The thousands broke away and thundered to the short, treacherous, ocean-girt seventeenth, the marshals shrieking at them, shoving, tugging at their guard ropes.

Another par.

The gallery was wholly out of hand. It fought its way along the forest side of The Finisher, the marshals ordering it back and all but weeping in their efforts. Far away up the sickle-shaped course other thousands crammed about the green.

Old Jack Clemmens and the player with whom he was paired strode out to the final tee that hung above the sands, and as they did so the news came booming back that the leader had finished. Insane gallery questioning—insane answers.

It would take . . . It would take a four, a birdie four, for Jack Clemmens to tie, an eagle to win. An eagle on The Finisher where none had ever been made before. On the hole where he had blown. . . .

Old Jack Clemmens strode out to the tee of that final hole and he looked about him as though all that he had done before was but a smashing through to get where he stood now. He stared straight toward the distant hole, looking not along the curving fairway but straight toward it from that high tee across a beach of hard, shimmering sand, pooled here and there with splashes of still, rock-cupped water.

No longer a roaring shore. The sea had gone back and back. No thundering surf beating at the cliff's base. Clean, hard sand and flat, rocky pools, stretching out and out.

Minus tide.

And Jack Clemmens, teeing up, drove.

For an instant there was silence, and then a mighty, discordant cry went rolling up. All over! He had driven into the sea.

A new cry rose. No! He had . . . He had driven onto the beach. Tremendous drive. He was going to . . . He was going to play it from . . .

The gallery stampeded. Marshals were trampled under. A quarter-mile-long line, row on row deep, swept across fairway to the cliff rim and goggled down.

And Jack Clemmens, looking neither to one side nor the other, swung down the cliff, stalked across hard, flat sand, and came to where his ball had stopped on that sand not a yard away from a deep pool.

By not a shade did he change expression as he saw where that ball had stopped.

Club in hand, he looked up and away across the beach toward the green. He swung: The ball rose slowly; rose faster; up, and up; higher, higher; cleared the far cliff rim, vanished.

And the roar, the mighty, shaking roar that welled skyward told where it had landed.

To this day those about the green maintain that it did not miss the pin by a span as it went on to stop a dozen feet away.

JACK CLEMMENS came from off the sands, and in a tenseness so great that men put teeth on knuckles and others shut their eyes or looked away, he made that putt. Made the impossible; made the eagle three.

And yet not the impossible. Said he, gripping his boy Jack when, after a time, the insane pandemonium had died somewhat and he, the Open champion, could make himself heard:

"With you watching me, boy, I couldn't have done otherwise." And added, looking oddly at his son, "Do you know, for a minute I thought that your mother was standing there beside you, watching me, too."

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Keep Up with the World!

By Freling Foster

Macao, Portugal's two-square-mile city-island at the mouth of the Canton River, China, is today the most sinful spot on earth. Its chief business is to exploit every vice—opium-smoking, fantan, roulette, lotteries, liquor, sing-song girls—for the crowds from Hong Kong and other near-by cities.

One of the world's most valuable cabinets was procured recently by a New York company from the Museum of Arts and Crafts in Moscow, where it had been insured for $250,000. Fourteen craftsmen and many assistants worked for 10 years to complete its inlay work of precious stones.

The length of time that animals carry their young before birth varies considerably: In elephants it is 21 months, camels 12 months, horses 11 months, pigs 16 weeks, dogs 9 weeks and cats 8 weeks.

Strange things happen to substances under tremendous pressure; for example, water heated to 180 degrees Fahrenheit has been frozen quickly by a pressure of 145 tons per square inch.

In Tibet the customary method of greeting is to stick out the tongue and the legitimate marital relationship still is polyandry, the joint husbands of the woman usually being brothers.

Tristan da Cunha, a tiny island in the middle of the South Atlantic, is the most isolated and loneliest spot on the globe. Ships no longer stop there and the 130 inhabitants, who do not possess or need money, have no communication or connection with the outside world.—*By Grace M. Hicks, Newberg, Ore.*

Among American factory employees today, 50% are on a piece-work bonus or other "merit" system of compensation and the remaining 50% are on a straight wage scale.

In Africa, the Trans-African Motor Safaris recently started the world's longest bus service which runs from Juba to Cape Town and requires about 8 weeks to make the 4,900-mile journey.—*By Dudley J. De Munn, Buffalo, N. Y.*

In 1930, as in 1929, the United States retained its title as the world's leading banker by lending $862,200,000 to foreign countries, which was 55% more than the $557,600,000 that was underwritten by Great Britain.

Mount Athos, a monastic republic within Greece, is 40 miles long and 5 miles wide and contains 20 monasteries and 9,000 monks, and has not permitted a woman or female animal to enter its boundaries for 900 years.

Insulin is used now to increase the weight of thin persons because of the enormous appetite which it produces.

America leads all other countries today in the use of narcotics for medicinal purposes, requiring 245 milligrams of morphine per capita annually against 152 for Europe, 24 for Africa and 8 for Asia.

English is not only the commercial language of China and Japan today but its study is required in nearly all high schools and colleges of both countries.

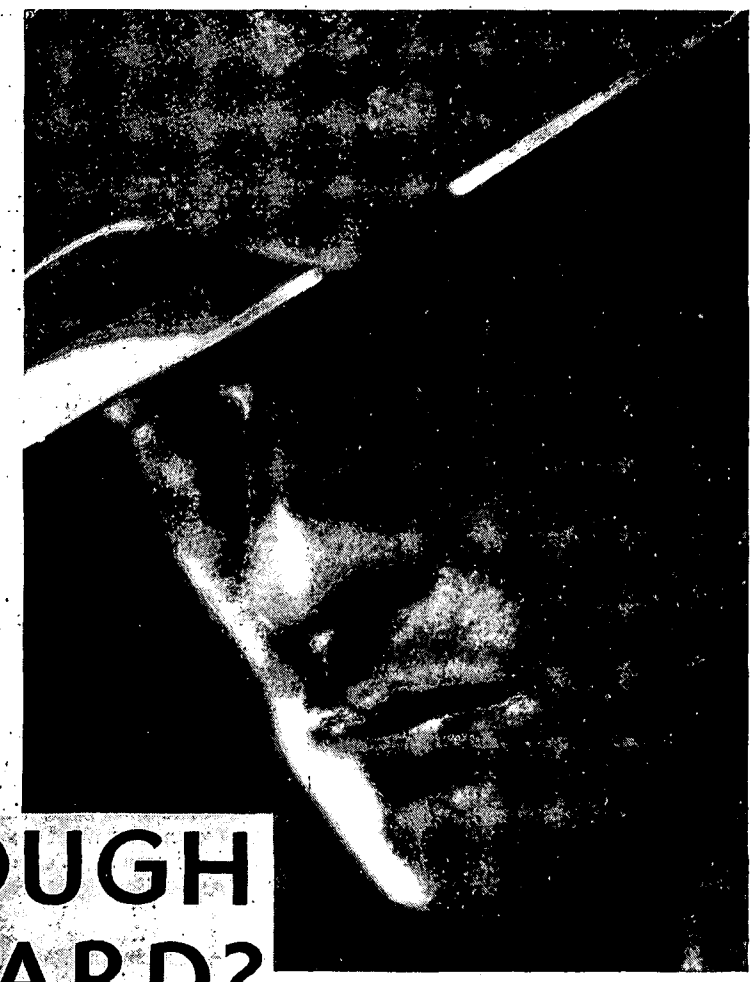
Afghanistan, Iceland and Liberia are still without railroads.

Virtually every family in The Netherlands and Switzerland owns and uses a bicycle.

Xenon is the rarest gas in the world, only 1 part of it being found in 170,000,000 parts of air.

In Scotland, juries not only render verdicts of Guilty and Not Guilty, but also a third known as "Not Proven," which releases the accused from further proceedings without necessarily freeing him from the stigma of moral guilt.—*By Albert E. Angus, Pittsburgh, Pa.*

Collier's will pay $1 each for unusual facts accepted for this column. Give precise source of information. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.



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... But there's one cream that can help you—because it's the *one* cream specifically made for you:—That cream is Mennen.

The lather looks like other lathers. But its action—that's another story! For Mennen contains specially processed *tristearin* ($C_{18}H_{35}O_2)_3$ C_3H_5. And it's that ingredient which builds the special "tough beard" lather—lather that can wilt the toughest whisker, tame the bristliest beard. Use hot or cold, hard or soft water—no difference—you get a clean, comfortable, shave!

While You Shave—A Cleansing Treatment! Mennen lather—which softens the toughest hairs—also penetrates into the pores and there softens the imbedded dirt and grease deposits. Those deposits are the cause of most skin ailments—pimples, blackheads, muddy skin... As you wash off the lather, you flush out the pores. You leave your skin clean—healthy!

P. S. *Have you tried Mennen Skin Balm after your shave? It's non-greasy, antiseptic and styptic. What a morning tonic for your skin! How it cools! And how it stimulates!*

FOR TOUGH BEARDS

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BUSINESS OF CATCHING THE 7:48 . . . .

The fabulous American breakfast of pancakes, apple pie and doughnuts is all right for the leisure class. Most of our friends, however, take their orange juice and coffee on the run.

They are the people the Enders Razor is really built for! This bantam-weight little gadget has knocked all the overtime out of the morning shave. Gone is the lengthy, impressive ritual at which one's kiddies crowd into the bathroom and exclaim, "Lookit daddy's muscle!"

Daddy just *wipes off* the lather and stubble with his slick Enders Razor and one of those sweet-tempered Enders Blades. You can't believe how easy it is until you've tried it for yourself. It's really worth a dollar to find out. Enders Razor Co., Inc., 105 W. 40th St., N. Y.

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Enclosed find $1.00. Send me, postage prepaid, an Enders Razor and 6 blades.

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"Now I'll tell one, Scheherazade"

Continued from page 17

The damosel looked upon the Wazir even as Anis al-Jalis looked upon Nur al-Din, and found him pleasing to her sight.

Quoth the damosel, extending her hand: "How do you do, Mister McGuinness?" And the Wazir answered her, saying: "I always feel fine."

No further words passed between them that day. But the morning of the next day, the Wazir entered into the presence of the damosel as she sat at her writing machine.

Said he: "The Boss wants the reports on this month's take. Are they ready?"

"Not quite," she said, smiling. "I'm just finishing. Won't you wait?"

He said: "Might as well."

After a pause: "Have you worked for the boss very long?"

"Just a week. But I have to get another job now."

"Why?"

"Mister Scarafina wants me to go out with him tonight. I'm not going."

"Why not?" And then, cynically, "Wasn't the offer tempting enough?"

She frowned: "What do you mean?"

"Nothing much. Some of 'em ask for dough. Some want rocks; some want clothes; some want a swell car and an apartment on the Avenue. The Boss has fallen hard for you. Guess you could have 'em all."

Frigidly: "I wouldn't walk across the street with Sam Scarafina for all the money he could steal in the next hundred years. Here are the reports."

She reached for coat and hat. "Tell Mr. Scarafina to look for another steno."

"Where are you going?"

"Job-hunting. Sorry I met you. G'bye."

NOW, it came to pass that when the Wazir informed Caliph Scarafina of what had happened, the Caliph waxed exceeding wrathy. Quoth he: "Let her look for work awhile. She'll change her mind." And the Wazir, answering, said: "Oh, forget it, Boss. Stick to show-girls. That kid's out of your line." But the Caliph's heart was full of desire for this damosel and none other. Quoth he: "I want that one and I'm going to get her. I'll get her even if I have to marry her!" Whereupon the Wazir sadly shook his head. In very truth, Al'-Adil the Just once remarked: "There are three kinds of women: firstly, the true-believing, heaven-fearing, love-ful and fruitful who helpeth her mate against fate, not helping fate against her mate; secondly, she who loveth her children, but no more; and, lastly, she who is a shackle Allah setteth on the neck of whom he will." But the Wazir's own countrymen have a proverb which saith: "There are two kinds of women: bad women and women who would like to be bad."

Thinking these thoughts, the young Wazir Joseph McGuinness was startled to find himself very much downcast. So heavy of heart was he that he declined to accompany Caliph Scarafina across the River to get a caravan load of Buzah. Instead, he wandered moodily about the corridors of the Caliph's palace trying to forget the beauteous damosel, Laura Shaughnessy.

That evening the Wazir appeared at the Shaughnessy cottage. Standing at the portal, he addressed himself to the damosel:

"Did you find a job?"

She stiffened: "That's rather personal, isn't it?"

He ignored that. "You didn't," he said coolly. "But I've got a job for you."

"Tell your boss I've had quite enough of his jobs."

"He doesn't know anything about this. I did it on my own hook. It's a good job in a wholesale house. The guy who owns the place is strictly on the level, too. How about it, sister?"

Laura's chin lifted: "Oh, so you want to take me out, too?"

His voice was harsh. "Kid," he said, "I wouldn't walk across the street to pick you up if I'd just got out of stir."

"Thanks. Then what's the idea?"

The Wazir considered that, very ill at ease; he said, finally, "Search me. I guess I just thought you ought to have a job."

She relented: "I'd be glad of any work that didn't have strings tied to it," she told him.

"There aren't any tied to this, sister."

Slowly: "I believe you."

THUS it came to pass that Laura Shaughnessy found a new place to work. And being wiser in the ways of love than the young Wazir, she invited him to dinner one evening that she and her mother might thank him for his assistance. They dined not on baklawah, nor nabak from Rhamus Nabeca; nor did they have toasted ortolans and rice dressed with saffron and honey. But know, oh Scheherazade, the first rare essences of dawning love flavored the beefsteak and fried potatoes.

Having dined, the Wazir and the damosel went riding in a shining coach drawn by seventy invisible horses. In this manner they repaired to a palace such as the Caliph Al-Muktadi ibn Amri'llah might have designed, were he overfull of wine. Here they sat in darkness while the shadows of men and girls emerged from drums of tin and made merry on a silver screen. These shadows, talking and laughing and sometimes weeping, enacted a tale of high romance.

The heart of the damosel was touched, and she said: "I wish you were anything but what you are." And the Wazir said, "I shouldn't have come to see you. Women are poison to me." Whereat the damosel made answer, saying: "I'm going to be good for you." But the Wazir smiled grimly, remarking: "Nope; you're going to be very bad for me if I don't leave you alone."

This speech puzzled the damosel, who asked him why, and he replied: "I've got myself into the racket, sister, and there isn't any backing out of that. Besides, what would the Boss say if he knew I had a date with you?" To this the damosel, being possessed of red hair, made answer: "You're not afraid of Sam Scarafina, are you?" Whereupon the young Wazir, being a man of his word, said to the damosel: "Yes, I am." She was provoked with him for this unheroic speech, but he only shook his head and spoke in this wise: "The Boss may get knocked off one of these days, and then I can quit. But until then I don't think I'd better have any more dates with you."

Alas, the poor young Wazir did not realize that he had embarked on still another course from which there was no withdrawal. Love overcame this caution and thrice during the space of a week did he visit the damosel, Laura Shaughnessy.

Word of the Wazir's actions traveled on buzzards' tongues to the Caliph Scarafina. He forthwith summoned the Wazir and addressed him, saying: "What's this I hear about you and the

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little red-head?" And the Caliph's evil countenance was bilious with suspicion. But the young Wazir put on a bold face and answered him casually: "Thought I'd see what I could do to help you out, Boss. You didn't seem to be making much headway." This speech mollified the Caliph somewhat, but he grumbled: "You didn't say anything to me about it." As to that, the Wazir had a ready answer: "Didn't want you kidding me if she gave me the air, Boss. I'm careful of my rep."

So, in this manner, did Joseph McGuinness disarm the suspicion of the Caliph, who said, "Well, are we going to have any luck?" And the Wazir made reply: "Leave it to me. I'm talking you up to her. She likes you. She just didn't want you to get the idea that she was easy."

Listening, the fatuous Caliph was well pleased. Quoth he: "That's swell. The kid's got me all steamed up, no fooling! I'm gonna throw a big birthday party out to the Shack next Friday night—you bring her; see, Joe?" The Wazir sought to beg off from this test of his truthfulness, but perceiving that the Caliph's face looked like a stone about to sweat, he agreed to bring the damosel to the party.

Now, it so happened that news of the friendship between Joseph McGuinness and Laura Shaughnessy traveled to another quarter of the city and reached the ears of a certain police captain named Patrick Moriarty.

Mark well, oh Scheherazade, that this Patrick Moriarty was one of several police captains in the city who had not sold his honor to the Caliph Scarafina. For thus refusing to acquiesce in the Caliph's misdeeds, Captain Moriarty had been transferred to a district lying on the extreme outer boundary of the city which was called "the sticks." There he was powerless to interfere with the Caliph and his thieves.

Police Captain Moriarty had an added reason for hating the Caliph. A short time before, three of the Caliph's men had most foully murdered one of the Captain's friends, a lowly patrolman named Matthew Burke. The Captain had arrested the guilty men, but owing to the sinister machinations of Caliph Scarafina, the murderers had gone free in the courts.

BUT it was not hatred against the Caliph so much as friendship for the damosel, Laura Shaughnessy, which caused the Captain to seek her out in the market place where she labored. The damosel's father had been a police lieutenant and greatly esteemed by Captain Moriarty. Hence, the damosel and the Captain held converse as follows:

"Sure an' it's sorry I am to hev to speak to ye about this matter, Miss Laura. But ye're headed fer sorrow an' sufferin' when ye trail with a punk loike Joe McGuinness."

"So everybody tells me, Captain Moriarty. They just don't know Joe."

"Phut! I know um. I know um fer wan av Scarafina's murtherin' hellions."

She shook her head. "Joe has never done anything like that, Captain. He thought Scarafina was just a business man when he went to work for him. Joe was to be his secretary."

The Captain was skeptical: "Now, Miss Laura," he said, "ye don't mean to be tellin' me ye swallered sech lies? Sure, now, is the bye jest a poor, innercent lamb?"

"No; he doesn't pretend to be. When he found out Scarafina's real business, he should have quit. But by that time he knew too much. Joe is human; he wants to live."

Captain Moriarty, being an honest man, was obliged to admit: "Well, I'll say this fer the bye; I ain't never pegged um as a killer, but that's neither here nor there, Miss Laura. The p'int is—where does a nice girrul like you come in?"

Sadly: "I don't know. I shouldn't have let myself fall in love with him, but I did."

"It's a bad business. Ye'd better fall out av love with um. An' soon."

"I've tried, but I can't! I love him too much."

The Captain swallowed an oath: "That lousy, murtherin' Dago! Are ye sure the bye would pull loose if he wasn't afraid av bein' put on the spot?"

"I know he would! He's sick of it."

"Listen—tell ye whut I'll do. You send the bye out to me fer a talkin'-to. There's plenty av places you an' him can go fer a fresh start, where the Dago's killers can't find ye."

"I'll ask him. And oh, Captain dear, if you could only persuade him to do it, I'd be so thankful!"

BUT when the damosel proposed to the Wazir that he leave town under the protection of Police Captain Moriarty, the Wazir sighed and said: "That's not the right answer. I'm no rat." So Laura Shaughnessy said: "We can't go on like this, Joe; we've got to do something." He was silent for a space, then he replied: "Maybe the Boss will get over his pash for you. Maybe I can find some way of easing out of the mob. If we don't get the breaks, I guess I'll have to make them." Startled by the grimness in his face, she demanded to know what he meant by making the breaks. But he declined to explain.

Now, as the day of the Caliph's birthday party drew nigh, that villainous ruler reminded his Wazir of the promise concerning the damosel. Quoth he, "You're gonna bring her, ain't you, Joe?" At first the Wazir said: "Her mother's sick; don't think she'll be able to come." But the Caliph's yellow face became a mottled red, and he said, too quietly: "You haven't been two-timing me, have you, Joe?" So the Wazir hastened to make answer: "Nothing like that, Boss. I'll bring her."

On the day of the Caliph's party, the Wazir entered into the presence of the damosel and spoke these words:

"Hon, I wish you'd do me a favor." And the damosel answered him, saying: "Of course. What is it?" So the poor Wazir was obliged to confess all that had transpired between the Caliph and himself concerning her. He finished his speech, saying: "I'm only asking you to be polite to him this one evening. If you don't—he'll know I've lied to him. And I'm not ready for a show-down just yet."

Laura Shaughnessy, realizing the menace hanging over them, said bravely: "Of course, I'll go with you, Joe. I'll make him think I'm going to fall for him. But what are you going to do if the show-down comes?" The Wazir continued to keep his own counsel, saying merely: "I'm going to keep you out of it."

Know, oh Scheherazade, that the birthday party of the Caliph Scarafina was a most resplendent affair. It took place in the Caliph's finest marble palace on the outskirts of the city. Five hundred guests were bidden, and none refused the Caliph's invitation. His Honor, the Mayor; great numbers of aldermen and lesser officials; a dozen judges and numerous police commanders lent their presence to the occasion.

Smile not, oh Queen, when I say that the decorations of the Caliph's palace and the provender of the feast outdid in prodigality the maddest revels of the munificent Harun al Rashid himself. The guests walked on velvet car-

(Continued on page 52)

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(Continued from page 51)

pets strewn with orchids; a thousand dozen roses drenched the air with their perfume; and a hundred musicians played sweet music. There was sufficient Buzah, Bhang and Raki to appease the thirst of all the editorial writers on all the journals of the land, with enough left over to satisfy ten score of congressmen. Lobster salad there was in such abundance that three hundred stalwart slaves might have surfeited themselves thereon. The breast of turkey, imported hams and smoked tongues would have fed all the poor children in the city to the fullest extent of their dreams.

Now, in the midst of all this magnificence strode the Caliph Scarafina. Diamonds bedecked his hands, and pearls his shirtfront; he smelled mightily of tuberose perfume. His pockets were filled with cigars which had cost their weight in gold. These he bestowed right and left, smoking himself a rare brand which had cost twice their weight in gold. Nor did he smoke any past the band, but lighted a fresh one ere the full glory of its predecessor came to bloom.

THUS it happened that the Caliph went marching through the crowded rooms of his palace until he found the damosel, Laura Shaughnessy. And as he saw her standing beside a tapestry which had cost many thousand cases of Buzah, he noted how her slender body and ravishing red head put to shame all the tapestries and statues and paintings he possessed. Then did the Caliph fully realize the strength of his desire, and he said: "If it ain't the kid! Say, girlie, I been looking everywhere for you. How about a little dance?" And the damosel made answer saying: "I'll be glad to, Mister Scarafina."

So they danced, not once, but thrice. And at the end of the third dance the wily Caliph arranged it so they were near a deserted anteroom. He addressed the damosel, saying: "I want to show you something, girlie." And he led her into the room. The damosel was sore afraid and appealed with her eyes to her beloved, Joseph McGuinness. The young Wazir nodded and started across the crowded ball-room.

Producing a wondrous necklace of diamonds, pearls, rubies and emeralds—in that land such a bauble was called "a bootlegger's dream"—the Caliph presented it to the damosel. Quoth he: "There's a lot more where this come from, girlie!"

The distraught damosel, knowing not what to do or say, accepted the necklace in silence. Mistaking her bewildered silence for surrender, the Caliph Scarafina put his arms about her in a veritable bear hug, saying: "I knew you'd get wise, girlie." Whereat the damosel made a muffled outcry and endeavored to free herself. And as they struggled, lo the young Wazir rushed into the room, saying: "Let her go!" Greatly astonished, the Caliph turned on him, blinking. Then said the Wazir to the damosel: "Get out of here! Quick!"

Now, all was made clear to the Caliph and he bellowed: "You double-crossing so-and-so! You're trying to get her yourself!" And he reached underneath his coat where he kept one of the instruments that speak death. But ere he drew it, the hard right fist of his Wazir crashed against the point of his chin. And lo, the potent Caliph Scarafina fell to the floor as one stricken unto death.

Then said the Wazir to his beloved: "Quick! We've got to get out of here."

Even as mortals flee the wrath of Satan, so did these two flee from the Caliph's palace. They fled in the Wazir's coach as fast as seventy invisible horses could speed. And as they rode, swifter than the wind, she said:

"I'm glad you did it, Joe. So glad!"

"You won't be," was his laconic answer.

She clutched his arm: "Joe, what do you mean? Do you think he will—"

"That cop friend of yours is in the Seventeenth, isn't he?"

"Yes, but— What are you going to do?"

"Never mind that now."

Speeding to the station house commanded by Police Captain Patrick Moriarty, the young Wazir delivered the damosel into his keeping. Quoth the Wazir: "Scarafina wants her, Cap. Better keep her at your house for a month or so; I guess you know about Scarafina's taxicab dates?" And the Captain answered, saying: "I'll be lookin' after her. Don't ye worry. But how about yerself?"

Joseph McGuinness gave a shrug of his broad shoulders. But he said nothing for fear the damosel would understand. And Captain Moriarty looked very grave, saying: "Ye'd better stay in my district." Alas, the damosel was given by Allah an intuition of that which was passing between the Wazir and the Police Captain. She threw herself on the young Wazir, saying: "He's not going to put you on the spot! You stay here, Joe! You stay here!"

Whereat the Wazir kissed her, saying: "I'll be all right. Don't worry. S'long."

Even so, she would have followed him from the police station, had not the Captain restrained her. Then great sobs shook her, and her mind became a nightmare of imaginings, so that the Captain was obliged to take her straightway to his home and place her in the care of his good wife.

Now, it came to pass that the villainous Caliph Scarafina quickly recovered from the blow his Wazir had dealt him. In the grip of a terrible rage, he summoned his thieves together and said to them: "Joe ain't right. He can't get well." Which, being interpreted, oh Queen, means that the young Wazir was to be put on the spot. There was much muttering among the Caliph's thieves when they received this order; many of them felt it was unjust. But none dared brook the wrath of the Caliph Scarafina. The only one who protested openly was a gunman named Charles Burley, who had been a good friend to Joseph McGuinness.

This man said to the Caliph: "The poor guy couldn't help it if he fell in love with your girl." But when the Caliph made answer: "That so? You want to do anything about it, Chick?" Charles Burley was as silent as the rest.

KNOW, oh Scheherazade, that it was the custom of men who fell out with Caliph Scarafina either to attempt flight from the city or to go into hiding.

The young Wazir did neither.

Instead, he sent a messenger to the Caliph's palace with a note which read as follows:

You big yellow, dough-bellied so-and-so. You don't have to put me on the spot. I'm going to walk on it myself. Tomorrow night I shall be walking on the north side of Dexter Street, between Eighteenth and Nineteenth streets. I intend to leave the west end of the block promptly at 11 P. M. and walk east to Eighteenth Street. Why don't you meet me? You know you're too yellow, you lousy so-and-so. You own every copper in the Ninth, so they won't interfere. But I suppose you'll send Tony and Steve and the Greek. Better send more than three this time, you dirty yellow so-and-so. Better make sure they get me because if they don't, I'm coming out to the Shack and blast you out of your bed.

JOE.

P. S.—I've sent copies of this note to the mob so they'll know just how yellow you can get.

When the Caliph Scarafina read this note, he frothed at the mouth and smashed statuary in the great hall of his palace. Summoning his killers, he said: "We'll take the big car. I'll go with you; I want to be there when he gets it."

But when the gunman Charles Burley read the Wazir's message, he showed no emotion whatever. Tucking it into his pocket, he set out to find the damosel, Laura Shaughnessy. Discovering that she was held a prisoner at the home of Police Captain Moriarty, he mailed her the note, adding: "When you get this, tomorrow night will mean tonight. Better stop Joe. It's curtains sure if he walks on the spot. He's to get it from a Lincoln with an Iowa license."

Receiving this news on the morning of the fatal day, the damosel was nigh unto distraction from anxiety. She ran immediately into the presence of Police Captain Moriarty, crying: "You've got to stop this! You've got to stop it!"

When the Captain read the Wazir's note, he smiled like unto a man who has waited a lifetime for such news. Misinterpreting his glee, the damosel went down on her knees, imploring him to forget his hatred of gangsters and save her lover. She took oath that unless he promised to save the young Wazir, she would go to that corner and make the last walk with Joe McGuinness. She cried aloud her detestation of this beautiful city in which she dwelt, saying: "I'd rather be dead than live in this hideous town! I can't stand the sight of people who let a beast like Scarafina rule them! Hell would be better than this town!"

But the good Captain answered her, saying: "Phut! Ye jest leave this to Patrick Moriarty!"

SO IT was, oh Scheherazade, that the young Wazir, armed with two pistols, walked forth on Dexter Street to meet his doom. So it was that the Caliph Scarafina, accompanied by five killers armed with machine guns, rode down to Dexter Street to slay the young Wazir.

But, lo!—as they turned the corner into Dexter Street in their black and shining coach, a chariot of dusty and bedraggled appearance swept alongside. Without a word being uttered, the men who rode in this chariot opened fire on Caliph Scarafina and his men. Tack-a-tack-tack-a-tack-tack-a-tack spoke the machine guns from the dusty chariot, so swiftly and with such deadliness that the Caliph and his men had no chance to reply. Their splendid coach crashed into a store front, and they all died the death.

Now, it was written in the journals of the city how the great Caliph Scarafina passed. Eyewitnesses reported that rival thieves, attired in stolen police uniforms, had ridden off in the dusty chariot that night. And this explanation seemed altogether plausible, since every policeman in the Ninth District could prove he was not there.

Allah be merciful unto Police Captain Patrick Moriarty! And, Allah, look with kindness upon the young Wazir, Joseph McGuinness, and Laura, his wife. Send to them in the city where they now reside many beautiful children and much happiness.

Just between us two, Scheherazade, old kid, don't they deserve it?

And the story teller, perceiving the dawn of day, ceased to say his permitted say.

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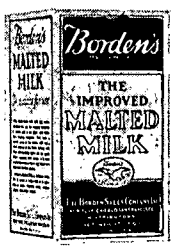

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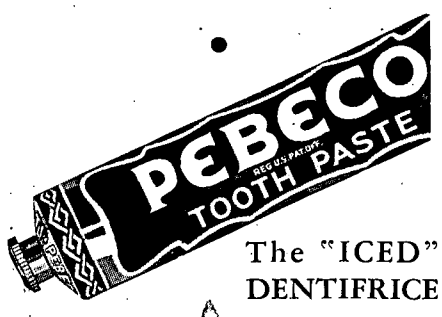

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All in the Family

Continued from page 21

She who had followed her act in the show until only a few weeks before my birth and who had returned to that act ten days afterward, had no power whatever; the father was the king of a circus family; no one could dispute him.

"It sounds cruel. Perhaps it was cruel. But it was my life, and I took it. Incidentally, it made me a star. I knew contortionism by the time I was four years old. I could tumble well by five. When I was fifteen, I was doing a double-trapeze act with my uncle and turning double somersaults into his hands. The only schooling I got was in the brief hours in which my grandmother was allowed to teach me my A B C's and to read and write. Geography I got from the countries I visited. The rest of my education came about through the burnishing of my native intelligence by constant rubbing against the world."

He paused then, watching two stockily built women in silk and tulle, awaiting their cue to enter the big top.

"See those sisters," my performer friend asked. "There's your difference between yesterday and today. They grew up in Spain, as members of a circus family. Neither of them can read or write. They went to England and married. One has a boy, the other a girl. The children were sent to English schools. The boy is in training now to be a civil engineer. The girl lives with relatives and ignores the circus. That happens often with circus families nowadays. The kids won't stand the discipline."

Thus, the circus family, as an American entity, faces extinction. It continues to thrive, however, in Europe, which now forms the supply base for the American tent-show. There the circus father does not worry about school, nor a weakening of his power as a family dictator. In addition, he is still able to augment his family from that of others by what was known in this country years ago as the apprentice system.

Baby Training

Apprenticing no longer exists here. Improved living conditions, improved laws, have made the system impossible. But in certain countries of Europe, poverty-ridden families still give their children to wandering mountebanks and never see them again. It means food and shelter for the child, but no money.

Under circus family rules, all of the money goes to the person owning the title. Sometimes that person is the father, sometimes the widowed mother, and sometimes it is an apprentice who has outlived his master and inherited the act. That name is the family fortune. The owner handles all the money, dispensing what he pleases. In Europe, as a rule, he pays only expenses.

The life of discipline and respect which a circus child must lead may give the impression that its lot is a cruel one. Strangely, it is not. There is no baby in the world that is so thoroughly beloved and pampered and yet held tightly in check as the child of the circus. It is the immediate concern of every childless couple in the show; the clowns feel it their personal duty to add to its amusement, the stars rarely go downtown between shows without bringing back some trinket, and a holiday or a birthday becomes one for that child alone.

In fact, a circus child's birthday is a matter of juvenile banditry. Through custom, the child goes from one performer to another, reminding him that another year has gone by, and that a present would be extremely acceptable. That is circus usage, and circus etiquette requires immediate response in money, dolls, cheap jewelry, a new dress—the child becomes for that day a general collection agency. Outside of practice hours, the circus baby and the circus child receive far more attention than the child of the outside world. But when the schooling for the act is on, all else must sink into the background.

True, there are few American circus babies now growing up into the business. However, the families continue to expand in isolated cases through another method. In this country there are historic circus towns: Bloomington, Illinois, where the Flying Wards come from; the Indiana town of the same name, whence came the Gentry Brothers' Dog and Pony Show; Washington Court House, Ohio; Cincinnati, Ohio; Kansas City, Missouri; and others. These towns at various times have either formed the wintering grounds of circuses, or they have been the birthplaces of various famed performers, with the result that youth has been trained on circus tradition. Boys and girls have grown up in these cities with ambition and circus schooling. When the time comes when, with parental consent, they can leave home, they are taken into the act as an integral part of it, even to the family name.

Incidentally, the job of carrying on that name is as important as with any other aristocracy. More important, in fact, for where only the natural obstacles are encountered in ordinary life, the circus provides the added ones of danger and accident.

When accident strikes in the present circus, the chances are that it strikes a member of a family. So when injury comes and a single person is carried out of the circus tent, a blow sometimes is struck at a dozen because an integral cog has been removed from the machinery of a family's performance.

All too often, disaster strikes at a whole family at once, through some apparently trivial thing which the audience has not even noticed. A weakened hook, for instance.

The performer fears these hooks more than any other physical menace in the circus. He fears the blocks and tackles too, and the ropes, and the nets which may bruise and burn or even kill him if he makes a bad fall into them. But he fears the guy hooks more. There is nothing to tell him when crystallization has occurred, changing them from trustworthy steel into dangerous pot-metal. Failure of a metal ring was responsible for the tragic death of Lillian Leitzel, world-famed aërialist, in Denmark recently.

It Looks Like Suicide

For years, in France, a troupe known as the Marcelle Family formed one of the features of various traveling circuses. Mother and father, son and daughter, the act was a favorite until one night in 1924 with the Zoo Circus. Then, all in an instant, it was wiped out.

The Marcelle Family did a flying act, where performers swing from one trapeze to another. Just as a concerted part of the flying routine was in progress, putting slightly more strain upon the rigging than usual, the whole network of metal bars which held the various trapezes in place slipped from position, throwing the performers into a jumbled heap below. Two were killed, and the other two permanently injured. A hook holding a main guy, or cable, had broken from crystallization, and a great circus name had vanished as a result.

But the performance goes on nevertheless. If it halted for danger, it would halt permanently. A performer friend of mine recently made the estimate that out of the personnel of a circus, at least thirty per cent continually suffered from the effects of accident. That, of course, does not mean that thirty per cent of the show is continually inactive. The average there runs less than one per cent. But it does mean that out of the whole show almost a third is paying for its act with greater or lesser degrees of pain; viewed by the circus, a little thing like a fractured collar bone or a broken rib is not considered sufficient excuse for giving up the act. As for an escape from death which has shaken nerves to absolute rawness—that's not even considered.

In one of the biggest shows is an act known as the Wallenda Family, which is a good synonym for the shivers. It is a wire-walking stunt, on a light cable stretched as high as possible in the tent. Upon this, the three men and a girl, or top mounter, cavort about, riding bicycles, walking in tandem and in threes, passing each other, trotting from one end of the cable to the other, and finally finishing the routine with an apparent attempt to commit suicide.

For Dear Life

The only protection for the finish of the act is a sort of a postage-stamp affair of canvas, the size of a fireman's net, which is held below by property men, and which follows the performers as they progress from one end of the canvas to the other. Finally, two of the Wallendas, each with their long balancing poles, affix a hooked affair to their shoulders, which, when it fits in place, becomes a rod of wood like that used in a bar act. Then, with this immovable connection between them, with their balancing poles weaving, they step forth upon the cable, while the men with the safety net move dubiously beneath them.

A few feet from the pedestal they halt, and the third man comes into action, climbing over his nearest partner and dragging a chair after him. The chair he places in the center of the bar of wood. Then, with much teetering, he stands on the chair. The girl comes out, climbs over the rear "understander," as he is called, wriggles her way up the back of the chair, and finally clambers to the shoulders of the third man, where she raises herself to a standing position. With this, the weird quartet starts across the cable. But one day, two years ago, just as it reached the center, a block and tackle loosened its grip, a main guy rope slipped for a few feet and the cable slacked!

Immediately the four people plunged toward the ground. The balancing poles flew from their hands, clattering downward and scattering the men who had held the safety net. But even as this happened, the two understanders, shaking themselves free from the hooked pole which connected them, reached out blindly and caught the cable in their hands as though it were a trapeze to which they had been thrown. The third man came driving past and struck the cable with a hip; instantly he put forth an arm, hooking it around the cable and hanging on, in spite of the fact that

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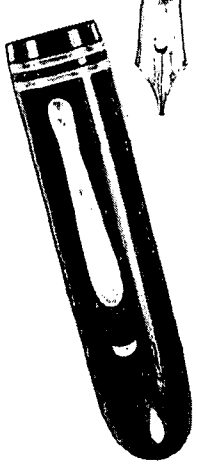

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the friction had practically skinned him from waist to shoulder.

Just then, the girl shot past. The man opened his legs and closed them again about the neck of the girl, swinging her about as though she had been jerked at the end of a rope. But the grip held. Hurriedly the workmen below retrieved the safety net and ran into position. The leg grip which had saved the girl nevertheless threatened her, for she was slowly choking. It was relaxed and she fell, to be caught safely by the workmen. The three men, hand over hand, worked their way back along the cable to the platform. But at the next performance, there they were again, running about on that cable as though ropes never slipped and guys were the safest things in the world. Danger is very much a family matter in the circus.

What They Fear Most

And even when death does strike, the circus goes on, and the family goes with it. Had the Four Wallendas crashed to the ground, and had one of them been left alive, the Wallenda family would still have carried on as a circus name and tradition. The one remaining member would have become head of a new troupe; three more persons would have trained for the parts of those who had died or been injured.

That's the way it always happens. During the war, a circus train was rocking along on its journey to the next town when, through a mix-up of orders, a speeding troop train crashed head-on into it. Performers, bosses and workmen were killed and maimed; out of one car, containing forty-odd drivers, only one escaped. Wagons were burned, and paraphernalia. The whole show was slashed by damage and death; dead horses, menagerie stock, humans. But within a few days, the circus was giving its performances again, so cleverly knitted together that the audiences were not aware that performers were missing.

Where there had been two double-trapeze acts, there was now one. It was composed of a man and a woman, as it always had been. There was a difference, however. The man of the act had lost his wife in the wreck. The woman's husband had been killed. They had been buried only a day or so before. So two remainders of families had merged and the show gone on.

The same was true throughout the whole performance. Where a single act had vanished, a volunteer performer had added that work to his usual routine. Where several members of a family were missing, an equal number from another family filled in. When the wreck happened, a number of performers hurried on from various parts of the country, bringing with them the donations of other shows—circus people are clannish and are intent upon doing anything possible to keep a show going. But they did not join the performance.

"I felt it would be sacrilege," one of them told me. "Here we were, fresh and strong; we could have helped the show a lot. But we would have hurt the performers. Get the difference? As long as they were banding together that way, each helping the other, each taking a part of the load, it was like a great big family that had suffered disaster, but which could keep going because each was leaning on the other. If we had stepped in we would have been a false note that would have broken down their morale. So we stayed out."

Incidentally, out of that entire circus, from the lot superintendent, who was picked up by the pilot guard of the troop-train engine and driven through three cars, from old "Gran'ma," the eight-horse driver who was a sole survivor of his car, there was not one who didn't accept that wreck as just one of the breaks of the game.

Therein lies one of the queer phases of a circus performer's viewpoint. A hook may crystallize and send him tumbling from the top of the tent, a net may break at the same time, breaking his bones. Or a perch pole may snap, as it snapped in the Coliseum in the Bronx last year, killing a performer. That's all right. There's a recovery from injuries; and if there isn't, death must be met. As for the fellow who's left—well, in the case of the perchman, his remaining brother had a new partner within six weeks and was back under the big top with the same old act, and the family name. It's part of the life. In fact, there is only one thing that the circus performer really fears. That is the condition which most other working persons plan for and dream about during the active years of their life—the time when they grow old and can retire.

But a circus person cannot retire. There is something in his nature that keeps him going only so long as he can do his act. If he is a member of a family, there is a slight advantage in the fact that he can keep on going, through the family name; his interest is stimulated by the activities of those who comprise his act and who have worked under his guidance. Nevertheless, they all fight to the last for the right to exist under the big top.

I've seen many of them, bent men and women, literally easing themselves down from the car steps in the morning, and forcing themselves onward for the long walk to the lot, in an effort to rid their rheumatic legs of the pain that gripped them. I've seen them about the lot, massaging themselves, flexing their muscles and constantly rubbing liniment in their efforts to keep going just one more day, one more week, one more season. They never complain; they must not complain. Someone might remind the manager that they're getting old, with a resultant failure of a renewal of the contract for next season. So, against that deadline when a performer must step from inactivity to old age, there is a constant battle that is heroic—and sometimes pathetically humorous.

Poor Grandpa!

Last summer I was watching a riding act in which one of the performers, a girl, missed her footing and started into what seemed to be a dangerous fall. But a streaking form shot before her; when she struck the ground her seventy-year-old father was beneath her, breaking her fall, but painfully injuring himself. After they had carried him out, I dropped around to the dressing tent.

He was stripped, revealing a bruise that ran all the way from his hip to his knee. A clown bent over him, rubbing the discolored flesh with highly odorous corn whisky. The old man grimaced and gritted his teeth.

"Guess I'll make it all right," he said. "Sure I'll make it. I'll be back in the ring all right tonight."

He tried to stand. The color left his face, blue-gray lips pulled back from tight-clenched teeth. His eyes rolled, and he sank back upon his trunk. The clown poured a new handful of corn whisky and went on with his rubbing. A few trunk-lengths away, a boy of the act, two generations down in the family line, kicked disgustedly at a clump of grass and signaled me closer. I went to him. He sighed.

"Grandpa just can't stand nothing no more!" he said sadly.

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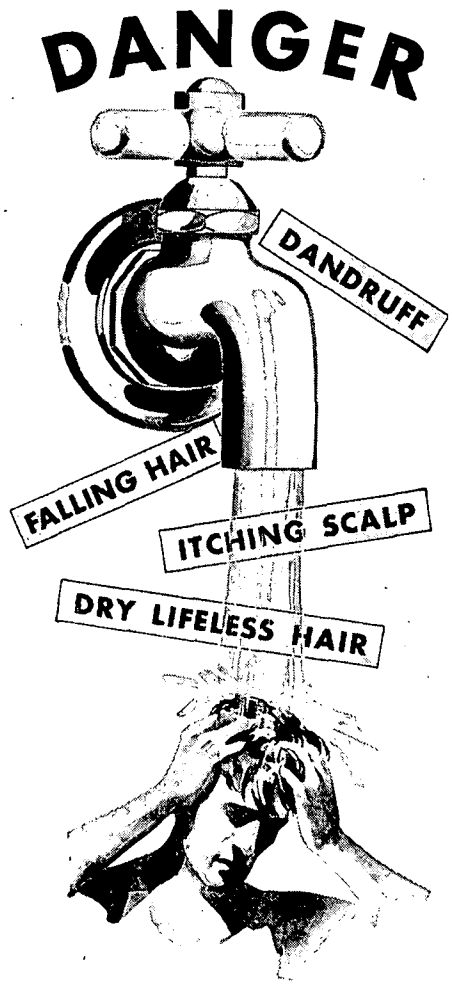

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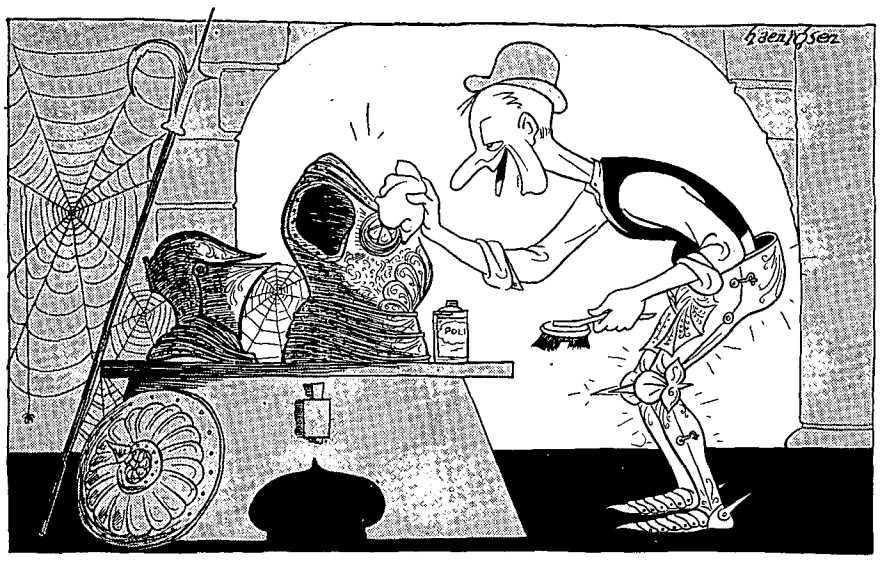

Al Ready

By The Gentleman at the Keyhole

EX-GOVERNOR ALFRED E. SMITH is coming back into power in the Democratic party in New York State because no one else can save that party in New York City from defeat in the next mayoralty election. The Democrats of the city will have to turn to him and when he controls the party in the city he will be the leader of his party in the state.

He will try to establish himself as leader before the delegates to the 1932 convention are selected. He said recently, "I mean to have something to say about the national convention." To be the most powerful leader in the national convention he will have to control the ninety-four votes of New York State.

These are the three factors in the situation: the need of Tammany Hall for the only man who can save it from defeat; Governor Smith's ambition for power in his party; and the time limit fixed by the approaching national convention.

There are several ways in which Governor Smith may come back into power in New York. He may reach an understanding with Leader John F. Curry of Tammany Hall under which Tammany will recognize his leadership in the state, giving him control of the New York State delegation to the 1932 convention. There are plenty of signs that Tammany is seeking a reconciliation between Smith and Curry, which can only be brought about by Tammany's accepting Smith's terms. This would be the surest way for Smith's return to power.

Waiting for the Showdown

But there are various difficulties in the way of what Tammany calls the "united front." One is that it is inconceivable that Smith would make terms with Tammany unless he was assured of authority to bring about an unsparing housecleaning in Tammany before the next municipal election. And another is that it would involve Smith's association with the present leadership of Tammany before the real nature of the scandals in Tammany's government of New York City could be revealed.

Smith may prefer to wait. At the time this is written there is no sign that Smith will be in a hurry.

If he prefers to wait, feeling that power will come to him surely without compromise, because the New York City Democrats cannot get along without him, he may remain aloof and let Leader Curry, whose choice as the head of Tammany Hall he opposed, stumble on to his own destruction. Curry will face a test next fall. There will be an election of a borough president of Manhattan, to fill the vacancy left when Borough President Miller was promoted to the Supreme Bench. New York already is stirred by the scandals recently revealed. If other grave scandals are revealed, Leader Curry's candidate for borough president may be defeated in the election. Curry's leadership would end with the defeat in the primaries or in the election. And Smith could take over control of the New York City Democracy without making terms.

Almost a Certainty

Or if the scandals are such as to bring about the removal of Mayor Walker, Curry's leadership, which is based on the favor of Mayor Walker, would collapse. With Walker out, Joseph McKee would automatically become mayor. McKee, an able man of high character and an old Smith man, wishing to be elected mayor, would naturally turn to Smith as the one man who could help him win the confidence of the independent voters of New York.

In any case Smith is likely to be in full power in New York City and State when the next Democratic national convention is held. His judgment in refusing to approve the choice of a district leader as leader of Tammany Hall is justified. He knew that the experiment of making Curry leader would end in a catastrophe.

What will Smith do with his power as New York State leader? What is the "something" which he means to have to say in the 1932 Democratic convention? Will he seek the Presidential nomination himself? Almost any other politician similarly situated would. The hope of the Presidency dies hard in the politician's breast.

But the best opinion is that Governor Smith is realist enough to perceive that his own election is improbable. His nomination would imperil the chances the Democrats have of victory in 1932. So it is not thought likely that he will seek to be a candidate again. And it is improbable that he could be nominated if he did seek it.

He will be likely to use his very great power to determine who the candidate shall be. He is not regarded as favorable to Governor Roosevelt.

This does not mean that he will refuse New York's support to Roosevelt. To do so would be to invite a row in the New York Democratic party such as any sensible leader would avoid. But his control of the New York delegation will nevertheless cause a lower appraisal to be put upon Roosevelt's chances of nomination.

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France Steps Out

Continued from page 13

We hear much of the alleged impairment of French sales to the United States in recent years through increasing competition of our native industries fostered by tariff, through prohibition of liquor shipments, and so forth. Now, far be it from me to undertake here any analysis of such superheated contentious issues; let us confine ourselves carefully to a few cold statistics. The incontrovertible fact is that during the past two decades French exports to the United States have registered a greater percentage of advance than those to any of her other three leading markets. To be precise, her sales to the United States expanded sixty per cent during the interval 1913 to 1929, whereas those to her next three foreign markets (I am excluding the colonial situation, since it is, of course, in a separate category) have grown but 15.6 per cent in that time.

Who'll Do the Work?

Our participation in the buying power of this new France, which has risen with such impressive strength since the war, is well illustrated by the fact that our machinery sales to that country, including agricultural, electrical and industrial equipment, have totaled since the Armistice nearly $200,000,000. In electrical machinery our sales to France have risen from about $380,000 in 1913 to an annual average of nearly $3,000,000 in recent years. Our sales of industrial equipment in that market are now over three times what they were in the years just before the war. This substantial growth reflects the widespread French drive for reëquipment of her industrial organization. It arises in part also from the labor shortage which has accelerated demand for labor-saving machinery and other American specialties.

And that question of the scarcity of workers raises a fundamental economic issue which confronts France right now—a problem of great concern to us because of our large commercial and financial stake in the prosperity of that republic.

The war-time drop in French population, the present maintenance of a standing army of nearly 650,000 (the propriety of which is, of course, not under discussion in this connection), her singularly well-balanced national economy as between agriculture and industry—these and other factors have all combined to relieve France, until recently, of the sinister menace of unemployment. Consequently, in spite of the prevalence of individualized skilled handicrafts among her industries, she is becoming perhaps the best European field for experimentation with the introduction of labor-saving machinery and modernized factory management in the American manner.

The rest of Europe has been contemplating with almost desperate anxiety the possibility of such drastic innovations in preparation for intensified competition, but heavy surpluses of workers have confronted any such experiments with the gravest industrial and even social and political difficulties. France stands forth, therefore, as probably a promising field for those types of modernized equipment which have been so conspicuous a factor in our own industrial advance. And judging from our machinery export, which I have just given, American manufacturers are keenly awake to this opportunity.

And here is a vitally significant element in that connection. The French losses in the war comprised not simply 1,300,000 deaths of soldiers, but also a heavy decline in the average annual births. The latter ran about 750,000 a year just before the war, but the annual rate during the great conflict fell to 430,000. Up to this year the apprentices entering industry have been from among those larger numbers born before the war, but French factories beginning this year will draw upon sixteen-year-old youngsters born during the first year of the war. The dearth of young workers will, therefore, become increasingly evident as France gets into the coming five-year period. The situation will, of course, react at the beginning only on the lower ranks of industry and will thereafter gradually permeate the upper grades in succeeding years.

This question of labor shortage has, then, its favorable aspects in terms of restraining unemployment and of stimulating the modernization of the French industrial set-up more rapidly than in the case of any other European nation. It also presents, however, the obvious difficulty of hampering the development of those industries in which mechanization is difficult.

Our stake in the future course of France's affairs as she passes this crossroads in her economic progress is concerned with a good number of highly significant "imponderables," those elusive items which are invisible to customs collectors, but which, nevertheless, play a vital part in the adjustment of the balances of relationship between nations.

President Prodel of the Lyons Chamber of Commerce has said that "there is a fundamental economic law that merchandise is only exchangeable against merchandise." If this were true it would certainly involve an ominously embarrassing day for countless millions of professional folk throughout the world when the grocery bills came around. Obviously merchandise is very often exchanged for *services* as well as for merchandise and this fundamental principle applies with peculiar force to the relations between France and the United States.

St. Pierre and Miquelon

Looming large on the credit side of the ledger from France's point of view are those, to her, invaluable items of the sales which she makes of services to our tourists and the income she derives from the servicing of about a billion dollars of her capital in the shape of loans to American enterprises, about equally divided between long-term and short-term investments.

These two major invisibles are supplemented by others: there are the ten million dollars or more which she collects every year in steamship fares from American travelers; an equal amount paid in freight to her merchant marine; and at least another ten million spread around among such items as remittances from French immigrants here, royalties of French films, shipments of goods which, through no fault of hers, seep "invisibly" through illicit channels into the United States by way of her ancient island possessions of St. Pierre and Miquelon and other near-by points.

Consequently, when our critics abroad lament the relatively lower per-capita purchases of French goods by our citizens, as compared with the French takings of American wares, there

(Continued on page 58)

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FOR SKIN IRRITATIONS

(*Continued from page 57*)

should be added the important statement that our purchases of French services, such as those enumerated, have in recent years been running at more than double the amount of French goods imported into this country.

The investment relationships of the two great republics are among the most potent and promising ties of economic interdependence. Before the war nearly three quarters of the total of French foreign investments of some $8,500,000,000 were in Russia, which, incidentally, explains the conspicuous part France has had in many of the European policies involving post-war relations with the Soviet. Since the Armistice, however, the trend of French investments has been along much more salutary, widely diversified lines, with perhaps a total of $1,200,000,000 in the Americas (three fourths of it in the United States) and about $2,000,000,000 in European countries, notably among her smaller allies.

"American Philanthropy"

Our present private loans and investments in France total nearly half a billion dollars, which is about two and a half times the amount we had invested in the whole of Europe before the war.

By way of further comparison it might be noted also that the expenditures of American tourists in France last year—about $150,000,000—were almost three times as much as the amount which she was obliged to pay our government toward reduction of her debt in the same period. Professor Rappard, the distinguished Swiss economist, would, therefore, seem to have been pretty close to the truth when he observed whimsically that "after the hard-hearted American government and bankers had loaned sundry billions to desolated Europe, they have been sending their wives and daughters over annually to pay the interest on the loans—with typical American philanthropy."

It is, of course, inevitable that as the economic strength of France at home has been developed, as her industrial structure has been modernized, as her gold reserves have accumulated, she has quite naturally been projecting more and more of this growing economic potency into the field of international commercial and industrial affairs. Recent years have seen the steady acceleration of her activities down through the Balkans and the Near East.

But as she confronts the business year 1931, France, according to frequent comments of her leaders, is faced with the likelihood of encountering belatedly some of the problems which have already been harassing her neighbors. The falling off in the world market for luxuries is now hitting certain French specialties, which have hitherto escaped.

Then, too, in spite of the prodigious strength of her gold reserve, more than a fifth of that of the whole world, there is no denying the fact that the speculative excesses which broke last fall have shaken the confidence and certainty of business and financial circles, and have induced withdrawals and hoardings, a situation not unlike that which developed in the United States after the Wall Street crash.

Financial experts in non-French centers have been stressing of late the importance of the French monetary policy as a factor in warding off reactions from the world depression. There can be no doubt that the stabilization of the franc at a little over four cents represented a considerable undervaluation, which played a prominent part in the concentration of foreign gold in France and the sustaining of her exports.

Gradually, however, the advantages of that policy are beginning to wear off and there seems to be a conviction in French financial circles that this defense against depression cannot be permanent. For one thing, her retail prices have shown practically no signs of downward adjustment, whereas the slump in the United States has, in some major lines, been as much as twenty-five per cent in the course of the past year. The result has been diversion of trade, and particularly of the lucrative tourist traffic, from France to other lands.

Last, it is in the basic field of her industrial potentiality that the crucial developments are likely to come in the near future. Although her neighbors, England and Germany, have had notable increases in unemployment since the war, they have curiously enough also developed a much less frequently observed increase in employment. In each of those countries the number of wage earners has increased in the past twenty years more than twice as rapidly as the population.

But in France during the same interval the population has been practically stable, if allowance be made for peace-treaty annexations. Meanwhile, in contrast to the experience of Britain and Germany, the number of those gainfully employed in France has remained almost stable during the past twenty years, showing an increase of something less than two per cent in that time. The growth in the number of her factory hands since the war has evidently been counterbalanced by the decrease in the number of those employed in agriculture.

Whether France can meet this situation with a greatly improved mechanization of her industries and, indeed, a general rationalizing policy on a large scale; whether she can, through these media, overcome the increasingly serious problem of labor shortage, is perhaps her major economic problem as she faces the highroad of the economic future that lies before her.

A Bulwark of Frugality

In contending with these difficulties, she has resources and assets of truly formidable proportions. The financial problems are bound to give way under the type of leadership which has been evident in French finance so often in the past. Particularly can she count upon that traditional frugality of her people which has long made them a mighty bulwark of financial strength to the country in time of need.

Perhaps the most valuable of her assets at this crucial juncture is the deep-rooted stability of what might be called her economic balance. The ratio between agriculture and manufacturing before the war was about five to four in favor of agriculture. It is now about seven to six in favor of manufacturing.

The comparative evenness of that relationship is a factor of prime importance in connection with the general upbuilding of the nation. In such a situation there is far less peril of possible unbalancing than is the case with several of her European neighbors, where an overdependence upon some one line of trade, such as export or some special group of industries, has led to precarious distortion of equilibrium. And equilibrium is the very first essential of economic survival in these troublous times.

The success of France in overcoming these obstacles will have a vital bearing upon our own business recovery in terms of her capacity as a consumer and as a competitor.

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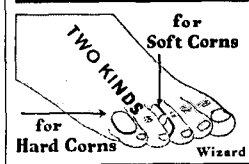

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Protection

Continued from page 15

talk. You're dumb, see? You don't know nothing. I ain't the only guy that had his eyes on them restaurants."

"The North Side bunch?"

"Sure. Monahan's mob. What do you think I was having you tailed for?"

"I don't get you."

"Well," said Molina, puffing on his cigar, "I was kind of figuring maybe Monahan'd get to you before I did, see? So I wasn't taking no chances."

Harworth felt a wave of nausea, but said nothing.

"If they bother you, call Frankie or Canovi. We'll settle 'em." Harworth saw the bland face suddenly transformed; Molina looked murder. Harworth drew back a step, but smiled.

"I'll take a chance."

"Sure you will," said Molina. "I know guys, see? I picked you the first time I seen you. 'There's a guy that'll stand the gaff,' I said to Frankie. Sure; you stick to me. I know a right guy when I see one."

He nodded and went out.

Harworth sank into his chair and sat looking off across the room. His nerves were jumpy and he felt very tired.

Suddenly he started and glanced at his watch; then, swearing, he ran to the phone and called Helen Magnussen.

"I'm sorry," he said, "but I won't have time to dress unless you want to wait."

"Don't dress. Come right over."

There was something in her voice, something more than friendly. His heart began to beat fast. Maybe she was falling for him! He opened the door and shouted:

"Sandy, get the Rolls right away!"

Then he left a memorandum for Stein and went out.

THEY had just got back to Helen's apartment when the phone rang. The maid answered it and came into the hall where Harworth was helping Helen off with her coat.

"For you, Mrs. Magnussen."

"Go in and sit down, Mr. Harworth," said Helen.

He went in but didn't sit down. He was too excited. Helen had been so friendly, so sympathetic, and when he had suggested going to a show she had replied that she preferred to spend the evening at home, talking. Talking? Harworth couldn't decide whether Helen was plain friendly or something else. He walked up and down impatiently, waiting for her to finish her telephone conversation.

She came in, frowning.

"Some people are coming over. It doesn't matter, only I thought we could have such a nice talk together."

"It's too bad," said Harworth. "But tomorrow's another day."

Helen sat down across the room from him.

"Are you inviting me some place?"

"Any place."

"All right. Casa Alvarado."

"Fine," said Harworth. "I hardly ever go there any more."

He hesitated, thinking of Lily, and finally said: "But let's go to The Machine. It's much nicer."

"And I haven't been there. All right."

She was smiling now. He liked her smile; there was warmth in it.

"Dinner, too?"

"Sorry. I'm going to dinner with Louise; then she's going to a concert with Arthur. I was invited, but I don't like concerts."

"I never went to one."

"Never went to . . . Oh, well; you haven't missed much."

"But I'd like to go."

She looked at him for a moment, puzzled.

"Well, I suppose we *could* go there."

"Not tomorrow night," said Harworth, smiling.

"It's our own little party."

"Yes," said Harworth, shifting uncomfortably. He wanted to walk across the room and put his arms around Helen. He was certain that was what she wanted him to do. But the place was brilliantly lighted. The maid was in the next room; he could hear her moving about. There were too many hazards. And then if he had misjudged her entirely, what a mess! He crossed his legs and looked uneasily at the carpet.

Helen said:

"You'd never guess who's coming here tonight."

"Who?"

"My ex: Dick Magnussen."

HARWORTH shifted, swallowed, and flushed.

"What are you blushing about?" demanded Helen, laughing. "It's perfectly all right. He's bringing a cute little girl with him. Jo Paul. She's quite a celebrity. She can drink with Dick."

"Oh, he's a drinker?"

"That's too mild. He's hardly ever sober. It caused all our trouble, that and gambling."

She lowered her eyes.

"That's too bad."

"Oh, don't feel sorry for me. I was never happier in my life."

Her face was serious, but she was pouting and looked like a child. In a moment she smiled.

"I'm awfully glad I met you," she said. "I was tired of everybody I knew. I was lonesome."

Harworth sat up and leaned toward her.

"I was lonesome, too. Lonesome as the devil."

"Was that why you invited Louise to the prize fight?"

"Well, in a way."

"Louise is a lovely girl. I feel so sorry for her. Her father died bankrupt, you know. She used to have scads of money."

"Oh," said Harworth.

"Frankly," she said, "I think she's wasting her time with Arthur Burne. He has a bare living. He'll never make money with his music."

Harworth said nothing.

"Louise is very unhappy. I'm practically the only person she sees any more."

Harworth could think of nothing to say and sat staring at the carpet. It was a shame she didn't have any money, a wonderful girl like her!

Helen sat watching him.

The doorbell rang and the maid went to the door.

Magnussen came in with a shout, followed by a slim, childish-looking little girl with brilliant yellow hair and by Louise and Larsen.

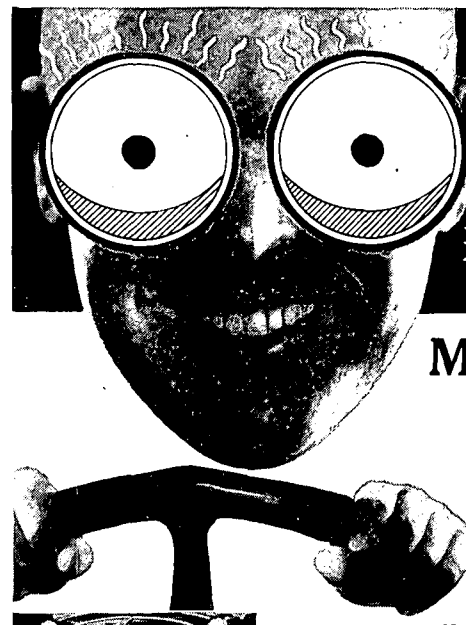
"Helen," cried Magnussen, "look who I found on your doorstep!"

He pointed to Louise and Larsen.

"We were out walking," said Larsen, grinning. "Today I finished the great portrait. Oh, hello, Mr. Harworth."

Helen introduced Josephine Paul and Magnussen to Harworth, who came to attention and bowed stiffly.

(Continued on page 60)



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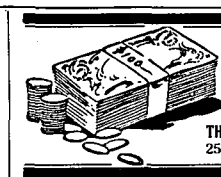

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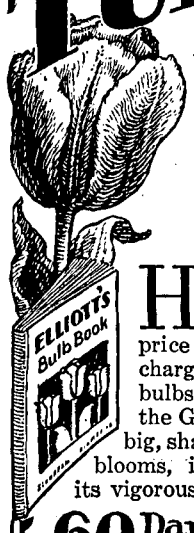

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(Continued from page 59)

Louise said:

"Hello, Mr. Harworth," and offered her hand.

She seemed friendly. He smiled.

"Hello. I'm very glad to see you."

But Helen took him by the arm.

"Come over here and talk to Dick, Frank. He wants to know all about prize fighting."

Harworth was puzzled. Why did she call him Frank? Glancing at Louise he saw that she was frowning, and before he could say anything to her, she turned away. Helen put her arm through his and guided him over to where Jo and Magnussen were sitting.

"First," said Magnussen, a handsome, dark little man of about forty, "I want a drink."

Helen went out to see about the cocktails and Harworth sat down near Magnussen and Jo.

"Helen tells me you're interested in fighting," said Magnussen. "I'm crazy about it myself, but I always bet on the wrong man."

"Yes," said Jo, "and he always buys the wrong stocks and bets on the wrong horses, but what lovely alibis he thinks up!"

"You need a drink," said Magnussen.

"Naturally."

"Any game's hard to beat from the outside," said Harworth.

"Certainly," said Magnussen; "but what fun! You haven't a professional interest in boxing, have you?"

"Not exactly, but I like it as a sport."

"Well," said Jo, "men have funny ideas. They like the funniest things. I went to a prize fight once and before it was over I was exhausted. It was so monotonous; all they did was hug each other and dance around."

"It's no place for women, anyway," said Magnussen. "I know it's fashionable, but men ought to have some place where they can go and have a good time unmolested."

"Why?" Jo demanded.

Magnussen looked at Harworth and winked. Harworth smiled. He was having a wonderful time. Imagine him hobnobbing with Richard Magnussen! He thought of the great Gothic doorway of the Triangle Building—Magnussen's folly, they used to call it, till it panned out. He thought of how many times he had read Magnussen's name in the society column; and he thought also of how one time back in '20 he had come into Chicago on a freight and had been arrested by yard bulls. Magnussen's off-hand manner put him at ease. He forgot to sit up straight and look stern and impressive; he felt no need to mask his self-consciousness with a monocle.

THE maid came in with the drinks on a tray. When Harworth said, "No, thanks," Magnussen looked up.

"Not drinking tonight?"

"I never drink."

"Good gracious," said Jo, "what you miss!"

"Oh, I don't know," said Magnussen, looking dubiously at the cocktail in his hand. "Sometimes I wish I liked lemon pop. Life would be much simpler."

"It's too simple now," said Jo. Then she turned and called: "Turn on the radio. Let's dance."

"Oh, lord," said Magnussen.

"But he'll dance with me. Won't you?" said Jo, smiling at Harworth.

"Certainly."

Helen turned on the radio. Harworth and Jo began to dance, then Larsen and Louise. Helen went to sit with Magnussen, who sank back and comfortably crossed his legs.

"Helen," he said, "you wouldn't dance with me if I asked you, would you?"

"No," said Helen, looking off across the room at Jo and Harworth.

"Good. We should have got along better."

She said nothing and he watched her for a moment.

"Are you interested in that young man with the big shoulders, what's-his-name?"

"Oh, I like him."

"Where did you find him?"

"Louise introduced me."

"Louise introduced . . . ! Good for Louise. Her taste is improving."

"You like him?"

"Yes. What on earth does he do?"

"He owns things."

"What an occupation!"

"Well, he owns the Casa Alvarado and The Machine on the North Side and a chain of restaurants and I don't know what else. He's very rich."

"Amazing," said Magnussen. "I'll bet Papa didn't leave them to him."

"Why do you say that?"

"Well, I'd say off-hand that he was a self-made man. It's strange, but I can always tell them. There's a certain similarity in the architecture."

"Don't try to be smart. I thought you liked him."

"I do. I do."

WHEN Burne came in an hour or so later, Harworth was dancing with Louise and Larsen with Helen. Jo was sitting on the lounge with Magnussen, who was teaching her a song.

"Well, well," said Magnussen. "How are you, Arthur? Haven't seen you for nearly a year."

Burne came across and gloomily shook hands. Jo said:

"Hello, Arthur. Why so sad?"

"I'm tired."

"Did you get my letter?" asked Magnussen. "I wrote you from Vienna about an opera I'd heard. I thought you'd be interested."

"I got it. Thanks."

"What about your music?"

"Well, I haven't taken up writing popular songs yet, so I haven't anything to report."

"Now, now," said Magnussen.

"But why don't you write a nice popular song, Arthur?" asked Jo.

"I may yet."

The music stopped and the dancers came over to speak to Burne. Larsen shook hands with him vigorously.

"Arthur, today we finished the portrait."

"Yes? I was up to your place and couldn't get in."

"Hello, Mr. Burne," said Harworth.

"Hello," said Burne, turning away without offering his hand.

Helen said:

"Have a drink, Arthur?"

"No," said Burne, "not tonight. I've got some work to do later."

Magnussen came over and took Harworth by the arm.

"Now that Burne's here," he said, "there are plenty of men. Helen doesn't care much about dancing, so everything works out fine. Want some excitement?"

Harworth was puzzled but he said:

"Sure."

"All right. Come with me."

He took Harworth by the arm. Helen and Louise were talking but Helen turned.

"Where are you going?"

"We'll be back; we'll be back," said Magnussen.

Harworth bowed and followed Magnussen back through the hall into a bedroom. Magnussen switched on the lights, took a pair of dice from his pocket, and tossed them on the bed.

"Ever use 'em?" he demanded.

Harworth smiled and studied Magnussen.

"Now and then."

"No objections then?"

"No," said Harworth, "only do you think we ought to run out on the party like this?"

"What's the difference? They won't miss us."

"It's all right with me."

"Want to roll 'em on the bed?"

"The floor suits me better."

"You needn't be careful with me. I'm a novice. I shoot honest dice."

Harworth flushed.

"I didn't mean that, Mr. Magnussen. I just meant they rolled funny on a bed."

"Never mind," said Magnussen; then he took two pillows from the bed and gave Harworth one.

They knelt down and pitched a coin to see who'd handle the dice first. Magnussen won.

"What'll it be? Want to start light?"

"I'll start any way," said Harworth. "Name it."

Magnussen glanced up at him.

"Well, this is just a friendly game. So I'll shoot ten."

Harworth took out his wallet and Magnussen saw that it was packed with big bills.

"You're faded," said Harworth.

Magnussen warmed the dice in his palms and threw a natural.

"Drag ten," he said.

"Don't mind me," said Harworth, tossing down another ten.

Magnussen shook the dice in his hand.

"This is real sport. I sized you up right. You like it, don't you?"

"Yes," said Harworth.

AT ONE o'clock they were all crowded around Magnussen and Harworth. Magnussen was pretty drunk by this time and had his collar off. Harworth seemed very cool and self-contained. Magnussen had lost six thousand dollars and was trying to recoup. Jo was kneeling beside him, rooting.

Magnussen finally swore, then looked up and said:

"Pardon me, ladies. But really you shouldn't be here."

Then he laid down three fifty-dollar bills and without a word Harworth covered.

But Magnussen hesitated and finally said:

"Harworth, I'm six thousand dollars out."

"That's right."

"I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll make a pass for all of it. If I fail I owe you six thousand more. If I make my point, or throw a natural, I'm even."

In a regular game Harworth would have laughed and said that he wasn't a sucker. But here it was different. He said:

"All right."

He kept his eyes on Magnussen, who rubbed his hand on Jo's bare shoulder and said:

"Give me luck, Jo."

Burne stood looking on with an expression of concentrated hatred. There they were tossing twelve thousand dollars around as if it were twelve cents, while he was forced to plead with his landlord and run a charge account at a restaurant.

Louise said:

"What a lot of money."

And Burne hissed:

"What fools!"

Larsen was sitting with his mouth slightly open, rubbing his hand over his face.

Magnussen hesitated for a long time, then he warmed the dice in his palms, shook them and finally threw them out. One of them came six and the other, spinning on a corner and nearly coming five, came six also.

Jo burst out laughing.

"Good lord!" cried Magnussen. "My usual luck."

"Too bad," said Harworth, getting to

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his feet and brushing off his knees.

Magnussen got up and, going to a mirror, started to fasten his collar.

"A nice evening's work," said Burne.

"Well," said Harworth, "he suggested it."

"Of course," said Jo. "He always suggests it. He loves it."

"What are you going to do with all that money?" Helen demanded.

"Suggest something."

"Give it to me."

"All right."

BURNE turned and walked out of the room. Louise said:

"You might at least divide it."

Everyone laughed but Helen.

"Seriously, I ought to charge rent for my bedroom."

"You'll have to talk to Harworth about that," said Magnussen, who had overcome his anger now and was smiling. "The winner always pays."

"Well," said Harworth, "I'll tell you. I'll give a party at my place if you'll all come."

"I accept," said Magnussen, "and I'm going to bring some crooked dice." Then he hesitated and said: "Have lunch with me tomorrow, Harworth. I'll have a check ready for you then."

"Look here," said Harworth, "this was just a friendly little game. I'm satisfied with what I've got. We'll call the rest off."

Everybody stared at Harworth.

"No, no," said Magnussen, beaming. "But it's damn' nice of you."

Campi was lying on the lounge with his hands under his head, looking at the ceiling.

"And I called him and called him," Lily was saying, "but he's never home."

"Hrdlicka says he's flying high," said Campi. "Swell society people and that stuff. That guy was born lucky. He's nothing but a big tough and you know it."

"Yes," said Lily, "he's nothing but a roughneck. But he's sure got the dough."

Campi turned over with a groan and sat up.

"Well, if you let him run out on you, you're a lot dumber than I thought you was."

"Don't worry. I've got plenty on him."

"What?" Campi demanded eagerly.

"Never mind. But when the time comes you'll see."

"Yeah? Well, I've heard that kind of talk before. What you got on him?"

"I'll tell you some day."

"Say—" Campi began, but there was a knock at the door and someone called: "Your number, Mr. Campi! Shake it up, please."

"All right," Campi shouted; then he got wearily to his feet. "What a life! What a life!"

He went over to the dressing-table, smoothed down his patent-leather hair, and put some powder on his face; then he brushed his coat and started for the door.

"See you after your last number," he said. "We'll go down to Cimini's for supper. Got any money?"

"Enough."

"All right."

He went out, banging the door. Lily sat down at the dressing-table and started to make up her face. Her last number was a gypsy dance and she wore a black wig and used brown powder. Once or twice she paused with the puff halfway to her face and stared.

(To be continued next week)

The Fourth Degree

Continued from page 24

looking at the ocean. Then O'Malley took out his gun, unloaded it, snapped it to be sure it was working right, reloaded it and put it away. Murphy watched him.

"It'll be dark now pretty quick," O'Malley told me.

"Say!" Murphy exploded. "I know what youse two guys are thinking. You're thinking you'll knock me off for fear I'll tell the cops. But you got me wrong, I tell you. Youse two fellows ain't the only ones that ever shoved anybody off. I done it myself about a month ago."

"Anybody could say that," O'Malley told him unbelievingly.

"It's right, though. Didn't you see it in the papers? A guy from Philadelphia."

"I didn't see it," O'Malley said.

"Didn't you either?" Murphy asked me anxiously. I shook my head.

"I done it, though," he asserted. "I met this guy in a café and saw he had a roll on him and so I stuck around with him. When he got ready to go I told him I had a car and would drive him in. I swiped a car belonging to a friend of mine and when we got part way I bumped him on the head and took his pocketbook that had his roll in it and hid him in some bushes."

"What do you think of it?" O'Malley asked me.

I wondered what he might want me to say. "It might be true," I ventured; but O'Malley shook his head incredulously.

"Sure, it's true," Murphy insisted. "You got a car here? If you don't believe me, I'll show you where I done it."

We went and got the car and Murphy directed us as we drove back toward New York. Part way in, he stopped us.

"Right here," he said, "is where I bumped him and over there is where I put him in the bushes."

We got out and looked at the place. There were footmarks in the soft ground, but there was nothing else, and after studying it O'Malley turned to Murphy unbelievingly.

"That's what *you* say," he observed.

"Sure I do. Now listen. After I hid the guy I drove on a ways, then I looked at the pocketbook. I seen it had his initials on it, so I took the money out and stuck the book in some weeds beside a culvert right over there."

WE GOT back in the car and drove a little farther. Murphy got out. He fumbled in some weeds and came back bringing the pocketbook.

"There!" he said triumphantly. "Am I a right guy or am I yellow? Youse don't think now, do you, that I'd talk to cops?"

"Sure, I do," O'Malley answered. "You're talking to one now."

He put the handcuffs on him.

"This is great work, O'Malley!" I said admiringly. "You certainly gave him the fourth degree—outguessed him! I see through it now. Of course you had the fortune-teller fixed to say what she did."

"You're getting clever."

"You say cops are dumb, but they're not all dumb—not while you're one of them."

"Sure, we're dumb," he answered. "The only advantage we got is that birds like our pal Murphy here are still dumber than we are."

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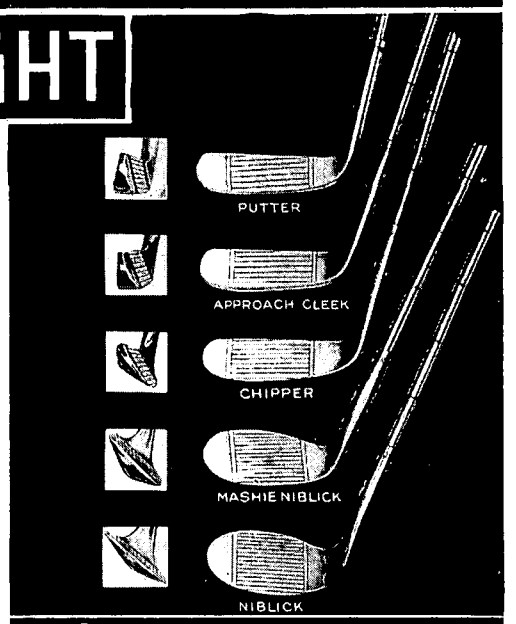

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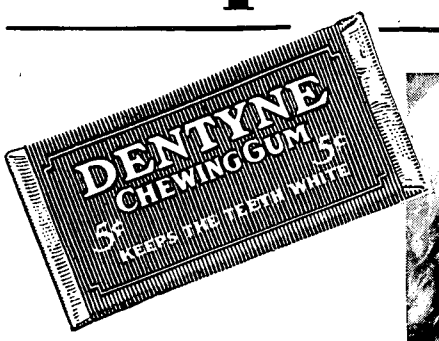

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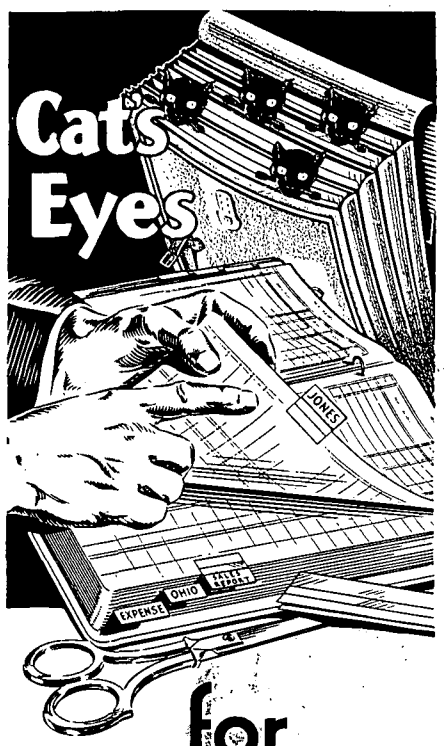

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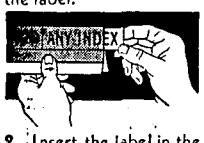

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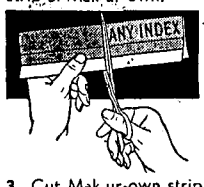

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Social Secretary

Continued from page 23

"Why now?"

"Because you're whoever you are, I guess."

"I'm Helen Blake, Mrs. Harriman's secretary."

"I should have known that you were too real a person to be the pampered granddaughter of an oil baron."

"As proven by what astounding feat of mine?"

"The way you can be gentle and understanding to a man suffering from having done something *gauche*."

"I haven't the remotest idea of what you mean, Lord Danforth."

"Good girl. But would Sylvia Harriman have had any idea that that was the exact way to meet that delicate if unimportant situation? What's she like?"

"Wait till you see her."

"I believe she'd have laughed. I don't want to see her anyway. I want to go on seeing you."

"Two seconds after she arrives you'll forget that you ever met me."

"That's not true, and you know it."

Helen wasn't obliged to answer, for just behind her a voice said: "Ladies change, Blakey."

"Here's your chance to judge," Helen said quietly. "Miss Harriman, this is Lord Danforth."

Lord Danforth said, "How do you do?" and rose.

"Hello," Sylvia greeted him. "I'm not quite dressed yet. If you see any part of me that you shouldn't, mention it to me, will you?"

That was all Helen heard. He would find her captivating, of course, she said to herself as she walked to the door.

Helen determined not to think about Sylvia and Lord Danforth in the present. It was customary for her to mingle with the guests for the first hour or so at Mrs. Harriman's dances but, after she'd seen that the orchestra was properly placed and supplied, and reassured Mr. Gifford as to the acoustics, she went to her rooms, leaving word for Parker that if Mrs. Harriman inquired for her she would come down, though she had a slight headache.

In her own easy-chair she tried to concentrate on a biography of Whistler which she had found enthralling when she began it the evening before.

"MUST I?" Lord Danforth asked, in reply to Sylvia's remark, and Sylvia decided that he was hers for the taking.

She liked his looks far better than she'd expected to, nevertheless she resented the plan which she'd suspected on the part of her elders.

"So you're grandfather's Lord Danforth, are you?" were her first words when they were both seated.

"I wasn't aware of the fact," he stated.

"You should hear him talk about you. He thinks you're the beamish boy, or some such and such."

It was a far more agreeable speech than Sylvia usually made when she met a young man of her own class.

"That's very kind of him," Lord Danforth said.

Sylvia had planned that he should make some flattered reply so that she could say: "But if that gives you any idea that I'm going to marry you, forget it, and forget it fast."

Somehow neither Lord Danforth's tone nor his words inspired that continuation. Sylvia resorted to the brand of mockery which was her specialty.

"By the way, I can't stand British hauteur," she informed him, "so don't try any of it on me, please."

"Perhaps you'd rather that I talked to the Marquise d'Angeac," Lord Danforth suggested. "I believe it's about time that I should."

"O. K. by me, kid."

Very calmly he turned to his right.

"Is this your roll or mine, Cousin Joan?"

"As bad as that?" the Marquise d'Angeac queried. "It's going to be a long dinner, too."

THE dance had been going on for some time when there was a knock at Helen's door and she called: "Come in."

Parker appeared.

"I was sorry to hear you had a headache, Miss Blake," he said. "And I wouldn't have disturbed you, only that I don't like to speak to Mrs. Harriman on this subject."

"What subject, Parker?"

"Which one of the guests could have brought him I can't imagine, but there he stands with the gentlemen as bold as brass."

"Who, Parker?"

"That dago that delivered the champagne."

Helen jumped to her feet.

"He's downstairs?"

"Yes, Miss Blake."

"I'll attend to him, Parker."

Evidently Frank D'Agnoli was going to be more trouble than she'd anticipated. He stood in the stag line and saw her coming.

"What do you say we dance this, baby?" he said before she had a chance to speak.

Helen knew better than to joke with him.

"Did you presume on having known me to crash this party?" she asked.

"Who said I crashed it? I'm in society now. Hadn't you heard? Big night-club owner."

"I'll give you two minutes to leave."

But Sylvia had seen their meeting and broken away from her partner to join them.

"What goes on?" she asked.

"She thinks I crashed the party."

"Well, if he did," Sylvia said, "be sure that you get his name for future ones. He's the best dancer here."

"Sylvia, I can't allow—" Helen began.

"How about stepping a little with me now?" Frank D'Agnoli interrupted her.

Sylvia nodded and they danced off.

"She had me scared for a moment," Frank D'Agnoli admitted, when they were far enough away.

"I oughtn't to have had you come here. Too risky. You'd better leave after this."

"Just as you say. But you ain't sorry about this afternoon, Good Luck?"

"Sorry! Don't be silly."

HELEN, watching them dance off, was uncertain what to do. She was sure from Frank's manner that someone must have brought him, and since Sylvia had championed him it was impossible to make him leave without applying to Mrs. Harriman. Was that worth while?

To have even to consider doing such a thing made her feel like a pinched old "schoolmarm," and it was very rejuvenating to have an English voice break in on her dubiety.

"I've been looking for you everywhere, Miss Blake. Where have you been?"

"In my room, Lord Danforth."

"May I have this dance?"

"You may not. You're not supposed to dance with me."

"Why not?"

"I'm here as part of my work, not for pleasure."

(*Continued on page 64*)

"Ooh! A run!"

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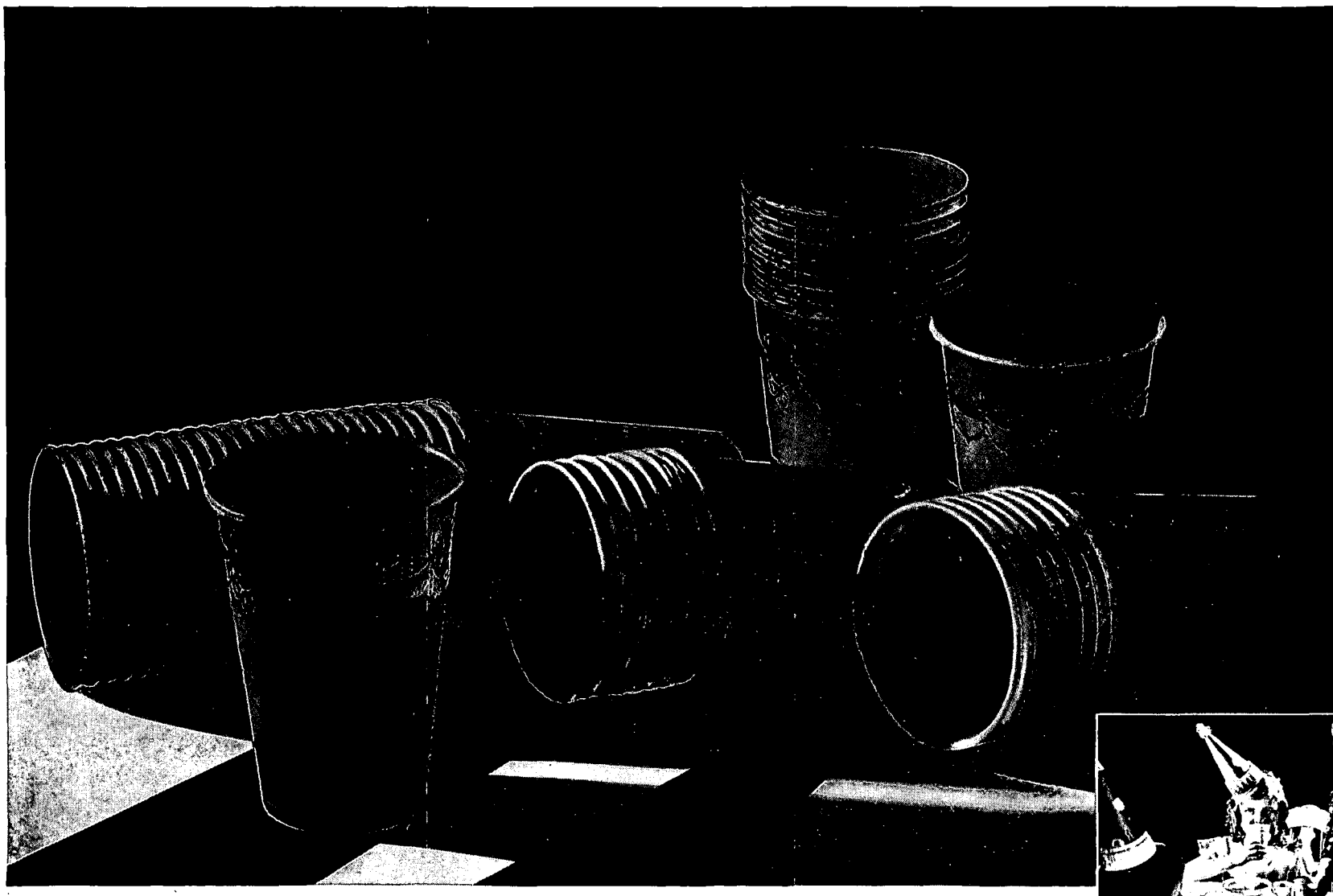

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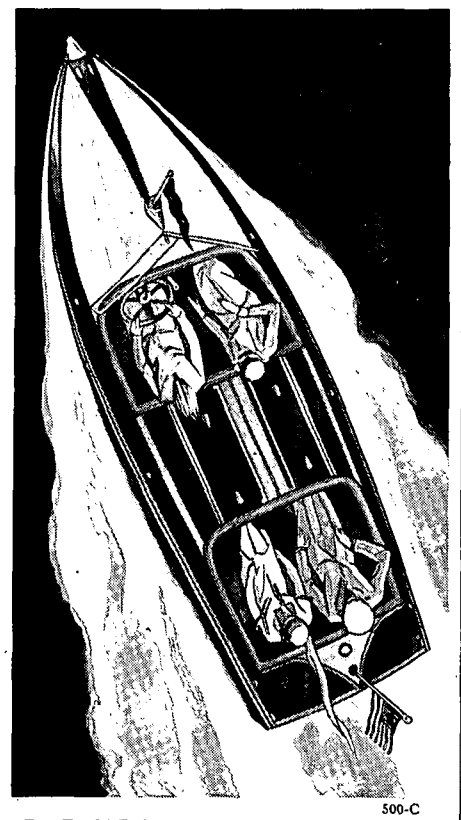

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Social Secretary

Continued from page 62

"Wouldn't providing entertainment for a guest be part of your work?"

"Only if he were undesirable."

"I'm undesirable," Lord Danforth claimed. "I frequently fall down when dancing, and usually break my partner's leg when I do."

"Alluring as you make the prospect I'm not going to dance with you. Here comes Colonel Jackson to ask me."

"And you're going to accept?"

"Certainly. Few people fit more exactly under the head of duty. Will you do me a favor and cut in on Sylvia Harriman?"

"Of course," Lord Danforth said, stiffly.

COLONEL JACKSON was one of the older men who'd been at the dinner. He had a port-wine complexion, and macaw circles under his eyes. Helen had had an encounter with him before.

He bowed low as he said, "May I have the honor?" and wheezed a little when he danced, but after he'd been around the floor twice, he said, "Ever give any thought to that proposition I made you, Miss Blake?"

"Yes."

"What did you decide?"

"It's in the waste basket, Colonel Jackson."

"Sure you're not making a mistake?"

"Absolutely."

"How about a drink?"

"I'll show you where they're to be found."

Helen had stopped resenting that sort of thing. It was apparently inevitable in a position like hers.

"Blakey!" Mrs. Harriman's voice arrested her progress toward the buffet.

Helen nodded an entirely amicable farewell to Colonel Jackson and joined her.

"That Eldridge boy has arrived drunk again," Mrs. Harriman fumed. "Why don't I learn not to invite him?"

"He passes out pretty quickly," Helen tried to be consolatory.

"Well, it's the last time he'll pass out on my parquet. As usual he seems obsessed with the idea of dancing up till the last moment."

"I'll try to keep him busy for a time."

Young Eldridge swayed back and forth on the edge of the dance floor.

"Would you like to talk to me?" Helen asked him.

"You're secatary, aren't you?" he said. "Le's dance."

"Sure you don't want to talk?"

"Le's dance."

He put his arms about her and they moved out on the floor.

"Tha' girl said I was drunk," he remarked of his last partner.

"What could have given her that idea?" Helen asked, bolstering him up, and keeping him in a corner of the room as far from the stag line as possible.

It was not far enough for the eyes of Lord Danforth. When Helen saw him bearing down on them she shook her head violently, but it made no difference.

He laid his hand on the Eldridge boy's shoulder. With a foolish smile the Eldridge boy relinquished her.

"Now you've put that little beast into circulation again," Helen said. "You're taking the bread out of my mouth. That's my job, really it is."

"To dance with drunken little boys? It's not when I'm around."

"Then it's time I went some place where I can make myself useful."

"You're being extremely useful at this moment."

"If my employer should see me she'd have a very justifiable duck fit. Heavens, man, you're the point of this party. I want to stop by this door."

"Why?" he protested, but he stopped.

"Because it's the door to the pantry and behind it there may be a big mayonnaise crisis."

"I'm the man to handle it if there is."

Helen shook her head.

"Do you honestly want to make trouble for me?" she asked.

It was a point not to be disputed.

"Tell me one thing," he requested. "Are you going because you don't like me?"

Certainly it would have been wise to give a frivolous and equivocal answer.

Instead Helen heard herself say, "Oh, no," in a voice which couldn't possibly have been the voice of mere politeness.

"When am I going to see you again?" he asked her.

"I don't know."

"I have to know."

"Telephone me," she said, for lack of something better.

"Ten o'clock?"

"I'm busy by ten."

"Nine o'clock?"

"I'd rather have it a surprise."

"Would you?"

"Good night."

She pushed through the door. By great good luck the pantry was empty. For one instant she allowed herself to close her eyes and lean against the door jamb, then she straightened and addressed her weakness:

"Are we mice or are we Helen Blake?"

"A little of both," was the answer she got from her guilty subconscious mind. "Go upstairs again, and stay there this time."

SHE did so and never left her room till the music stopped. Then she went into the hall. From the head of the staircase she could see the few departing guests. He had probably left much earlier but there was a chance.

He hadn't and she caught one glimpse of him as he said something to Parker.

"If I were eighteen this would be excusable," she scolded, silently, "but I'm twenty-four."

When one says "I'm twenty-four" in that way one means: "My youth is really over. My faculties, while still intact, may begin to fail at any moment."

Danger being past, she went downstairs to see if there were anything she could do to make up for her soldiering.

Mrs. Harriman stood patting yawns into her capacious mouth, and even Mr. Harriman had stuck the party out. Only Sylvia had gone to bed, or on to some other entertainment.

"How's your head, Blakey?" Mrs. Harriman asked.

"Much better. How did the party go?"

"It was all right."

"The young man's all right too, isn't he, Harriet?" Mr. Harriman put in.

"I hate to admit it," Mrs. Harriman replied, "but if he'd been made to specifications he couldn't have suited me better. Whether Sylvia likes him is doubtful, of course. She told me, in her charming way, that he was a louse."

"Perhaps when he knows how important it is Lord Danforth may attend to that," Mr. Harriman chuckled. "For the time being, I'm afraid I'll have to keep him on the grill. Possibly warm the grill up a little."

"I'm leaving all that to you," Mrs. Harriman said. "And if you maneuver it, I'm going to give you my tiara."

HELEN was afraid they'd ask her what she thought of Lord Danforth.

"Did you have a good time at the party, Mr. Harriman?" she inquired.

"Well, it wasn't my ideal of an evening," Mr. Harriman put in. "Old McKecheron cornered me in the library."

"What did he want?" Mrs. Harriman sniffed.

"Merely that I should take over his interests. Says he's getting old. Hang it all, to hear him sobbing out his troubles you'd think he was a widow trying to raise money for the winter's coal instead of one of the ten richest men in the country."

"What did you tell him?"

"Told him I was getting old myself. Time for bed, Harriet."

Helen would have gone upstairs with them, but she was stopped by Parker.

"May I speak to you, Miss Blake?"

He waited until Mr. and Mrs. Harriman had moved out of earshot to do so.

"A note was left for you, Miss Blake."

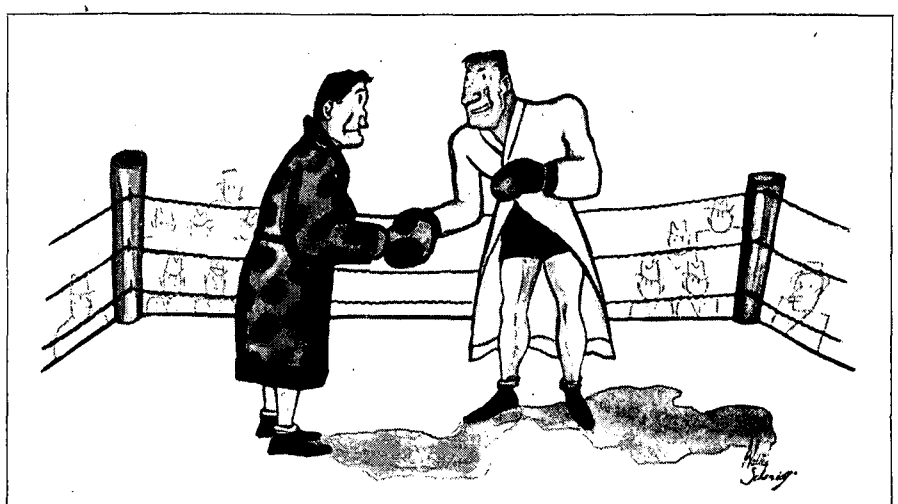
It wasn't really a note, it was merely the calling card of Lord Danforth with the name crossed off and a few words written on it.

"You're a dismal failure as a social secretary. I never knew a party to begin so well and end so drearily."

Helen tried to tell herself that it was just professional charm, but somehow it didn't work. Nevertheless she didn't abandon a decision she had made.

"Parker," she said, "tell whoever is on the phone tomorrow that if any personal calls come, I am not at home. No one knows when I'll return."

(To be continued next week)



"I didn't catch the last name?"

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Clean inside - well outside!

THEY LOOK IT

and so can you!

★

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GREAT days, weren't they, whether you were the motorman or the passenger! Remember? Couldn't do it today? Don't you believe it! You can still feel like riding the handlebars, even if you are a grown-up. Do you want to know how?

Doctors pretty well agree that (barring germ diseases) most illness and headache, most drowsiness, lack of pep and ambition, most cases of seeing the world through blue glasses generally, are due to failure to keep "clean inside." One famous British physician goes so far as to say "auto-intoxication (the self-poisoning that comes when you are not internally clean) is perhaps the most important factor in the production of disease."

Just as most doctors agree in blaming this condition for much of our sickness, so they also agree that the Nujol type of treatment is the safest way to relieve it. Crystal-clear Nujol can't possibly hurt you. It isn't a medicine at all. It has no drugs in it. It isn't absorbed —so it can't make you fat. It is colorless—tasteless—and children love it.

The tonic effect of Nujol on your whole body is due to the way it helps you without using weakening drugs. Since it is harmless as pure water, many doctors advise taking it as regularly as you brush your teeth or wash your face. It's common sense, isn't it, that if you keep as clean inside as you do outside, you increase your chances of being well—and therefore happy—all the time?

Remember two things if you want to enjoy "Nujol health." One: Don't expect results over night. This is nature's own method, and nature is never violent. Your body will respond gratefully, and day by day you will feel better as this soothing treatment takes effect. Two: Be on your guard. Don't accept any substitute. Your druggist has Nujol—always in a sealed package —always trademarked "Nujol" so you will be sure to get it.

Here's a way to get a result you know is good for you, without using drugs which you know are bad for you. Don't you think it's worth trying? Begin the Nujol treatment today!

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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
THOMAS H. BECK, Editorial Director
WILLIAM L. CHENERY, Editor
CHARLES COLEBAUGH, Managing Editor

Uncle Sam takes his Cut

HOW does Senator Smith W. Brookhart, as one of the earnest uplifters of the world's moral tone, relish the idea of having his salary paid by Mr. Al Capone? How do his eminent associates like it?

Mr. Capone has not sent a check for the purpose, but Federal agents have successfully conducted a campaign in Chicago to collect taxes on the undeclared incomes of gangsters and racketeers. Mr. Capone's brother Ralph has come across, under duress. He was fined $10,000 for income-tax fraud and sentenced to three years in Federal prison. The sentence was appealed and brother Ralph has not yet occupied a cell. At his trial the government introduced evidence to show that in four years he had deposited in a single bank more than $1,800,000. Profitable business.

In New York the State Crime Commission estimates that the government would be $3,500,000 richer this year if the gangsters and racketeers were to pay their income taxes instead of cheating Uncle Sam as they cheat everyone else.

Statesmen who believe prohibition should be sidetracked in favor of "economic" issues might find in these figures evidence that law violation provides an economic issue of first magnitude.

Except for these efforts to compel racketeers to pay income taxes, the record of governmental agencies in combating the corruption and violence of organized gangs of extortioners is so far one of tragic failure.

New York and other large cities are quite as badly infested with these human vermin as is Chicago. In one of the recent inquiries into what ails America's largest city, law enforcement officers admitted on the witness stand the futility of their attempts to punish these extortioners.

New York and Chicago are not unique in their inability to deal with organized extortion. Many cities suffer from conditions quite as bad.

The explanation is that business men permit these racketeers to levy their tolls because they think the police are too weak to defend them against the extortioner's threat of violence.

Police and prosecutors cannot throttle gangsters because drinking America relies upon gangsters to provide its alcoholic beverages. So many millions of otherwise good citizens buy liquor from criminals that these criminals have a tacitly recognized place in American life.

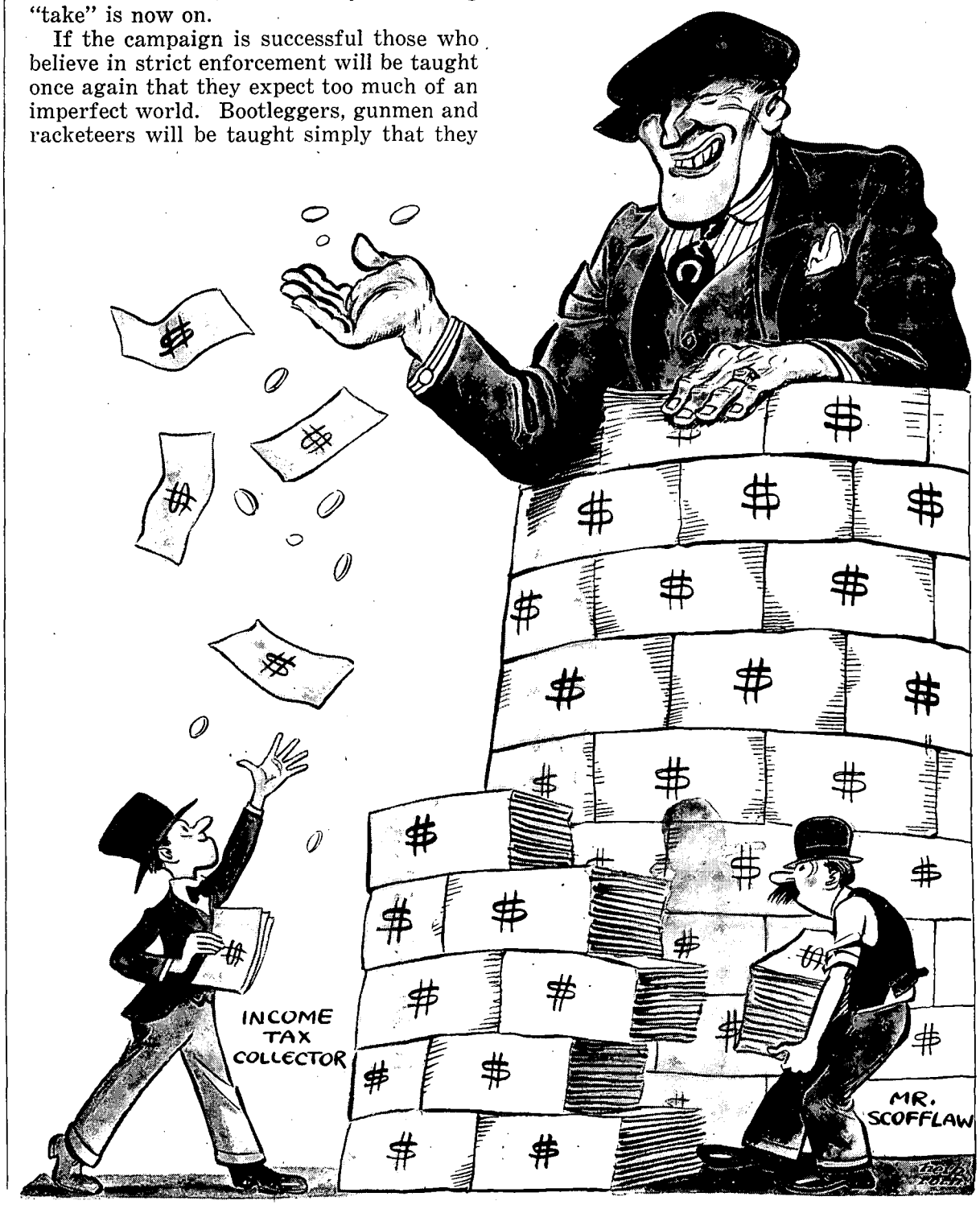
The public opinion which at one and the same time demands liquor and a law prohibiting the sale and distribution of liquor in effect demands gangsters and racketeers.

Without these criminal gangs liquor cannot now be distributed. With gangsters secretly licensed by grafting politicians to conduct a forbidden liquor business, it becomes increasingly difficult to compel them to limit their lawlessness to violations of the Eighteenth Amendment. The men who can get away with murder in the booze racket won't hesitate to take what they can get by intimidating business men engaged in lawful trade.

So these criminals are being sued for taxes because our politically controlled prosecuting officers are powerless to reach them in any other way. The government's drive for a cut of their extremely interesting "take" is now on.

If the campaign is successful those who believe in strict enforcement will be taught once again that they expect too much of an imperfect world. Bootleggers, gunmen and racketeers will be taught simply that they must be more careful in accounting for their profits. We don't seem to care how they make their money but we do insist on having our legal share of their illegal gains.

What we shall do with the money remains to be seen. The irony of the effort would be complete if we were to create with our cut a special fund from which the salaries of enforcement officers could be paid. Or the note of pure farce could be strengthened, if we prefer, by further subsidizing the wine growers of California.



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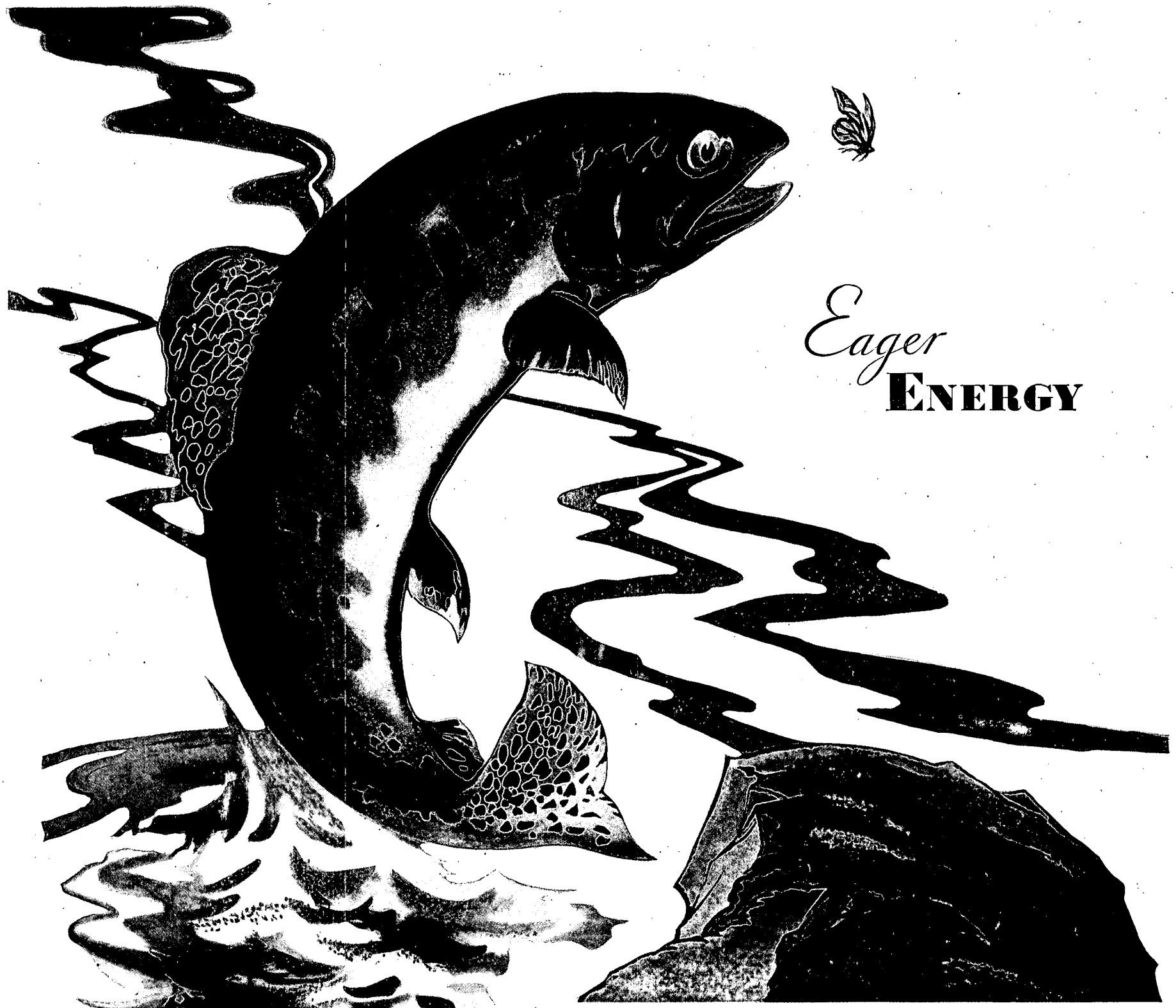

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ETHYL GASOLINE

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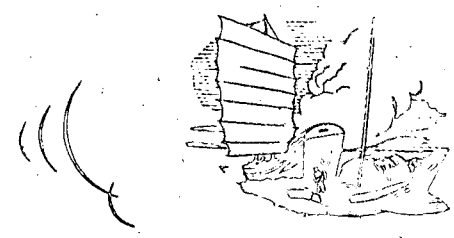
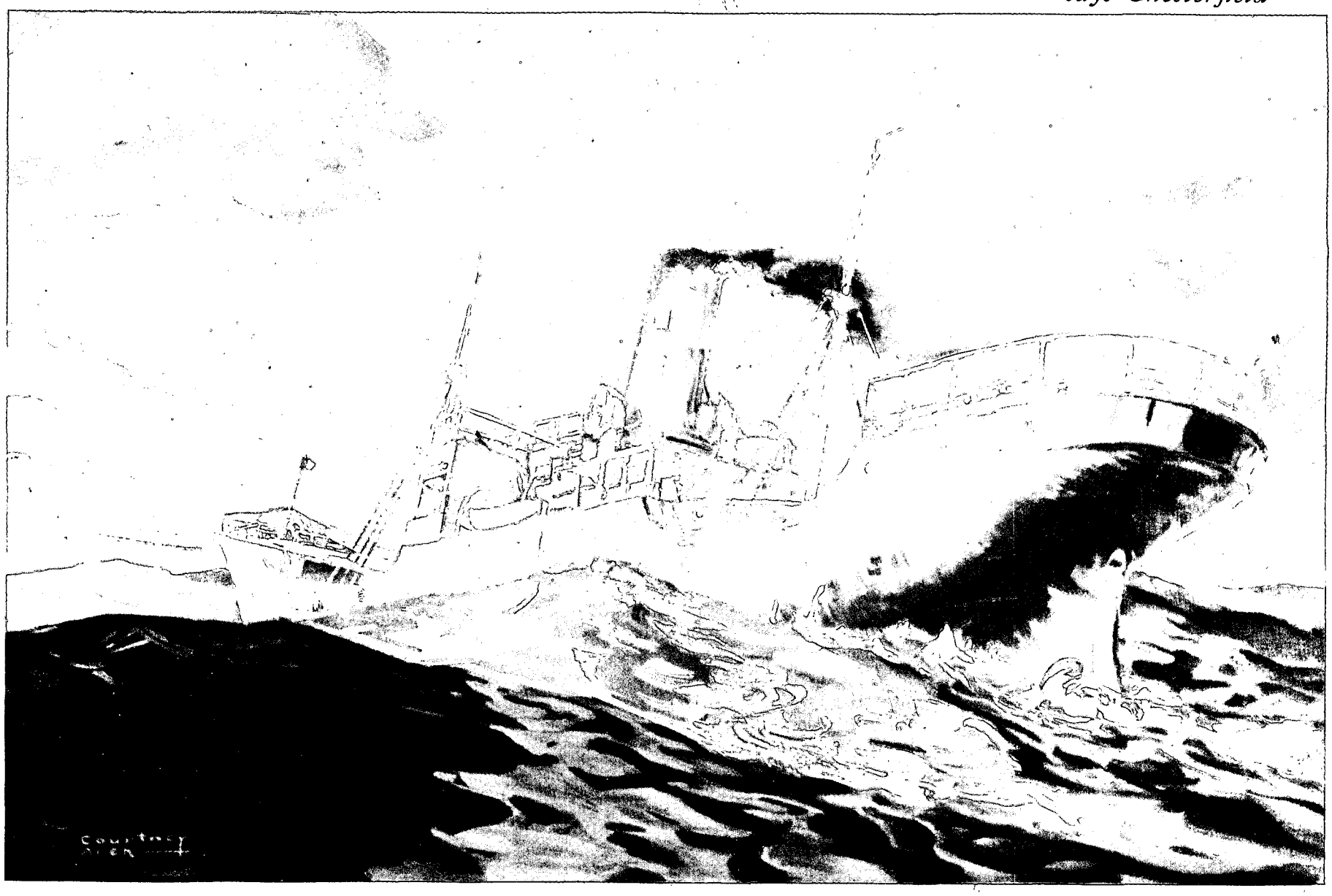


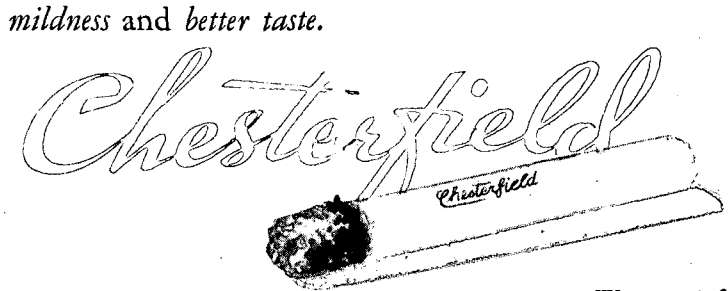
"I've shipped on a South Sea Tramp

—says Chesterfield



Yet you'll find me just around the corner"

It's a small matter where you meet up with Chesterfield. The point is —get acquainted! You'll find the change to Chesterfield a real change . . . one which your palate will thank you for! Chesterfield uses choicer and milder tobaccos—nothing else; and so blends and "cross-blends" them that you get just what you want in a smoke . . . *greater mildness* and *better taste.*



They satisfy
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